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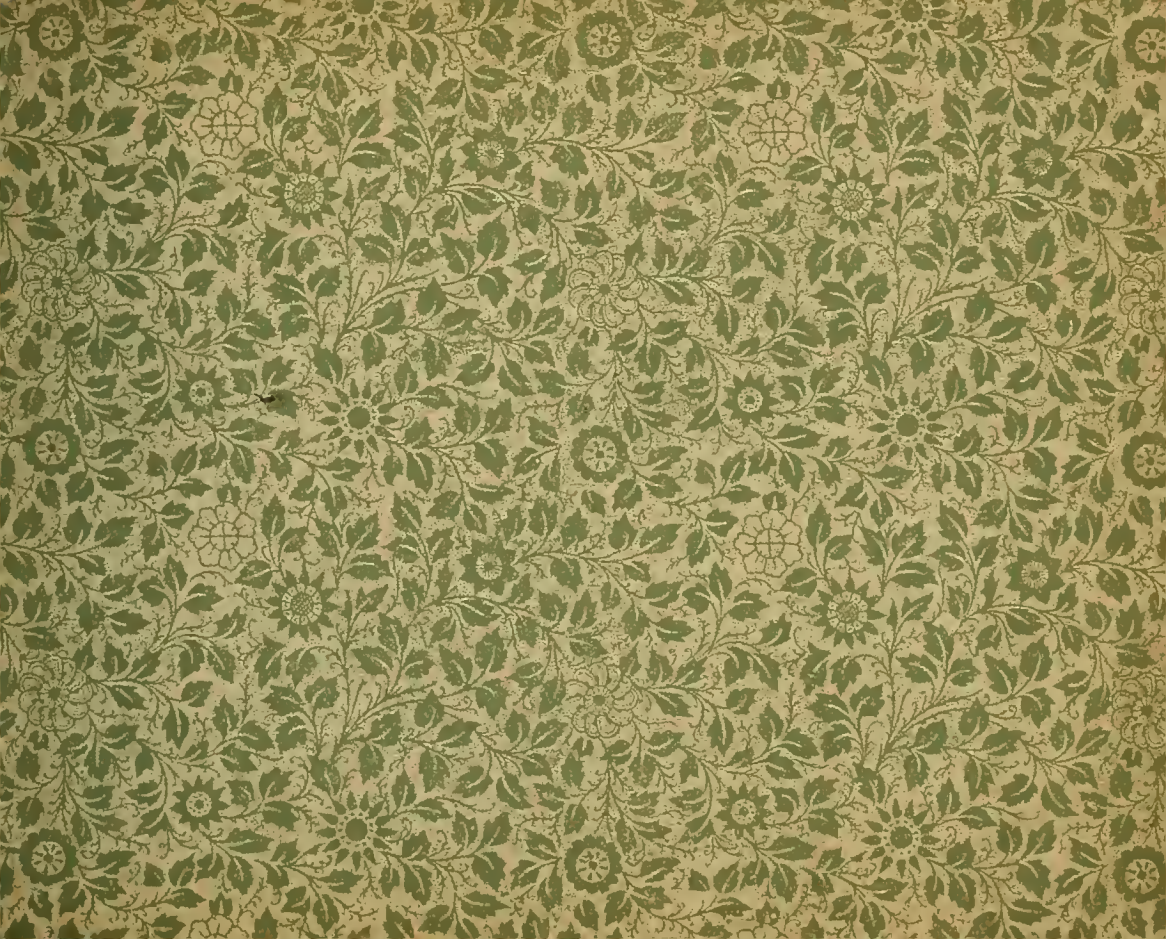
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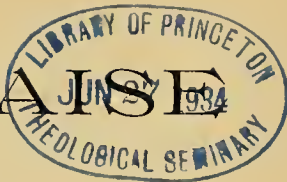


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HYMNS OF PRAISE

WITH TUNES.



SELECTED FOR USE IN

Sunday School, Prayer Meeting ^{AND} Home Circle.

✓ EDITED BY ✓

GEORGE A. BELL AND HUBERT P. MAIN.

PUBLISHED BY

BIGLOW & MAIN,

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P R E F A C E .

The Editors of the "HYMNS OF PRAISE, WITH TUNES," offer this compilation with the hope that it may prove a worthy successor to their "Christian Songs" and "Book of Praise,"—useful in Sabbath School or Prayer Meeting, and a source of spiritual enjoyment in the Home.

Their aim has been to raise the standard of the Service of Praise. To this end many compositions of the highest class have been introduced, and not a few of the old Hymns of the Church, set to their familiar tunes; while the more simple pieces which have become dear to the Sunday School, have been given the place they rightly deserve. The work of *more than one hundred composers* is represented in these pages.

The general arrangement of subjects is given on the last page, but a strict classification has not been attempted. Familiarity with the book will be a sufficient guide.

The Editors desire to express their thanks specially to Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, D.D., W. H. DOANE, Mus.D., H. R. PALMER, Mus. D., THEO. F. SEWARD, B. C. UNSELD, C. C. CONVERSE, T. C. O'KANE, IRA D. SANKEY, and to many other authors and owners of copyright music, for their permission to use compositions which add value and interest to the work.

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September, 1884.

GEORGE A BELL,
HUBERT P. MAIN.

HYMNS OF PRAISE

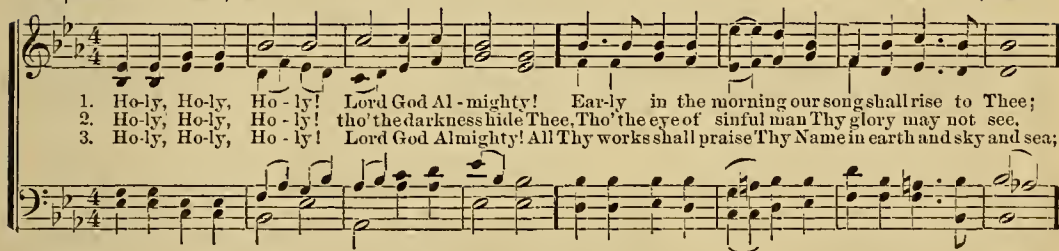
WITH TUNES.

No. 1.

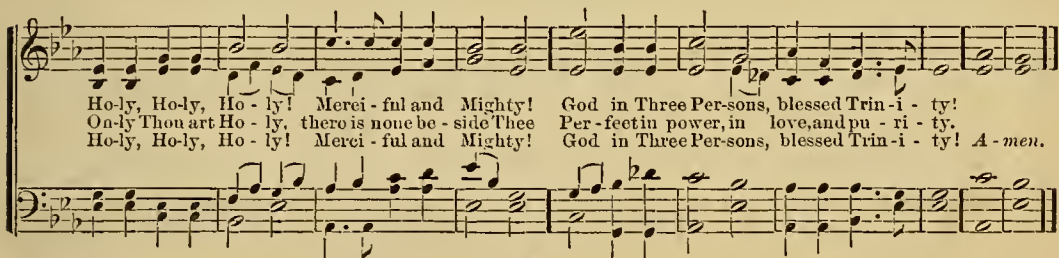
Holy! Lord God Almighty!

Bp. REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES, 1851.



1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty! Ear-ly in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea;



Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Mer-ci - ful and Mighty! God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
On-ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee Per-fect in power, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Mer-ci - ful and Mighty! God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty! A - men.

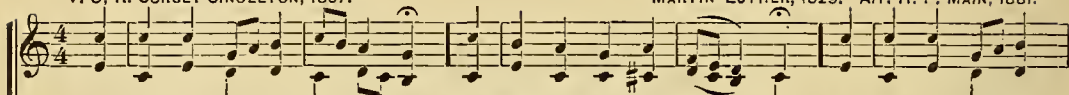
No. 2.

Our God stands Firm.

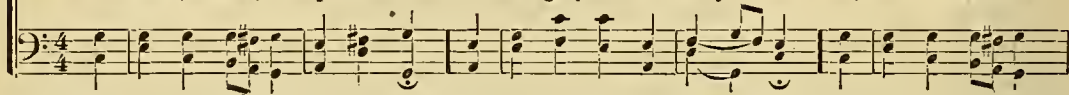
V. 1, 2, tr. fr. MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.

V. 3, R. CORBET SINGLETON, 1867.

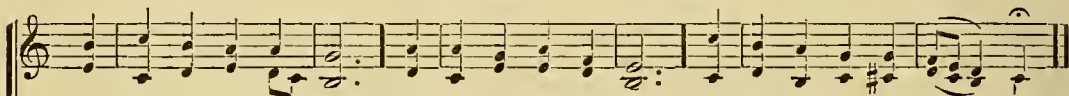
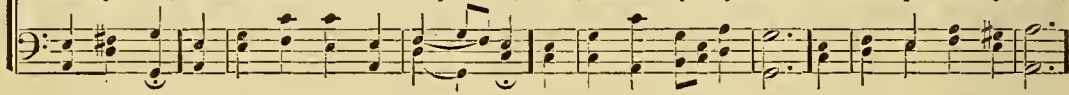
MARTIN LUTHER, 1529. Arr. H. P. MAIN, 1881.



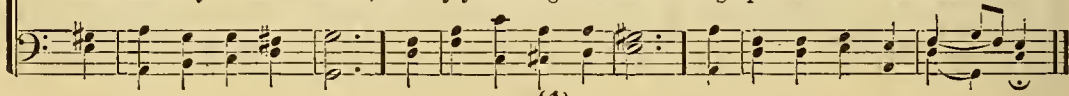
1. Our God stands firm, a Rock and Tower, A Shield when danger press - es; A read - y help in
 2. Our strength is weakness in the fight; Our courage soon de - fec - tion; But comes a Warrior
 3. Then Lord, a - rise, lift up Thine arm! With mighty suc - cor stay us! Oh, turn a - side the



ev - 'ry hour, When doubt or pain distress - es! For our ma - lig - nant foe Un - swerv - ing aims his blow;
 clad in might, A Prince of God's e - lec - tion! Who is this wondrous Chief, That brings this glad re - lief?
 deadly harm, When Satan would be - tray us; That, rescued by Thy hand, In triumph we may stand,



His fear - ful arms the while, Dark pow'r and darker guile; His hid - den craft is match - less.
 The field of bat - tle boasts, Christ Je - sus, Lord of hosts, Still conq'ring and to con - quer!
 And round thy foot - stool crowd, In joy to sing a - loud High praise to our Re - deem - er!



No. 3.

Angel Voices ever Singing.

Rev. FRANCIS POTT, 1861.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1872.

1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er, sing - ing Round Thy throne of light— An - gel harps, for -
2. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee: And for Thine ac -

ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night; Thonsand thousands live to bless Thee,
ceptance prof - fer, All un - worth - i - ly, Hearts and minds, and hands and voi - ces,

And con - fess Thee, Lord of might! A - men.
In our choic - est Mel - o - dy.

3 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee!

No. 4.

To Thee, my God and Saviour.

Rev. THOS. HAWEIS, 1792.

From the German.

1. To Thee, my God and Sav - iour, My heart ex - ult-ing sings; Re - joic - ing in Thy
 2. Soon as the morn with ros - es Be - decks the dew - y east, And when the sun re -
 3. By Thee thro' life sup - port - ed, I'll pass the dang'rous road, With heav'nly hosts es -

CHO. To Thee, my God and Sav - iour, My heart ex - ult-ing sings; Re - joic - ing in Thy

FINE.

fa - vor, Al - might-y King of kings. I'll cel - e - brate Thy glo - ry With
 pos - es Up - on the o - cean's breast, My voice in sup - pli - ca - tion. Well
 cort - ed Up to their bright a - bode; There cast my crown be - fore Thee, Aud,

fa - vor, Al - might-y King of kings.

D. C. CHO.

all Thy saints a - bove, And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of Thy re-deeming love.
 pleased Thou shalt hear; O! grant me Thy sal - va - tion, And to my soul draw near.
 all my con-flicts o'er, Un - ceas-ing-ly a - dore Thee: What could an an - gel more?

No. 5.

To God be the Glory.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1875.

W. H. DOANE.

1. To God be the glo - ry, great things He hath done, So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,
 2. O per - fect redemption, the purchase of blood, To ev - ery be - liev - er the promise of God:
 3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our re - joic - ing thro' Je - sus the Son;

Who yielded His life an a - tonement for sin, And opened the Life Gate that all may go in.
 The vil - est of - fen - der who tru - ly believes, That moment from Je - sus a par - don receives.
 But pur - er, and higher, and great - er will be Our wonder, our transport when Je - sus we see.
 D. S.—O come to the Father, thro' Je - sus the Son, And give Him the glo - ry, great things He hath done.

REFRAIN. D. S.
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 Let the earth hear His voice, Let the peo - ple re - joice;

No. 6.

Praise our Saviour!

W. C. PECKHAM.

HENRY TUCKER.

1. Praise our Sav - iour, In our meas - ure, Sound a - loud His wondrous name,
 2. Send His sto - ry, Spread His glo - ry, To the earth's re - mot - est bound;
 3. Wor - ship, hon - or, Strength and blessing, Be to Him for - ev - er paid,

CHORUS.

Glad - ly sing - ing, Praises bringing, Heart and voice His love proclaim. { Praise Him! praise Him!
 Tell the tid - ings—Gracious tid - ings—Where a sin - ful soul is found. } Sav - iour! Sav - iour!
 Love in - creas - ing, Thanks unceas - ing, For the life His death hath made.

Very soft. *Loud.*

Praise, oh, praise Him in our singing; } Shout, shout, in notes more loud, Praise Him! Praise Him!
 Hear, oh, hear our praises ringing. }

No. 7.

Awake, and Sing.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

MARO L. BARTLETT.

1. The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Wide as the world its por - tals stand, To gath - er
 2. His star of prom - ise shines a - bove thee, And lights thee to His tem - ple gates; And then, to
 3. Come home, come home! the Father calls thee, And Christ the Shepherd bids thee come; The ten - der

CHORUS.

home His ho - ly peo - ple From every age, from ev - ery land. Awake, and sing the song of
 greet Thy glad home - coming, The King of heaven in pa - tience waits.
 lam - s His arms shall gath - er, His love their light, His arms their home.

triumph, O ransomed of the Lord, a - wake! While earth and heav'n their silence break.
 Come throng His gates with glad thanksgiving,

No. 8.

The Praise of Jesus' Name.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1871.

CHESTER G. ALLEN, M. D. 1873.

1. Loud swell in choral numbers The praise of Je - sus' name, His goodness, truth and mer - cy Let
 2. We blend our hap - py voice - es, We lift our hearts a - bove; We thank our kind Pro - tec - tor For

young and old pro-claim. Ex - alt Him, O ye na-tions, And crown Him while yousing, The Lord of life e -
 all His ten - der love. How bright the year de-parted With blessings passed a-way; Loudswell our choral

CHORUS.
 ter - nal, Cre - a - tor, Saviour, King. "How blessed are the peo-ple That know the joyful sound," Whose
 numbers On this glad festive day.

strains shall yet be waft - ed To earth's re-mot - est bound.

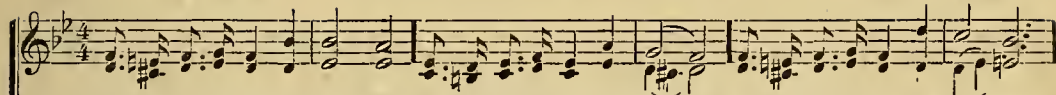
3. Hosanna in the highest,
 Our grateful song shall be;
 Hosanna in the highest,
 Our Saviour God, to Thee;
 And when, with all the ransomed,
 Around Thy throne we meet,
 We'll cast our crowns before Thee,
 And worship at Thy feet.

No. 9.

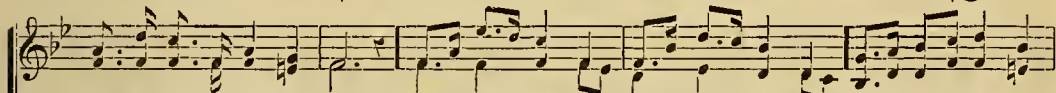
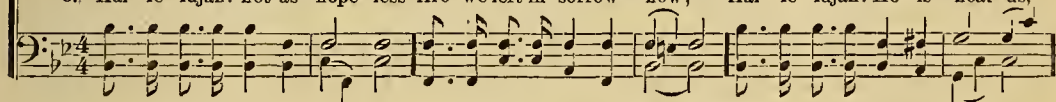
Hallelujah! Sing to Jesus.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.

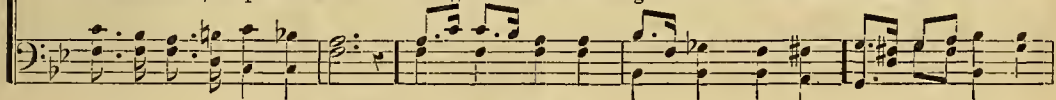
A. J. POWELL.



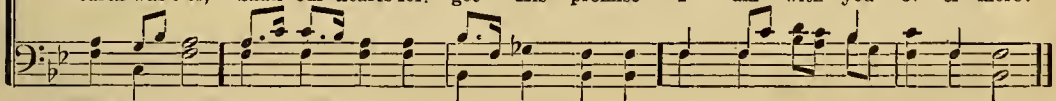
1. Hal - le - lujah! sing to Je - sus! His the sceptre, His the throne; Hal - le - lujah! His the triumph,
2. Hal - le - lujah! bread of heav - en Now on earth our food, our stay; Hal - le - lujah! here the sin - ful
3. Hal - le - lujah! not as hope - less Are we left in sorrow now; Hal - le - lujah! He is near us,



His the vic - to - ry a - lone. Hark! the songs of ho - ly Zi - ou Thun - der like a
 Flee to Thee from day to day. In - ter - ces - sor, Friend of sin - ners, Earth's Re - deem - er,
 Faith believes, nor questions how. Though the cloud from sight re - ceived Him When His work on



mighty flood; Je - sus, out of ev - ery na - tion, Hath re - deemed us by His blood.
 plead for me, Where the songs of all the sin - less Sweep a - cross the crys - tal sea.
 earth was o'er, Shall our hearts for - get His promise—"I am with you ev - er - more?"



No. 10.

Look up, O Watchman!

GRADE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Look up, look up, O watchman! Fast wane the hours of night; The mountain tops al - read - y Are
 2. Look up a - gain, O watchman! Still brighter grows the scene; Each star beholds the morning, And
 3. Now lift thy voice, O watchman! And join the choral song: God's Holy Word must triumph, Nor

fring'd with gold - en light; The promised day is breaking, When ev - ery tongue shall sing, And
 vails its sil - ver sheen; The powers of sin are fall - ing, Be - neath the Spir - it's sword, And
 will the time be long; The Cross of our Re - deem - er, Held up by faith - ful hands, Shall

CHORUS.

ev - ery tribe and kindred Shall hail Mes - si - ah King. A - wake, O harp of glo - ry, On
 dis - tant na - tions flocking Around their conquering Lord.
 ban - ish hea - then darkness, And rend its ty - rant bands.

Look up, O Watchman!—Concluded.

Musical score for the song "Look up, O Watchman!—Concluded." The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Zi - on's towering hill, And let thy chords ex - ult - ing Send forth a mighty thrill."

No. 11.

Flemming.

F. F. FLEMMING, 1810.

Musical score for "No. 11. Flemming." The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. Praise ye the Fa - ther! for His lov - ing kindness, Ten - der - ly cares He for His lov - ing
2. Praise ye the Saviour! great is His com - pas - sion, Gra - ciously cares He for His chos - en
3. Praise ye the Spir - it! Comfort - er of Is - rael, Sent of the Fa - ther, and the Son to

Musical score for the second system of "No. 11. Flemming." The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "children, Praise Him, ye an - gels, Praise Him in the heavens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!
peo - ple: Young men and maidens, ye old men and children, Praise ye the Sav - iour!
bless us; Praise ye the Fath - er, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Praise ye the Tri - une God!

No. 12.

Septuor.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745.

Ad. fr. L. VAN BEETHOVEN, 1799.

Con moto.

1. Head of the Church tri-umphant, We joy-ful-ly a-dore Thee; Till Thou ap-pear, Thy
 2. Thou dost conduct Thy peo-ple Thro' torrents of temp-ta-tion; Nor will we fear While
 3. By faith we see the glo-ry To which Thou shalt res-tore us; The world despise For

children here Shall sing like those in glo-ry; We lift our hearts and voi-ces With
 Thou art near, The fire of trib-u-la-tion; We clap our hands ex-ult-ing In
 that high prize Which Thou hast set be-fore us; And if Thou count us wor-thy, We

blest an-ti-ci-pa-tion, And cry a-loud, And give to God The praise of our sal-va-tion!
 Thine al-might-y fa-vor; Thy love di-vine That makes us Thine, Shall keep us Thine for-ev-er!
 each, as dy-ing Steph-en, Shall see Thee stand At God's right hand, To take us up to hea-ven!

No. 13.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

Brown.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1843.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Re-deemer's praise— The glo-ries of my

God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.

2. My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3. Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

No. 14.

DR. WILLIAM P. MACKAY, 1866.

Revive us Again.

JOHN J. HUSSAND, 1798.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who died, and is now gone a-bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

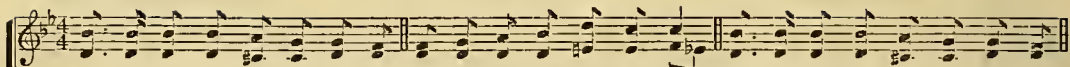
CHORUS.
{ Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men; } Re-vive us a-gain.

No. 15.

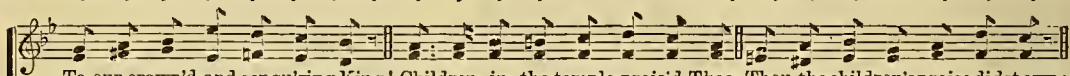
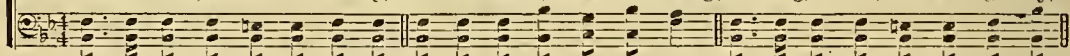
Alleluia! Thanks and Glory.

ANON.

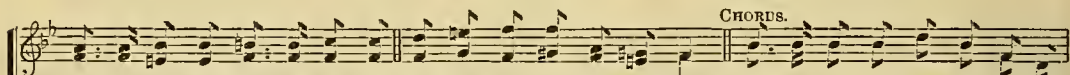
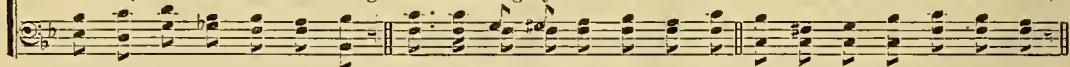
GEORGE W. MARTIN.



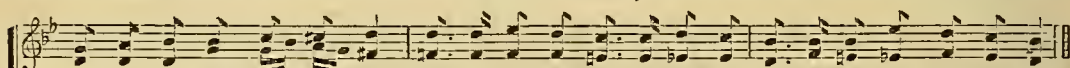
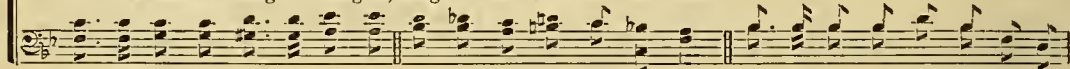
1. Al - le - lu - ia! thanks and glo-ry, High a - dor-ing praise we bring; Hearts and voices both up - lift - ed,
2. Al - le - lu - ia! O most ho - ly, O most patient. O most true, Ev - er faithful, all - for - giv - ing.
3. Then to Thee, the Fount of mer - cy, Je - sus Christ, the children's King; Blessing, hon - or, thanks and glo - ry,



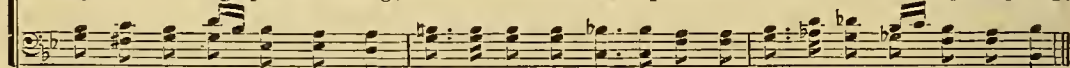
To our crown'd and conqu'ring King! Children in the temple prais'd Thee, Thou the children's praise didst own;
Still bestowing mer - cies new! Day by day has mer - cy kept us, Soul and bod - y kept from ill;
Let Thy chil - dren ev - er bring. Let their mighty Al - le - lu - ia Fill the earth from shore to shore,



Now let children's praise ac - cept - ed Reach Thee on Thy ra - diant throne. Al - le - lu - ia! thanks and glo - ry,
Night by night, in peace descending, Com - eth mer - cy, mer - cy still.
Till with that new song it mingles, Sung in heaven for ev - er - more!



High a - dor - ing praise we bring; Hearts and voi - ces, both up - lift - ed, To our crown'd and conquering King!



No. 16.

On our Way Rejoicing.

Rev. THOS. KELLY.
Joyous.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL 1872.

1. On our way re-joic-ing as we homeward move, Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love!
 2. On our way re-joic-ing glad-ly let us go; Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe!
 3. Un-to God the Fa-ther joy-ful songs we sing; Un-to God the Saviour thankful hearts we bring;

Is there grief or sad-ness? Thine it can-not be! Is our sky beclouded? Clouds are not from Thee!
 Christ without, our safe-ty, Christ within, our joy; Who, if we be faith-ful, can our hope destroy?
 Un-to God the Spir-it bow we and a-dore, On our way re-joic-ing now and ev-ermore!

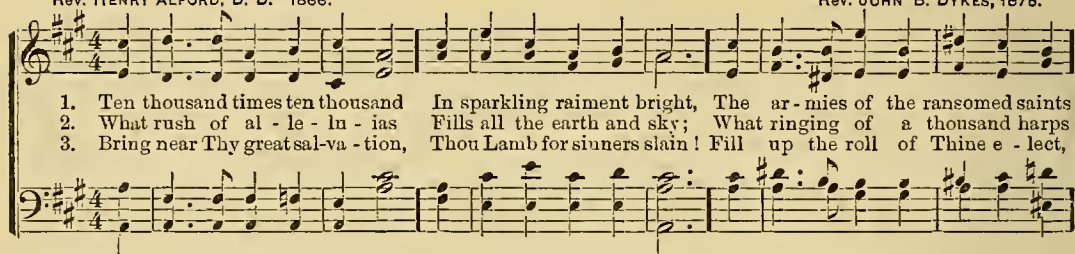
CHORUS.

On our way re-joicing as we homeward move, Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love! A-men.

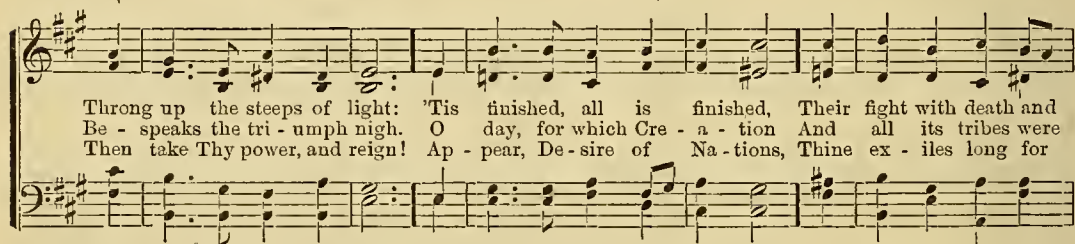
No. 17. Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

Rev. HENRY ALFORD, D. D. 1866.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.



1. Ten thousand times ten thousand In sparkling raiment bright, The ar-mies of the ransomed saints
 2. What rush of al-le-lu-ias Fills all the earth and sky; What ringing of a thousand harps
 3. Bring near Thy great sal-va-tion, Thou Lamb for sinners slain! Fill up the roll of Thine e-lect,



Throng up the steepes of light: 'Tis finished, all is finished, Their fight with death and
 Be - speaks the tri - umph nigh. O day, for which Cre - a - tion And all its tribes were
 Then take Thy power, and reign! Ap - pear, De - sire of Na - tions, Thine ex - iles long for



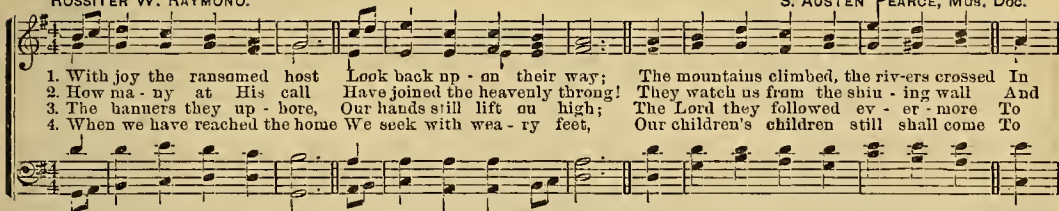
sin: Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
 made: O joy, for all its form - er woes A thousand fold re - paid.
 home! Show in the heaven Thy promised sign: Thou Prince and Saviour, Come! A - men.

No. 18.

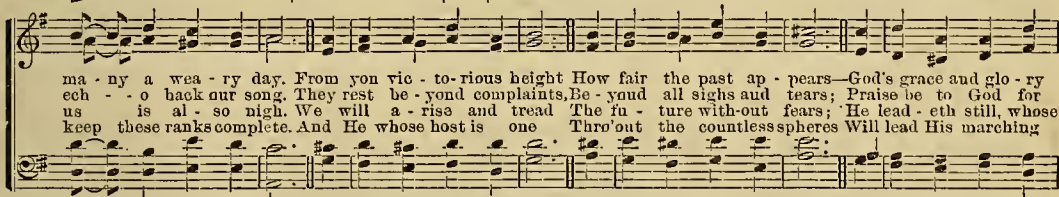
With Joy the Ransomed Host.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

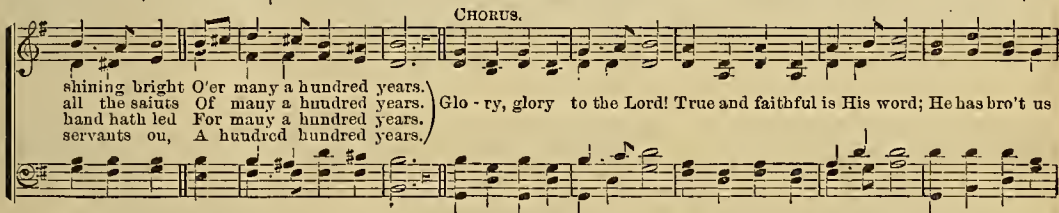
S. AUSTEN PEARCE, Mus. Doc.



1. With joy the ransomed host Look back up - on their way; The mountains climbed, the riv-ers crossed In
 2. How ma - ny at His call Have joined the heavenly throng! They watch us from the shu - ing wall And
 3. The banners they up - bore, Our hands still lift ou high; The Lord they followed ev - er - more To
 4. When we have reached the home We seek with wea - ry feet, Our children's children still shall come To

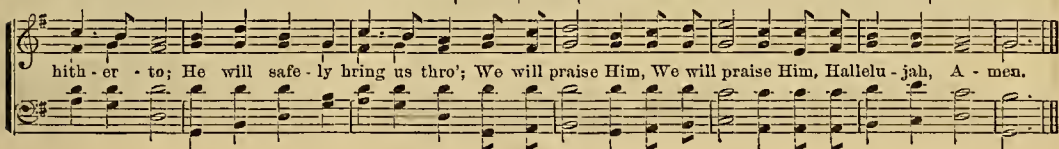


ma - ny a wea - ry day. From you vic - to - rious height How fair the past ap - pears—God's grace and glo - ry
 ech - o back our song. They rest be - yond complaints, Be - yond all sighs and tears; Praise be to God for
 us is al - so nigh. We will a - rise and tread The fu - ture with-out fears; He lead - eth still, whose
 keep these ranks complete. And He whose host is one Thro'out the countless spheres Will lead His marching



CHORUS.

shining bright O'er many a hundred years.
 all the saivts Of many a hundred years. Glo - ry, glory to the Lord! True and faithful is His word; He has bro't us
 hand hath led For many a hundred years.
 servants ou, A hundred hundred years.)



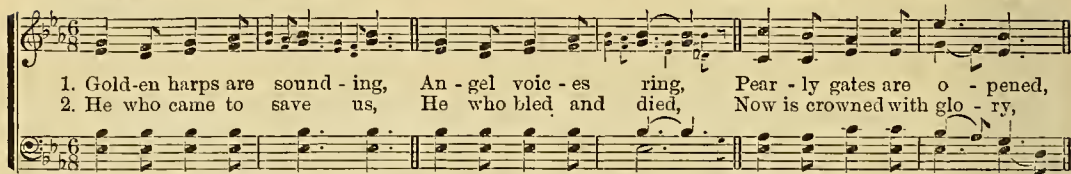
hith - er - to; He will safe - ly bring us thro'; We will praise Him, We will praise Him, Hallelu - jah, A - men.

No. 19.

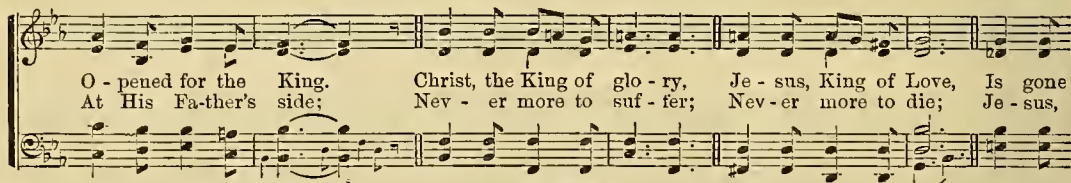
Golden Harps are Sounding.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1871.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1872

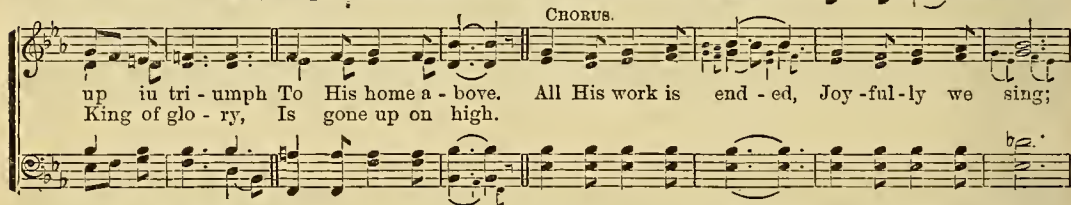


1. Gold-en harps are sound-ing, An-gel voic-es ring, Pear-ly gates are o-pened,
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glo-ry,

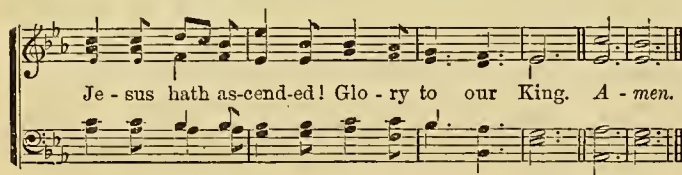


O-pened for the King. Christ, the King of glo-ry, Je-sus, King of Love, Is gone
At His Fa-ther's side; Nev-er more to suf-fer; Nev-er more to die; Je-sus,

CHORUS.



up in tri-umph To His home a-bove. All His work is end-ed, Joy-ful-ly we sing;
King of glo-ry, Is gone up on high.



Je-sus hath as-cend-ed! Glo-ry to our King. A-men.

3. Praying for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Little ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

No. 20.

Brightly Gleams our Banner.

1. Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward,
To their home on high;
Journeying o'er a desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united,
Take our heavenward way.

Cho.—Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky, etc.

2. Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

Cho.—Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky, etc.

3. All our days direct us,
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious,
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us,
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon Thou and save us,
In the last dread hour.

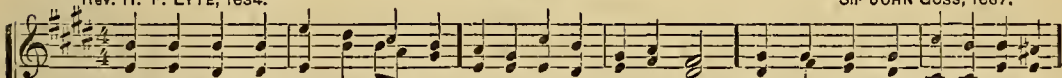
Cho.—Brightly gleams, etc.
Rev. Thomas Joseph Potter, 1860.

No. 21.

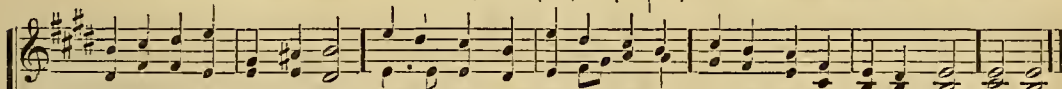
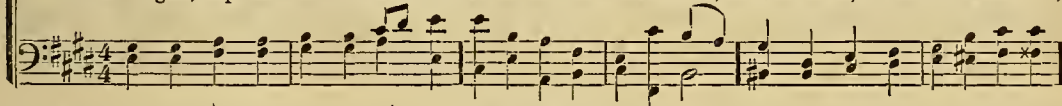
Praise Him.

Rev. H. F. LYTE, 1834.

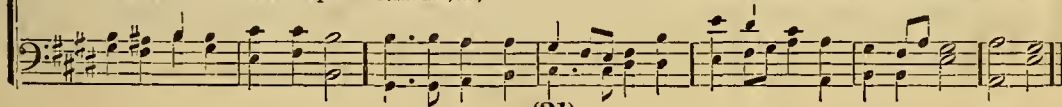
Sir JOHN GOSS, 1867.



1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven, To His feet thy tribute bring; Ransom'd, healed, restored, forgiven,
2. Frail as summer's flowers we flourish, Blows the wind and it is gone; But while mortals rise and perish,
3. An - gels, help us to adore Him! Ye behold Him face to face; Sun and moon, bow down before Him,



Who, like me, His praise should sing? Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ever-last-ing King.
God endures unchanging on. Praise Him, etc., Praise the High, Eternal One.
Dwellers all in time and space. Praise Him, etc., Praise with us the God of Grace. A-men.

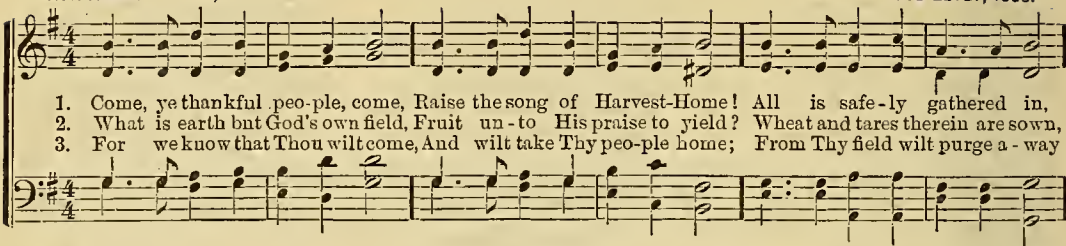


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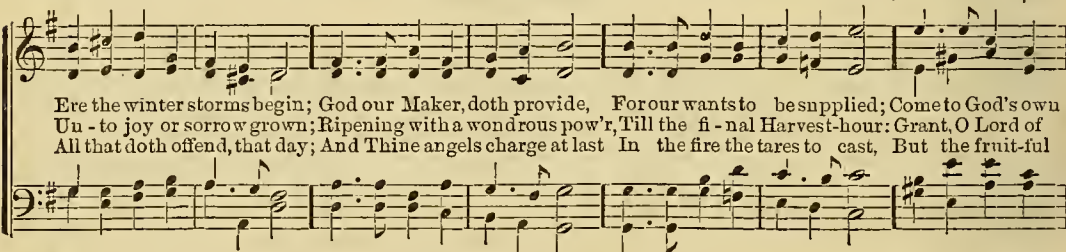
Come, ye Thankful People, Come.

Rev. HENRY ALFORD, D.D. 1844.

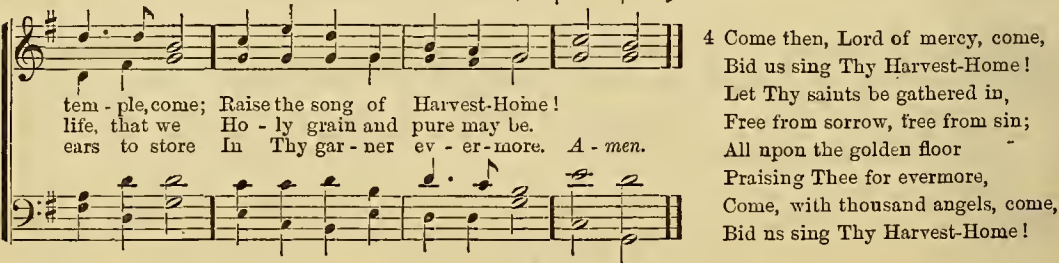
Sir. GEO. JOB ELVEY, 1859.



1. Come, ye thankful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Harvest-Home! All is safe-ly gathered in,
 2. What is earth bnt God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield? Wheat and tares therein are sown,
 3. For we know that Thou wilt come, And wilt take Thy peo-ple home; From Thy field wilt purge a - way



Ere the winter storms begin; God our Maker, doth provide, For our wants to be supplied; Come to God's own
 Un - to joy or sorrow grown; Ripening with a wondrous pow'r, Till the fi - nal Harvest-hour: Grant, O Lord of
 All that doth offend, that day; And Thine angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast, But the fruit-ful



tem - ple, come; Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
 life, that we Ho - ly grain and pure may be.
 ears to store In Thy gar - ner ev - er - more. A - men.

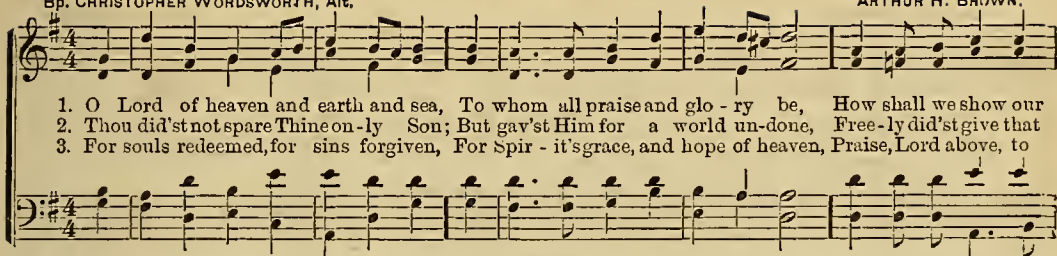
4 Come then, Lord of mercy, come,
 Bid us sing Thy Harvest-Home!
 Let Thy saints be gathered in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin;
 All upon the golden floor
 Praising Thee for evermore,
 Come, with thousand angels, come,
 Bid us sing Thy Harvest-Home!

No. 23.

O Lord of Heaven.

By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, Alt.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

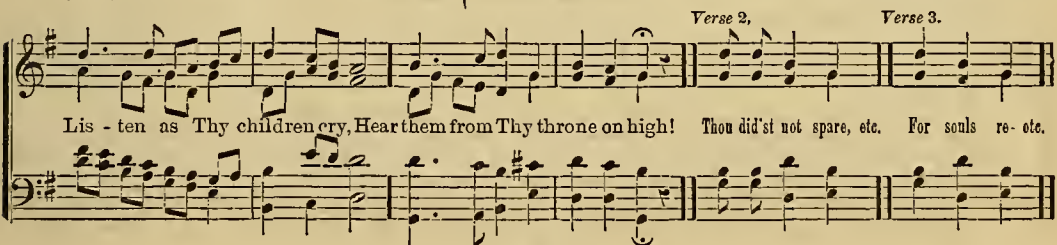


1. O Lord of heaven and earth and sea, To whom all praise and glo - ry be, How shall we show our
 2. Thou did'st not spare Thine on - ly Son; But gav'st Him for a world un-done, Free-ly did'st give that
 3. For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven, For Spir - it's grace, and hope of heaven, Praise, Lord above, to



CHORUS.

love to Thee, Gracious Fa-ther of us all! Gracious Father of us all, At Thy throne we humbly fall,
 blessed One, Gracious Fa-ther of us all!
 Thee be given, Gracious Fa-ther of us all!



Verse 2, Verse 3.

Lis - ten as Thy children cry, Hear them from Thy throne on high! Thou did'st not spare, etc. For souls re- etc.

No. 24.

Happy Little Pilgrims.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Hap-py lit - tle pilgrims, We should ne'er be sad; For the love of Je - sus, Makes His children glad.
 2. In that land so love - ly, Ev - erything is bright; There will be no sor-row, There will be no night.
 3. Not a - lone we jour-ney To the mansions fair; Je - sus is our Shepherd, He will lead us there.

CHORUS.

Hap-py lit - tle pil-grims, Go-ing on our way, To a land of beau-ty, Sing-ing all the day.

Copyright 1883, by Higlow & Main. From Little Pilgrim Songs, by per.

No. 25.

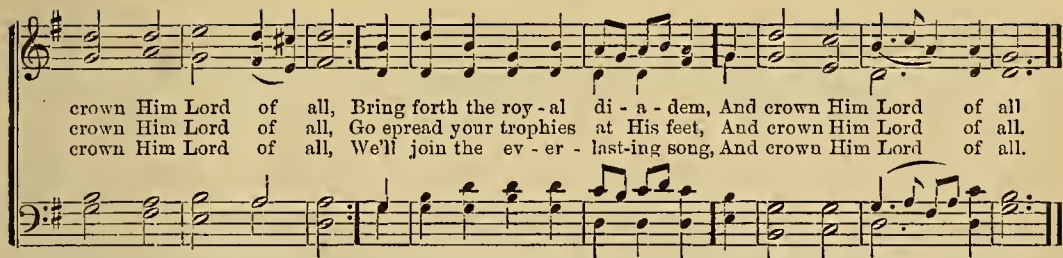
Coronation. C. M.

Rev. EDWARD PERONET, 1795.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1792.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
 2. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And
 3. O that with youder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall; We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And

Coronation. C. M.—Concluded.

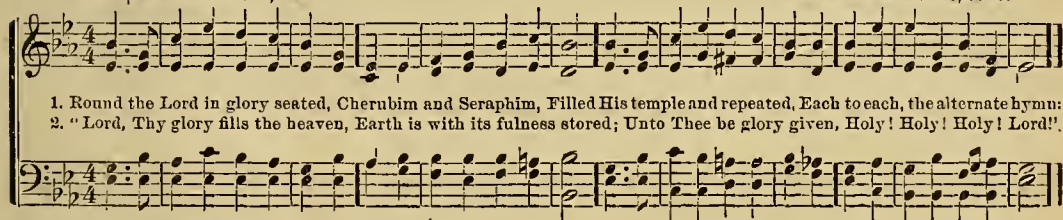


crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all
 crown Him Lord of all, Go epread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 crown Him Lord of all, We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 26. Round the Lord in Glory Seated.

Bishop RICHARD MANT, 1837.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.



1. Round the Lord in glory seated, Cherubim and Seraphim, Filled His temple and repeated, Each to each, the alternate hymn:
 2. "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven, Earth is with its fulness stored; Unto Thee be glory given, Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord!"

3. Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angel's cry,
 "Holy! Holy! Holy!" singing,
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord most high!"
4. With His seraph-train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,

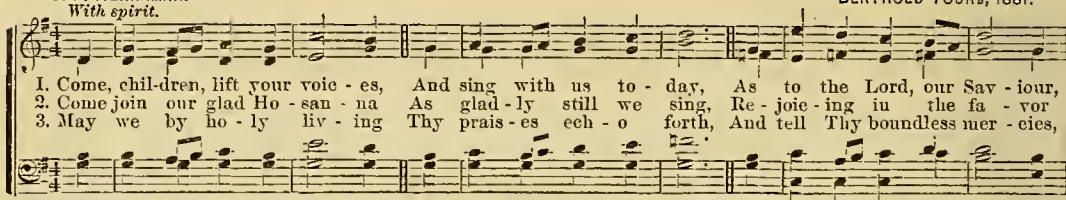
- Thus unite we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow:
5. "Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven,
 Earth is with its fullness stored;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord!"

No. 27.

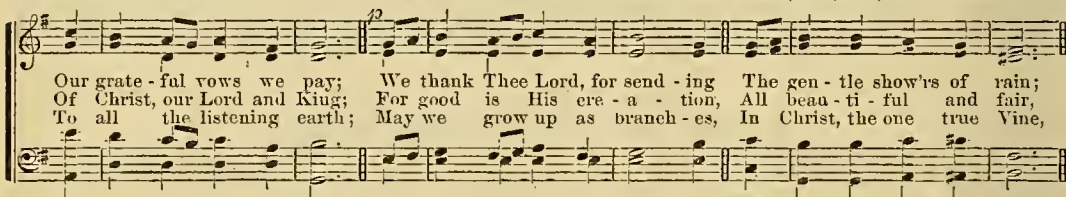
Come, Children, Lift your Voices.

C. F. HERNAMAN.
With spirit.

BERTHOLD TOURS, 1881.

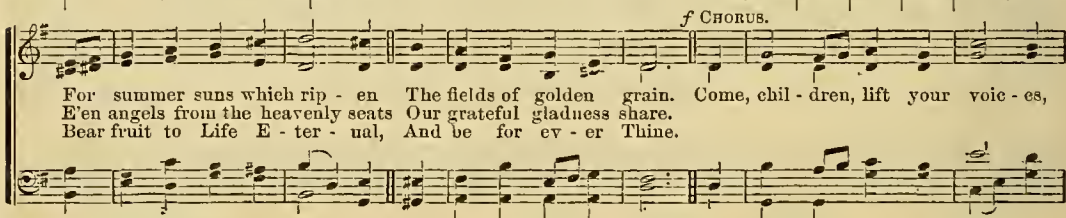


1. Come, chil-dren, lift your voice - es, And sing with us to - day, As to the Lord, our Sav - iour,
2. Come join our glad Ho - san - na As glad - ly still we sing, Re - joice - ing in the fa - vor
3. May we by ho - ly liv - ing Thy prais - es ech - o forth, And tell Thy boundless mer - cies,



Our grate - ful vows we pay; We thank Thee Lord, for send - ing The gen - tle show'rs of rain;
Of Christ, our Lord and King; For good is His era - a - tion, All beau - ti - ful and fair;
To all the listening earth; May we grow up as branch - es, In Christ, the one true Vine,

f CHORUS.



For summer suns which rip - en The fields of golden grain. Come, chil - dren, lift your voice - es,
E'en angels from the heavenly seats Our grateful gladness share.
Bear fruit to Life E - ter - nal, And be for ev - er Thine.



And sing with us to - day, As to the Lord our Saviour, Our grate - ful vows we pay. A - men.

No. 28.

O Jesus, Give me Courage.

1. O Jesus give me courage
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2. My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within,
O Jesus draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.
O let me see Thy foot-marks
And in them plant my own;
My hope to follow duty
Is in Thy strength alone.

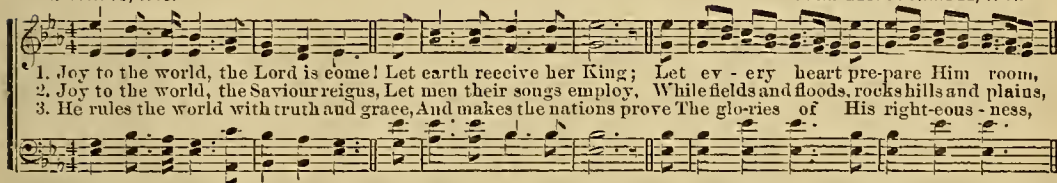
3. O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend! *Amen*
John Ernest Bode, 1860, alt.

No. 29.

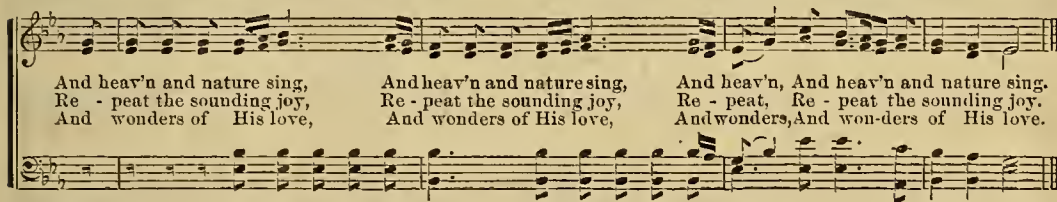
Antioch. C. M.

I. WATTS, 1719.

From GEO. F. MANDEL, 1741.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev - ery heart pre-pare Him room,
2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns, Let men their songs employ, While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo-ries of His right-eous-ness,



And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing.
Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat the sounding joy.
And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, And won-ders of His love.

No. 30.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they
cry.
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can
give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

No. 31.

All Thy Works, O Heavenly Father.

ANON.

PAUL-AMI ISAAC-DAVID BOST, 1836.

Moderato.

1. All Thy works, O Heavenly Father, What Thou biddest them fulfill, Shall not I, Thy child, much rather
 2. Lord, 'tis of Thy loving kindness That Thy Gospel I have known; Else I might have sat in blindness
 3. Since my time is like an arrow, Hast'ning on without delay: And the gate is straight, and narrow,

Sing Thy praise and do Thy will? Hith-er-to Thy hand hath led me, And hath brought me
 Bow-ing down to wood and stone. To Thy house Thy Spir-it brought me, Ere Thy ten-der
 Ver-y nar-row is the way; Thou who gav'st Thy Son to save me, Send Thy Ho-ly

on my way; Thou hast clothed me, Thou hast fed me, Thou hast blest me ev-ery day.
 love I knew; And Thy sa-cred word has taught me What to flee, and what to do.
 Spir-it down; Make me do as Thou would'st have me, Make me more and more Thine own. *A-men.*

No. 32.

Glory to God in the Highest!

FANNY J. CROSSY, 1864.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

1. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Shall
 2. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Shall

SEMI-CHORUS, OR DUET.

be our song to - day; An - oth - er year's rich mer - cies prove His ceaseless care and bound - less love; So
 be our song to - day; O, may we, an un - bro - ken band, A - round the throne of Je - sus stand, And

FULL CHORUS.

let our loud - est voic - es raise Our glad and grate - ful song of praise. Glo - ry to God in the high - est!
 there with an - gels and the throng Of His redeemed ones, join the song.

Glo - ry to God in the highest! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glory, Glory be to God on high! God ou high!

No. 33.

O Jesus! Lead us Onward.

ANON.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Joyful.

1. O Je - sus! lead us on - ward, And heavenward show the way To ev - ery earth-born
 2. And show, a - bove us shin - ing, O show the gold - en Crown! Which from Thy hand Thou
 3. O Shepherd, Christ, we thank Thee For all Thy constant care, Which helps us ev - er

wanderer, Lest he should go a - stray: O hold on high Thy ban - ner, With
 giv - est, To all that are Thine own; And to Thy throne blest Sav - iour, O
 on - ward, To mansions bright and fair; O nev - er, nev - er leave us, But

Ho - ly Cross and shield, And help us all, full brave - ly, To take the bat - tle - field.
 lead our trembling feet, That by Thy grace safe sheltered, Our rest may be com - plete.
 keep us in the way, Un - til at last we see Thee, In Ev - er - last - ing day. A - men.

No. 34.

Glory be to Jesus' Name.

ANON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, Glo - ry to His pre - cious name; Sweet it is to
 2. In the place of His re - jec - tion, Where He suffered, where He died, Bursts of ho - ly
 3. Yes, tri - umph - ant hal - le - lu - jahs Still a - rise to greet His name; Sweet it is to

CHORUS.

sound His prais - es, Blest it is to spread His fame. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 praise as - cend - ing, Greet the glorious Cru - ci - fied.
 sound His prais - es, Blest it is to spread His fame.

Glo - ry be to Je - sus' name, Sweet it is to sound His praises Blest it is to spread His fame.

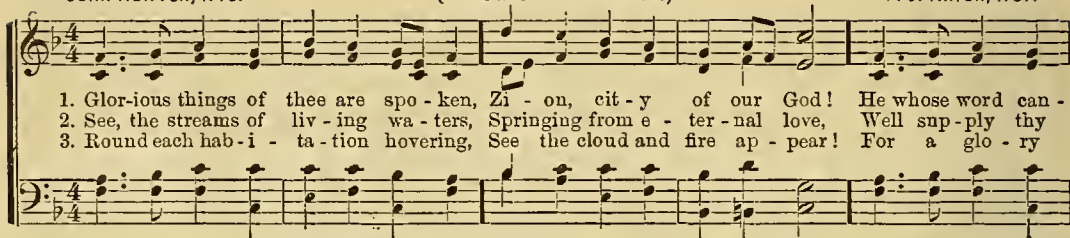
No. 35.

Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

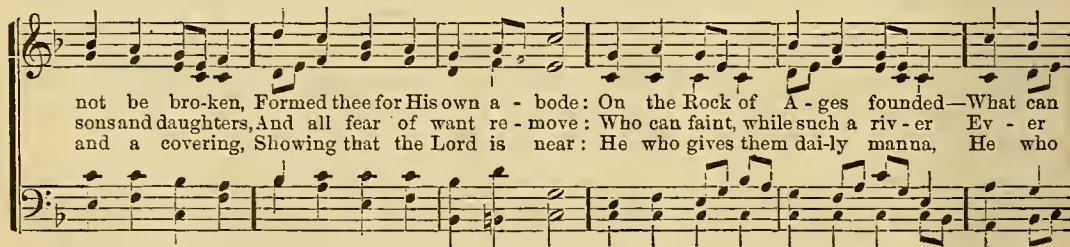
JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

(AUSTRIAN HYMN.)

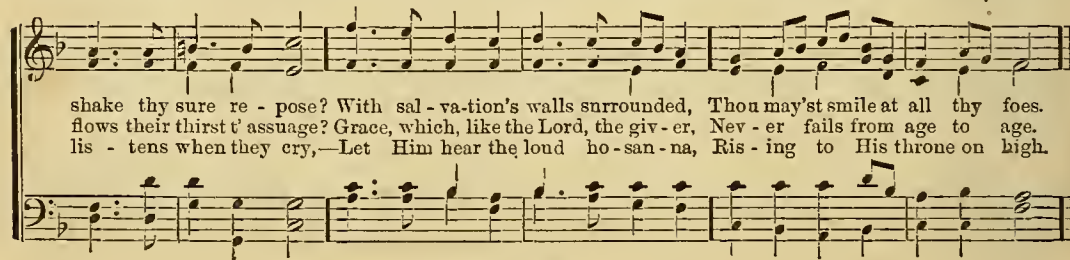
F. J. HAYDN, 1797.



1. Glor-ious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God! He whose word can -
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love, Well sup - ply thy
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hovering, See the cloud and fire ap - pear! For a glo - ry



not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode: On the Rock of A - ges founded—What can
 sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move: Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er
 and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near: He who gives them dai - ly manna, He who



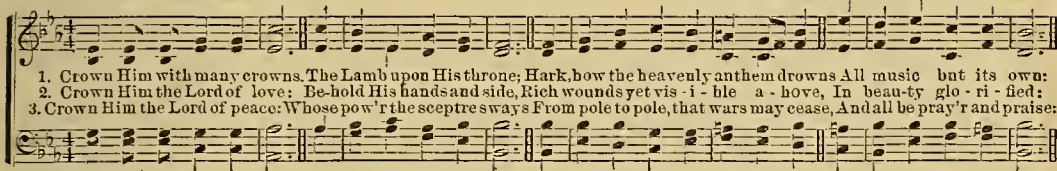
shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 flows their thirst t' assuage? Grace, which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
 lis - tens when they cry,—Let Him hear the loud ho - san - na, Ris - ing to His throne on high.

No. 36.

MATHEW BRIDGES, 1848.

Crown Him with many Crowns.

JOB G. ELVEY, Mus. Doc, 1868.



1. Crown Him with many crowns. The Lamb upon His throne; Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns All music but its own:
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love: Be-hold His hands and side, Rich wounds yet vis-i-ble a-hove, In beau-ty glo-ri-fied:
 3. Crown Him the Lord of peace: Whose pow'r the sceptre sways From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise:



A-wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee, And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
 No an-gel in the sky Can ful-ly hear that sight, But downward bends his burning eye At mys-ter-ies so bright.
 His reign shall know no end, And round His pierced feet Fair flowers of Par-a-dise ex-tend Their fragrance ev-er sweet.

No. 37.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

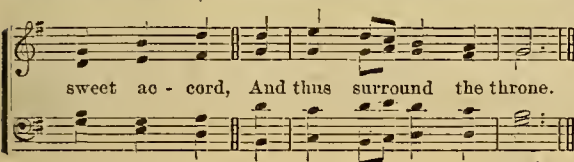
Come Ye that Love the Lord.

(ST. THOMAS.)

GEO. F. HANDEL, Fr. Aaron Williams' Coll, 1763.



1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with



sweet ac-cord, And thus surround the throne.

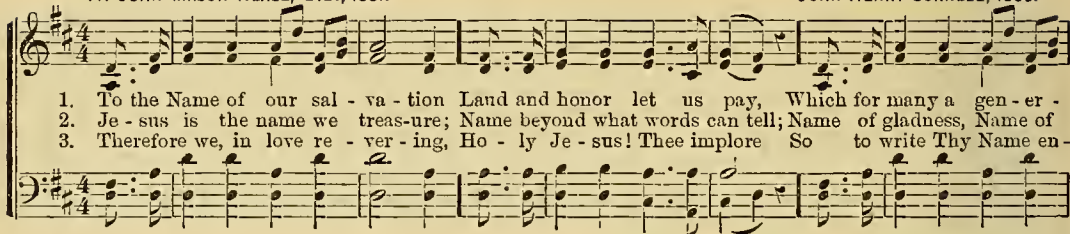
2. The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
3. Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

No. 38.

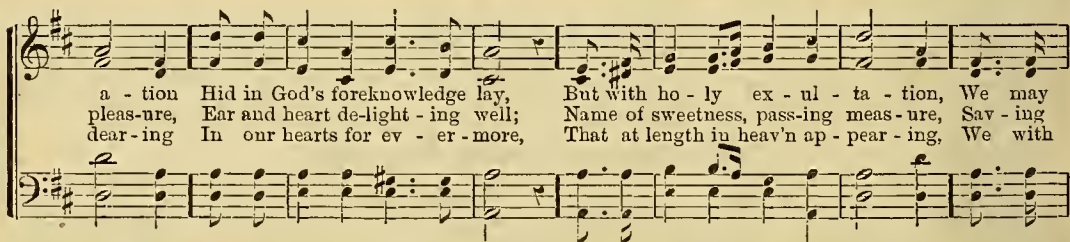
To the Name of our Salvation.

Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D., 1851.

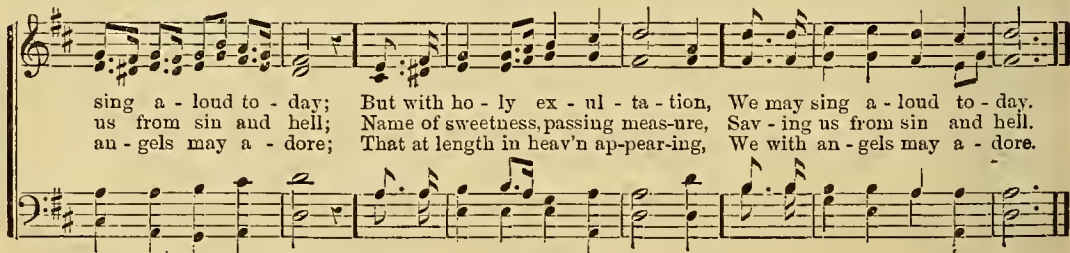
JOHN HENRY CORNELL; 1865.



1. To the Name of our sal - va - tion Laud and honor let us pay, Which for many a gen - er -
 2. Je - sus is the name we treas - ure; Name beyond what words can tell; Name of gladness, Name of
 3. Therefore we, in love re - ver - ing, Ho - ly Je - sus! Thee implore So to write Thy Name en -



a - tion Hid in God's foreknowledge lay, But with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion, We may
 pleas - ure, Ear and heart de - light - ing well; Name of sweetness, pass - ing meas - ure, Sav - ing
 dear - ing In our hearts for ev - er - more, That at length in heav'n ap - pear - ing, We with



sing a - loud to - day; But with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion, We may sing a - loud to - day.
 us from sin and hell; Name of sweetness, pass - ing meas - ure, Sav - ing us from sin and hell.
 an - gels may a - dore; That at length in heav'n ap - pear - ing, We with an - gels may a - dore.

No. 39.

Glory be to God the Father.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. 1866.

SAMUEL P. WARREN, 1874.

1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa-ther! Glo - ry be to God the Son! Glo - ry be to
 2. Glo - ry be to Him Who loved us, Washed us from each spot and stain! Glo - ry be to
 3. Glo - ry, blessing, praise e - ter - nal! Thus the choir of An - gels sings; Hon - or, rich - es,

God the Spir-it! Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One! Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal
 Him Who bought us, Made us kings with Him to reign! Glo - ry, glo - ry, To the Lamb that
 power, do-min-ion! Thus its praise cre - a - tion brings; Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry to the

a - ges run! Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - ges run.
 once was slain! Glo - ry, glo - ry, To the Lamb that once was slain!
 King of kings! Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry to the King of kings. A - men.

No. 40.

I. WATTS, 1720.

Am I a Soldier.

(CHRISTMAS.)

GEO. F. HANDEL, 1728.



1. Am I a soldier of the cross—
A follower of the Lamb—
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3. No, I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 41.

1. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2. A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3. Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

P. Doddridge, 1759.

No. 42.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY, 1804

Harwell.

Dr. L. MASON, 1840.



1. Hark, ten thousand harps and
voices
Sound the notes of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love.
See! He sits on yonder throne!
Jesus rules the world alone!

2. Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above and gives it worth:
Lord of love, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on
earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love Divine.

3. Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day!
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass
away!
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
Glory, glory, to our King.

No. 43.

One More Day's Work for Jesus.

Miss ANNA WARNER, 1864.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is near-er, And Christ is
 2. One more day's work for Je-sus: How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto-ry, To show the
 3. One more day's work for Je-sus—Oh, yes, an earn-est day; For heav'n shines clearer And rest comes

CHORUS.

dearer Than yes - ter-day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for
 glo-ry, Where Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
 nearer, At each step of the way; And Christ in all— Before His face I fall.

Je - sus, One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me.

No. 44.

Little Friends of Jesus.

MINNIE B. LOWRY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. We are lit - tle friends of Je - sus, On the road from earth to heaven; We have just com -
 2. Help us each to be a sun-beam, Or a star to shine so bright, In the cor - ners,
 3. God has left to us a mis - sion Work to do with all our heart; We must fill our

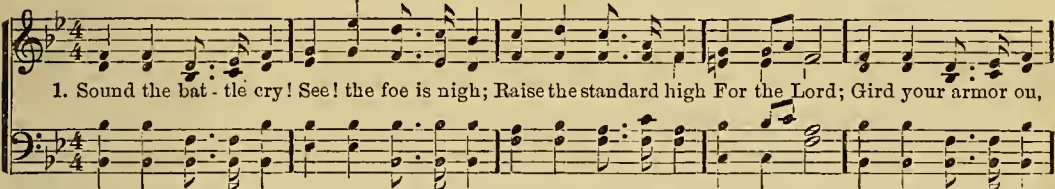
REFRAIN.

menced the mis - sion Which to us the Lord has given. Yes, we know sweet rest awaits us,
 by the way - side, Turn - ing dark-ness in - to light.
 hands with kind-ness, While our lips His love im - part.

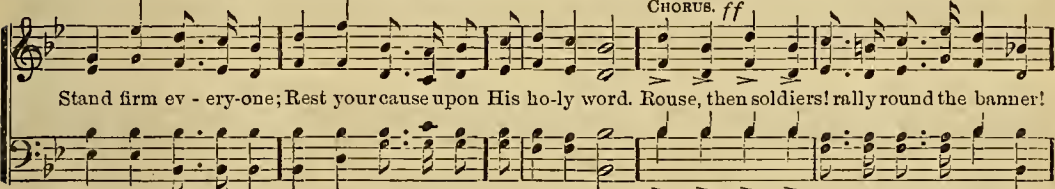
By and by when life is o'er; He will guide our lit - tle foot-steps To the bright and shining shore. *Rit.*

Sound the Battle Cry!

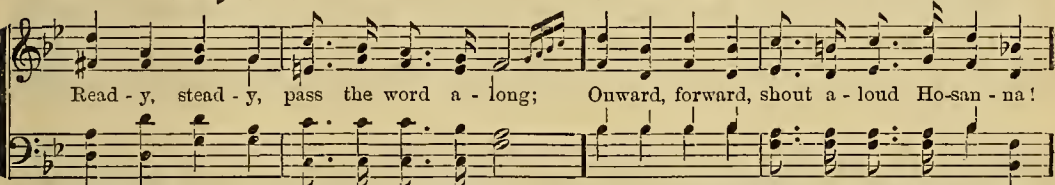
WM. F. SHERWIN.



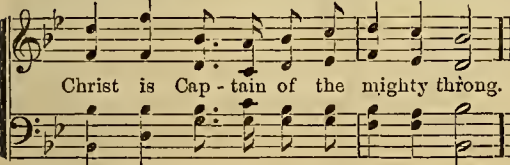
1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord; Gird your armor on,



Stand firm ev - ery-one; Rest your cause upon His ho - ly word. Rouse, then soldiers! rally round the banner!



Read - y, stead - y, pass the word a - long; Onward, forward, shout a - loud Ho-san - na!



Christ is Cap - tain of the mighty throng.

2. Strong to meet the foe.
Marching on we go,
While our cause we know
Must prevail;
Shield and banner bright
Gleaming in the light;
Battling for the right
We ne'er can fail.

3. Oh! Thou God of all,
Hear us when we call;
Help us one and all
By Thy grace;
When the battle's done,
And the victory won,
May we wear the crown
Before Thy face.

No. 46.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Rev. SABINE BARING-GOULD, M.A., 1865.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1872.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
 2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod.
 3. Onward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces In the triumph song.

Christ, the Royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe: Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go.
 We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we; One in hope, in doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
 Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King: This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and Angels sing.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Going on be - fore.
 war, With the cross of

No. 47.

Go Work in My Vineyard.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Go work in My vineyard, the Master says, go! The fruitage is glinting with rich, rud- dy glow;
 2. Oh, heed now the call- ing; up, while it is day; Perhaps, in life's dawning, thy strength may de- cay;
 3. For - ev - er in glo - ry the faithful shall sing, "Our day's work was given to Je - sus our King;

The sun of the morning is now in the west, The day's ear-ly gleaners are fainting for rest:
 Then give un-to Je - sus the dew of thy youth, And seek thro' His mer- cy the sunlight of truth:
 And, thro' the rich fullness of faith in His love, The vint- age is gathered, and garnered a - bove;

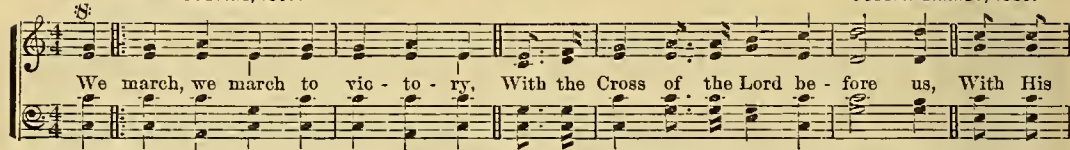
With ho - ly compassion, and hearts all a - glow, Go work in My vineyard, the Master says go!
 With ho - ly compassion, and hearts all a - glow, Go work in My vineyard, the Master says go!
 We entered the vineyard with hearts all a - glow, And toil'd for our Mas- ter when Je- sus said, go!"

No. 48.

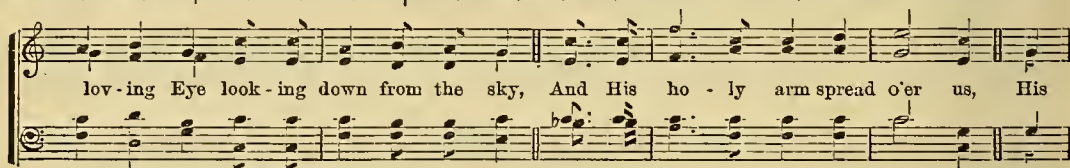
We March to Victory.

Rev. GERARD MOULTRIE, 1867.

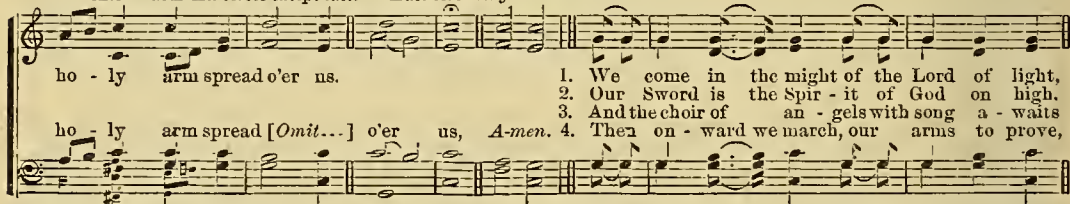
JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.



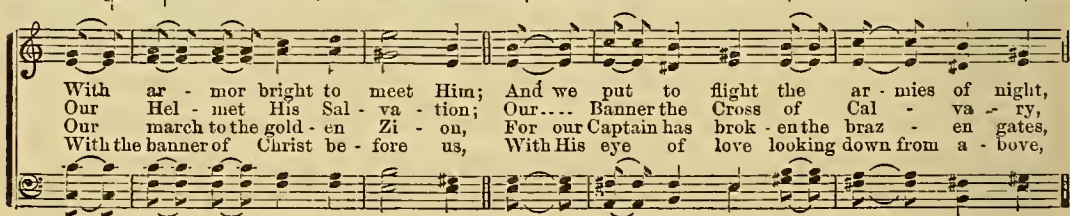
We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the Cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His



lov - ing Eye look - ing down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His

His arm *All verses except last. Last verse only.*


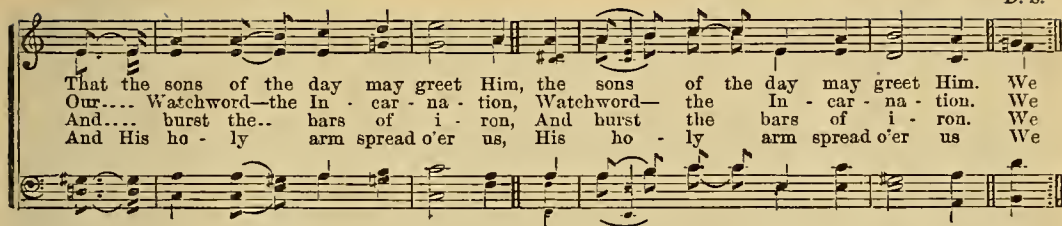
ho - ly arm spread o'er us. 1. We come in the night of the Lord of light,
2. Our Sword is the Spir - it of God on high.
3. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits
4. Then on - ward we march, our arms to prove,
ho - ly arm spread [*Omit...*] o'er us, *A-men.*



With ar - mor bright to meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night,
Our Hel - met His Sal - va - tion; Our... Banner the Cross of Cal - va - ry,
Our march to the gold - en Zi - on; For our Captain has brok - en the braz - en gates,
With the banner of Christ be - fore us, With His eye of love looking down from a - bove,

We March to Victory.—Concluded.

D. S.



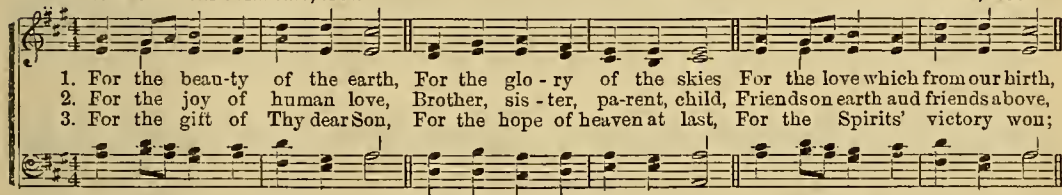
That the sons of the day may greet Him, the sons of the day may greet Him. We
 Our.... Watchword—the In - car - na - tion, Watchword—the In - car - na - tion. We
 And.... burst the.. bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron. We
 And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us We

No. 49.

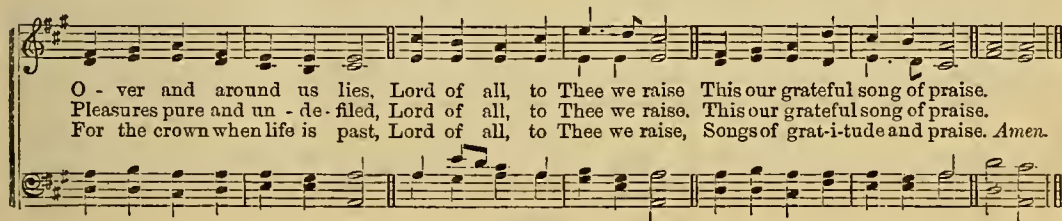
Our Song of Praise.

FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPOINT, 1864.

CONRAD KOCHER, 1838.



1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies For the love which from our birth,
 2. For the joy of human love, Brother, sis - ter, pa - rent, child, Friendson earth and friends above,
 3. For the gift of Thy dear Son, For the hope of heaven at last, For the Spirits' victory won;



O - ver and around us lies, Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our grateful song of praise.
 Pleasures pure and un - de - filed, Lord of all, to Thee we raise. This our grateful song of praise.
 For the crown when life is past, Lord of all, to Thee we raise, Songs of grat-i-tude and praise. Amen.

No. 50.

Hosanna we Sing.

Rev. GEORGE SAMUEL HODGES. 1873, Alt.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES, 1874.

f

1. Ho - san - na we sing to our Sav - iour Lord! With our voi - ces u - nit - ed in sweet ac - cord,
 2. We worship the King with the saints a - bove, As they grate - ful - ly tell of His power and love,

p

Our trib - ute of thanks to Je - sus we bring, While we speak of His grace as we glad - ly sing.
 His mer - cy so full, so firm to the end, — He is Mak - er, De - feud - er, Re - deem - er, Friend!

CHORUS.

ff *pp*

Al - le - lu - ia we sing with the an - gels bright, With their harps of gold, and their rai - ment white:

f *rall.*

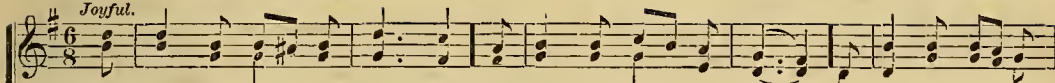
"All hon - or and blessing to the Lamb that was slain, And praises ne'er ceasing to His great Name!"

No. 51.

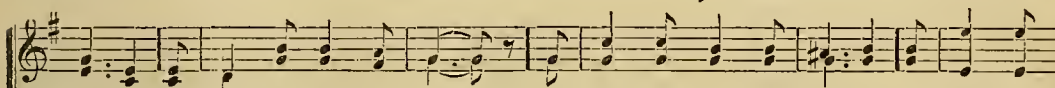
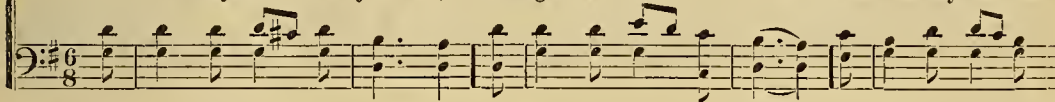
Pilgrim Band.

Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D. D., 1862.

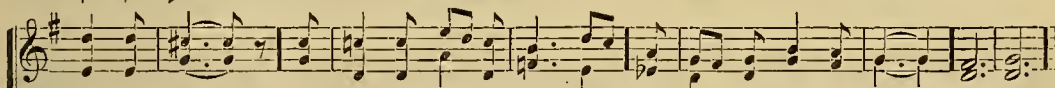
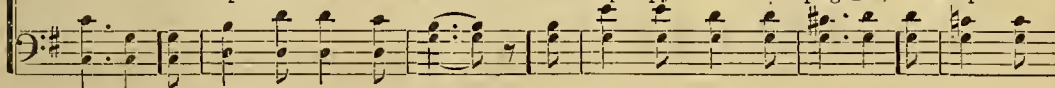
Rev. A. RICHARDSON.

Joyful.

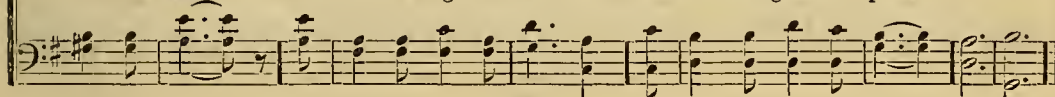
1. O hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread, With Je - sus as your
 2. The Cross that Je - sus car - ried Was car - ried as your due; The Crown that Je - sus
 3. What are they but His jew - els, Of right ce - les - tial worth? What are they but the



com - rade, To Je - sus as your Head; O hap - py if ye la - bor, As Je - sus
 wear - eth He wear - eth it for you, The tri - als that be - set you, The sor - rows
 lad - der Set up to heav'n on earth? O hap - py baud of pilgrims, Look up - ward



did for me; O hap - py if ye hun - ger As Je - sus hungered then. A - men.
 ye en - dure, The man - i - fold temp - ta - tions, That death a - lone can cure;
 to the skies, Where such a light af - fic - tion Shall win so great a prize.

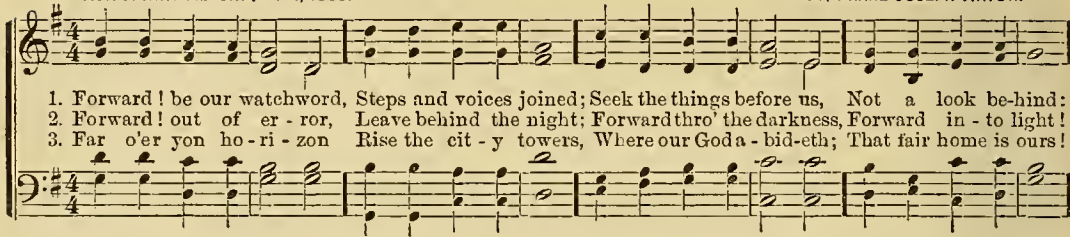


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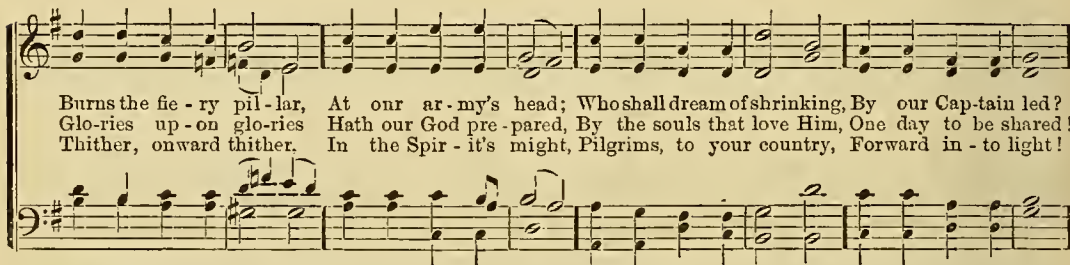
Forward! be our Watchword!

Rev. HENRY ALFORD, D.D., 1865.

Fr. FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN.

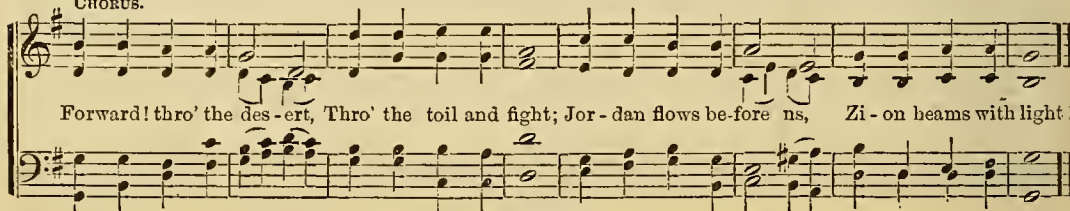


1. Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us, Not a look be-hind:
 2. Forward! out of er - ror, Leave behind the night; Forward thro' the darkness, Forward in - to light!
 3. Far o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the cit - y towers, Where our God a - bid-eth; That fair home is ours!



Burns the fie - ry pil - lar, At our ar - my's head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Cap - tain led?
 Glo - ries up - on glo - ries, Hath our God pre - pared, By the souls that love Him, One day to be shared!
 Thither, onward thither. In the Spir - it's might, Pilgrims, to your country, Forward in - to light!

CHORUS.



Forward! thro' the des - ert, Thro' the toil and fight; Jor - dan flows be - fore us, Zi - on beams with light!

No. 53.

Never be Afraid.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1864.

1. Never be afraid to speak for Je - sus, Think how much a word can do; Never be afraid to
 2. Never be afraid to work for Je - sus, In his vineyard day by day; Labor with a kind and
 3. Never be afraid to bear for Je - sus Keen re - proaches when they fall; Patient-ly endure your

CHORUS.

own your Saviour, He who loves and cares for you. Nev-er be afraid, Nev-er be afraid,
 will-ing spir - it, He will all your toil re - pay.
 ev - ery tri - al, Je - sus meek-ly bore them all.

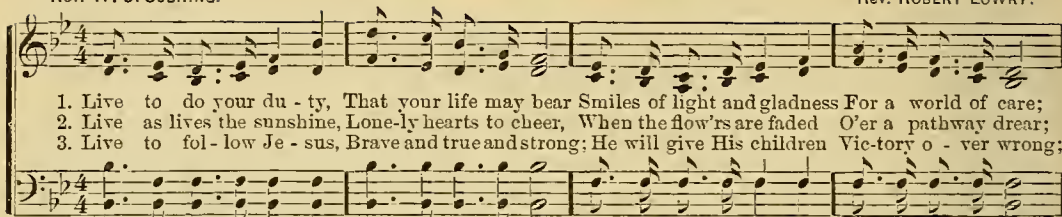
Nev-er, nev-er, nev-er, Je - sus is your lov-ing Saviour, Therefore nev-er be a - afraid.

No. 54.

Live to Do your Duty.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Live to do your du - ty, That your life may bear Smiles of light and gladness For a world of care;
 2. Live as lives the sunshine, Lone-ly hearts to cheer, When the flow'rs are faded O'er a pathway drear;
 3. Live to fol - low Je - sus, Brave and true and strong; He will give His children Vic-tory o - ver wrong;

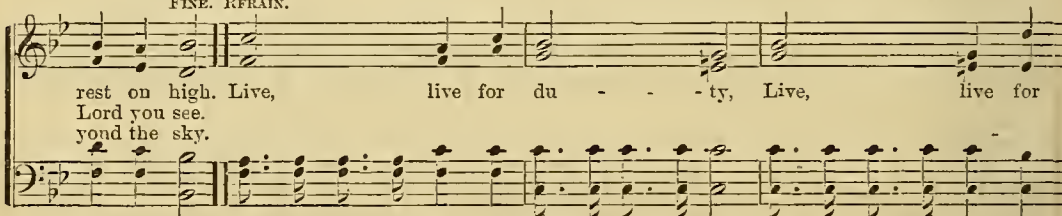
D.C.—Live to do your du - ty, That your life may bear Smiles of light and gladness For a world of care;



Live to do your du - ty, Faith-ful till you die; Walk the shin - ing glo - ry path to
 Live to do your du - ty, True and faith-ful be, Till in glo - ry's morn-ing land the
 Live to do your du - ty, Faith-ful till you die, Then go home where Je - sus lives be -

Live to do your du - ty, Faith-ful till you die; Walk the shin - ing glo - ry path to

FINE. REFRAIN.



rest on high. Live, live for du - - - ty, Live, live for
 Lord you see.
 yond the sky.

rest on high. Live to do your du - ty, True and faith - ful be; Live to do your du - ty,

Live to Do your Duty.—Concluded.

D. C. CHORUS.

du - - ty, Live, live for du - - ty, Faithful till you die.

Fruitage you shall see; Live to do your du - ty, Live to do your du - ty,

No. 55.

We are Little Travelers.

WM. STEVENSON.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. We are lit-tle trav'lers, Marching, marching, We are lit-tle trav'lers, Marching on; Walking in the
2. We are lit-tle la-b'rers, Working, working, We are lit-tle la-b'rers, Working on; Nev-er id-ling
3. We are lit-tle soldiers, Fighting, fighting, We are lit-tle soldiers, Fighting on; Warring 'gainst the
4. We are lit-tle pilgrims, Hoping, hoping, We are lit-tle pilgrims, Hoping on; For a coun-try

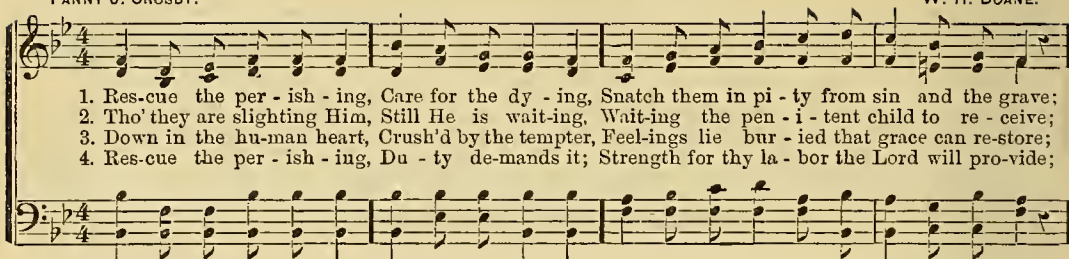
nar-row way, Shunning paths that lead a - stray, We are lit - tle trav'lers Marching on.
time a - way, Bus - y work-ing ev - ery day, We are lit - tle la - b'rers, Work-ing on.
pow'r of sin, Foes with-out and foes with-in, We are lit - tle sol - diers, Fight-ing on.
bet - ter far, Where our crown and king - dom are, We are lit - tle pil-grims, Hoping on.

No. 56.

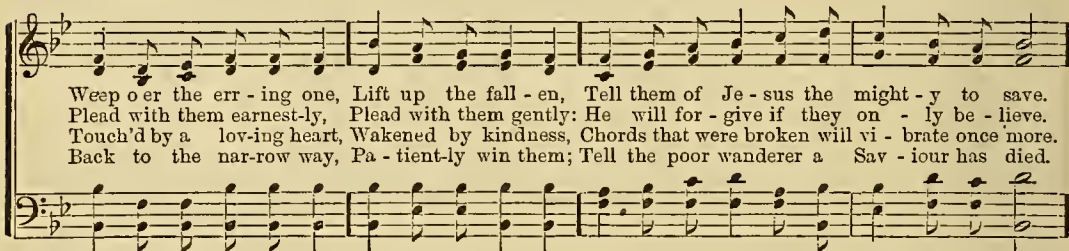
Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

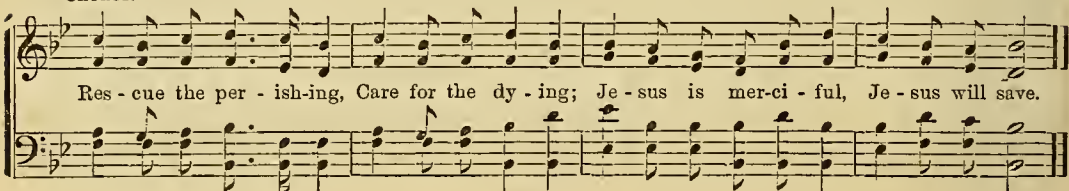


1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pi-ty from sin and the grave;
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent child to re-ceive;
 3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that grace can re-store;
 4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the Lord will pro-vide;



Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en, Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.
 Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gently: He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve.
 Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kindness, Chords that were broken will vi-brate once more.
 Back to the nar-row way, Pa-tient-ly win them; Tell the poor wanderer a Sav-iour has died.

CHORUS.



Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

No. 57.

Pressing On.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. This is the day of toil Beneath earth's sultry noon. This is the day of service true, But
 2. Spend and be spent would we, While lasteth time's brief day; No turning back in coward fear, No
 3. On-ward we press in haste, Up-ward our journey still; Ours is the path the Mas-ter trod Thro'

CHORUS.

rest-ing cometh soon. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! There remains a rest for us; Hal-le-
 lingering by the way.
 good re-port and ill.

lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! There remains a rest for us.

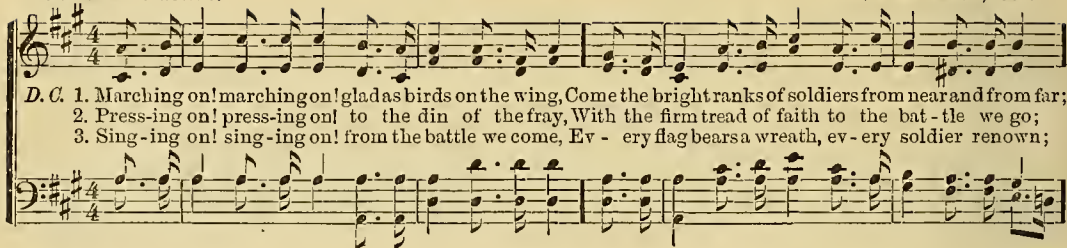
4. The way may rougher grow,
 The weariness increase,
 We gird our loins and hasten on,—
 The end, the end is peace.
Cho.—Hallelujah! etc.

No. 58.

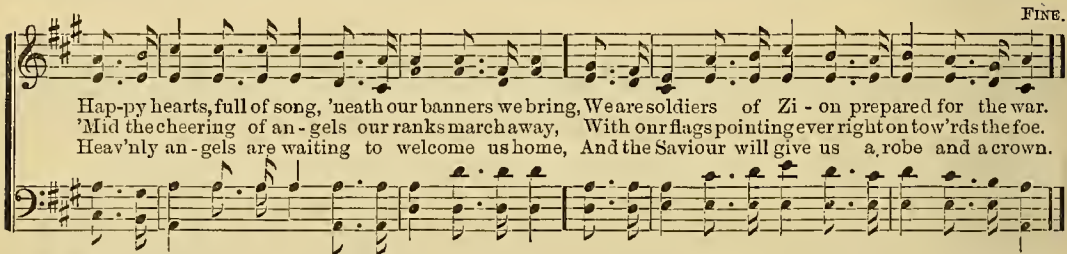
Marching On!

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1864.



D. C. 1. Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of soldiers from near and from far;
2. Press-ing on! press-ing on! to the din of the fray, With the firm tread of faith to the bat-tle we go;
3. Sing-ing on! sing-ing on! from the battle we come, Ev - ery flag bears a wreath, ev - ery soldier renown;

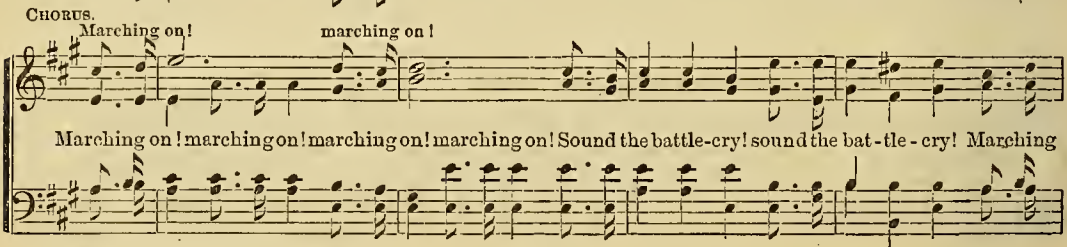


FINE.

Hap-py hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring, We are soldiers of Zi - on prepared for the war.
'Mid the cheering of an - gels our ranks march away, With our flags pointing ever right on tow'rd the foe.
Heav'nly an - gels are waiting to welcome us home, And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.

CHORUS.

Marching on! marching on!



Marching on! marching on! marching on! marching on! Sound the battle-cry! sound the bat-tle - cry! Marching

Marching On!—Concluded.

on! marching on! D.C.

on! marching on! marching on! marching on! Shout the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry!

No. 59.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1757.

Italian Hymn. 6s & 4s.

FELICE GIARDINI, 1769.

1. Come, Thou al - night-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all glo - ri - ous,
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our pray'r attend; Come, and Thy people bless;
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour; Thou who almighty art,

4.

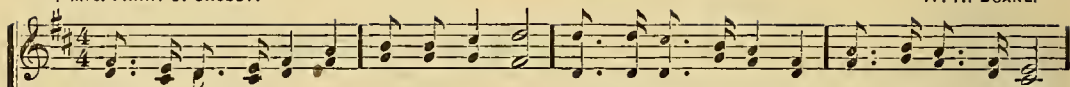
To Thee, great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore;
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

No. 60.

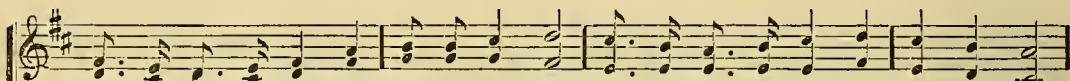
Never Falter.

Mrs. FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

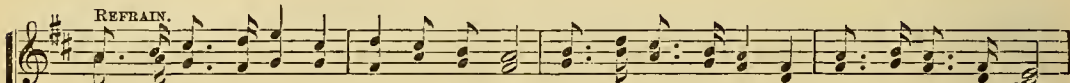


1. Nev - er, nev - er fal - ter, Cheer - i - ly go Where the Saviour lead - eth, Brav - ing ev - ery foe;
 2. Nev - er, nev - er fal - ter, Man - ful - ly fight; Dare to be like Dan - iel, Steadfast in the right;
 3. Je - sus watch - es o'er us, Lov - ing - ly near; He it is who bids us Smile at ev - ery fear;



At the post of du - ty Faithful - ly stand, Wear - ing still the ar - mor, Sword in hand.
 Keep this good - ly coun - sel Ev - er in view, We must all be val - iant, Firm and true.
 Nev - er be dis - couraged - Nev - er, oh no; Where His hand di - rects us, There we'll go.

REFRAIN.



Nev - er, nev - er fal - ter; This be the song; We will sing to - geth - er As we march a - long;

Never Falter.—Concluded.

Press-ing bold - ly on - ward, Happy are we; Sol - diers in the roy - al ar - my glad to be.

No. 61.

Blest Jesus, grant us Strength.

Rev. WM. WALSHAM HOW.

Sir GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1859.

Moderato.

1. Blest Je - sus! grant us strength to take Our dai - ly cross, what'er it be, And glad - ly for Thine
2. And day by day, we humbly ask, That ho - ly memories of Thy cross May sanc - ti - fy each

own dear sake, In paths of du - ty fol - low Thee.
com - mon task, And turn to gain each earthly loss. A - men.

3. Help us, dear Lord, our cross to bear,
Till, at Thy feet we lay it down;
Win through Thy blood our pardon there,
And through the Cross attain the Crown.

No. 62.

Something to Do in Heaven.

R. S. TAYLOR.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1864.

1. There'll be something in heaven for children to do; None are i - dle in that blessed land.
 2. There'll be les - sons to learn of the wisdom of God, As they wander the green meadows o'er;
 3. There'll be er - rands of love from the mansions a - bove, To the dear ones that lin - ger be - low;

There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be tho'ts for the mind, And employment for each lit - tle hand.
 And they'll have for their teachers in that blest a - bode, All the good that have gone there be - fore,
 And, it may be, our Fa - ther the children will send To be an - gels of mer - cy in woe.

D. S. — *On the bright shining shore, where there's joy ev - er - more, There'll be something for children to do.*

FULL CHORUS.

D. S.

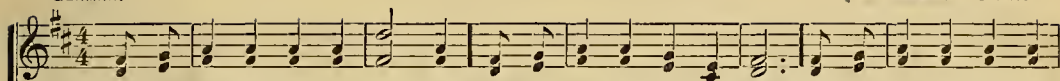
There'll be something to do; There'll be something to do; There'll be something for children to do.

No. 63.

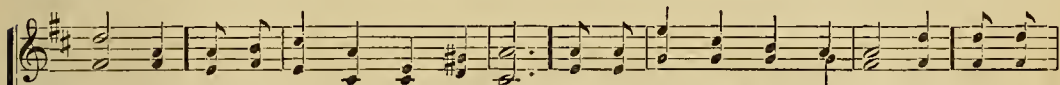
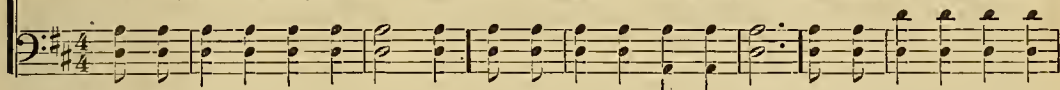
On the Field of Work.

GERMAN.

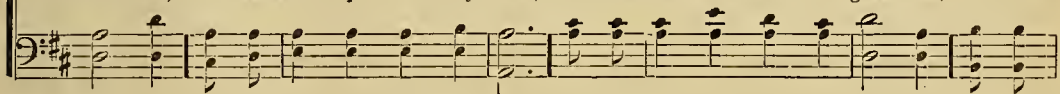
Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



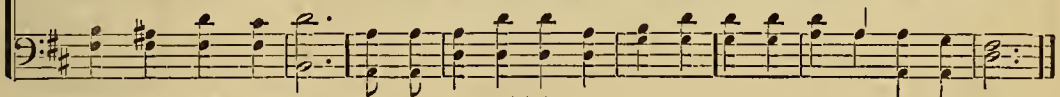
1. On the field of work ad - vanc - ing, Sow thy seed at morning light; Cheer-i - ly the furrows
 2. Standing still is dangerous ev - er, Toil is meant for Christians now; Let there be, when evening



turn - ing, La - bor on with all thy might; Why a - wait the far - off fu - ture, When the
 com - eth, Hon - est sweat up - on thy brow; And the Mus - ter then will greet thee, At the



work be - fore thee lies? Thou must sow be - fore thou reap - est, Find thy rest in la - bor's prize.
 set - ting of the sun, Say - ing, as He pays the wa - ges, "Good and faith - ful one, well done!"

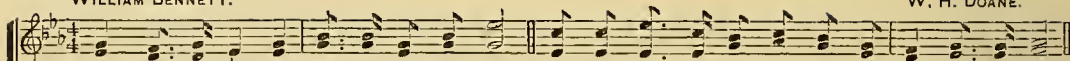


No. 64.

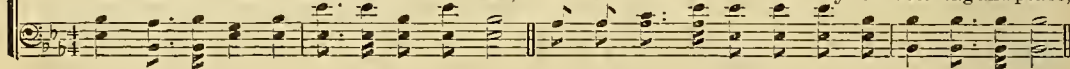
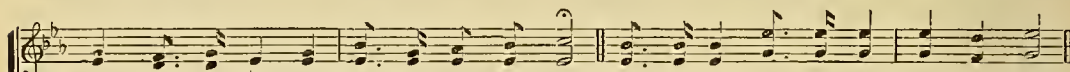
Sunday-School War-cry.

WILLIAM BENNETT.

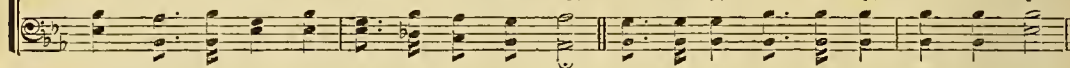
W. H. DOANE.




1. On to the con - flict, sol-diers for the right, Arm you with the Spir-it's sword, and march to the fight;
 2. Val - iant and cheerful, marching right a - long, Ev - ery foe shall quit the field, tho' haughty and strong;
 3. Soon shall the war-fare and the con-flict cease, Soon shall dawn the welcome day of rest-ing and peace;

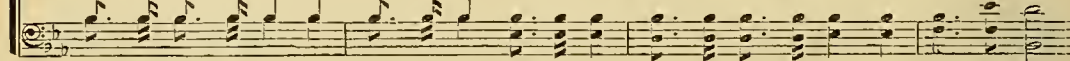
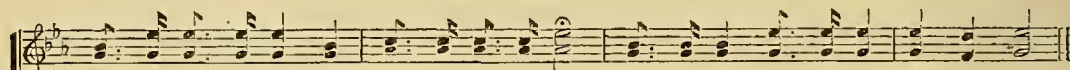
Truth be - your watchword, sound the ring-ing cry, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry!
 Fear shall op - press them, truth shall make them flee; Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry!
 Foes all sub-dued, we'll raise to heaven the cry, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry!




CHORUS.



Ev - er this the war-cry, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry; Ev - er this the war-cry, Vic - to - ry;

Write it on your banners, Waft it on the breeze, Vio - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry!

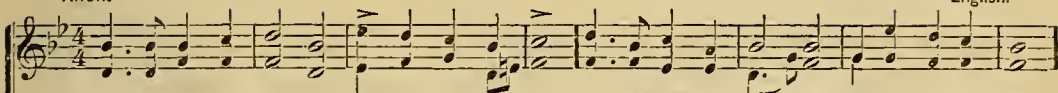


No. 65.

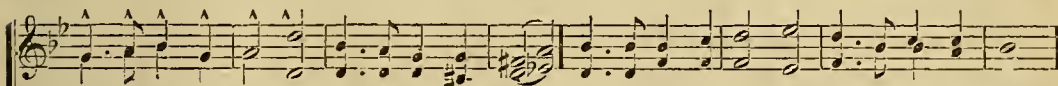
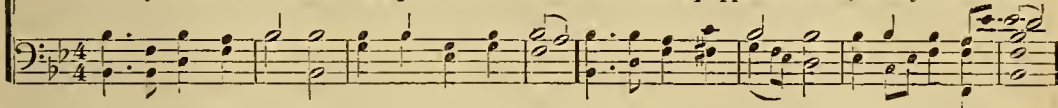
Soldiers of the Captain!

ANON.

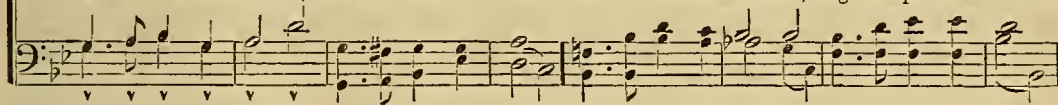
English.



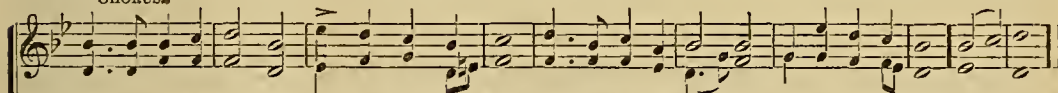
1. Soldiers of the Captain! Stand for Him and fight, Hardness glad en - dur - ing, Armour'd in His might!
2. Leader never vanquish'd—More than conqueror too, Thro' Himself He mak - eth All His soldiers true;
3. Take ye then the Hel - met, Breastplate, Shield, and Sword—Thusequipped for battle, Ready at His word:



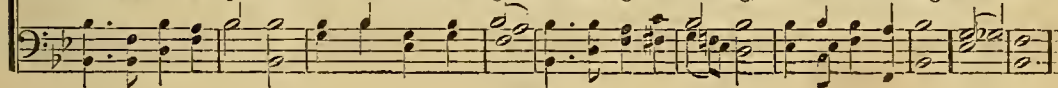
He is that great Vic - tor Praised in Angels' songs, Glo - ry of each sol - dier Who to Him be - longs.
 O'er the foe tri - umphant, He must still pre - vail— So, His soldiers faith - ful, With Him cannot fail.
 Piercetho' be the war - fare, Sure is the re - nown— And tho' dark the conflict, Bright the promised crown.



CHORUS.



Soldiers of the Captain! Stand for Him and fight, Hardness glad enduring, Armour'd in His might. A - men.

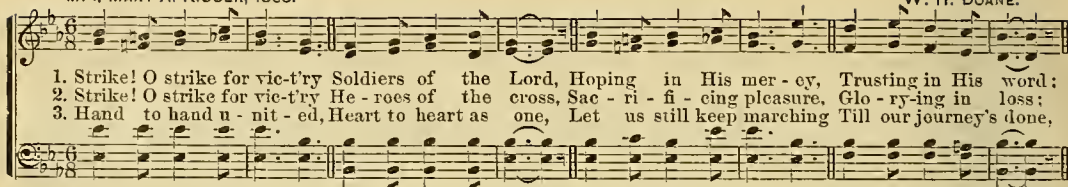


No. 66.

Strike! O Strike for Victory!

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER, 1868.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Strike! O strike for vic-t'ry Soldiers of the Lord, Hoping in His mer-cy, Trusting in His word;
 2. Strike! O strike for vic-t'ry He-roes of the cross, Sac-ri-fi-cing pleasure, Glo-ry-ing in loss;
 3. Hand to hand u-nit-ed, Heart to heart as one, Let us still keep marching Till our journey's done,



Lift the gos-pel ban-ner High a-bove the world Let its folds of beau-ty Ev-er be un-furled.
 Ev-er press-ing on-ward, On-ward to the light, Till we reach the Jor-dan, With our home in sight.
 Till we see the an-gels Come in glo-ry down, With the shining garments And the vic-tor's crown.

CHORUS.



Strike! strike for Vic-t'ry, He-roes bold; Strike! till the Vic-t'ry You be-hold;



Strike! strike for Vic-t'ry, Ne'er give o'er; Rest then in glo-ry Ev-er-more.

No. 67.

Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

Rev. WM. WILLIAMS, 1773.

Arr. from FLOTOW, 1848, by H. P. MAIN, 1872.

1st. 2d.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land, }
 { I am weak, but Thou art mighty, [Omit.....] } Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand.
 2. { Feed me with the heav'nly man-na, In this bar - ren wil - der-ness; }
 { Be my sword and shield and banner, [Omit.....] } Be the Lord my Righteousness.

O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the liv - ing wa - ters flow, Let the fi - ery
 When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my aux - ious fears sub - side; Death of death, and

cloud-y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour - ney thro', Lead me all my jour - ney thro'.
 hell's de - struc - tion, Land me safe on Canaan's side, Land me safe on Canaan's side.

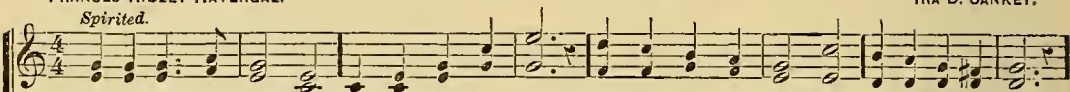
May be sung to "Autumn," page 101.

No. 68.

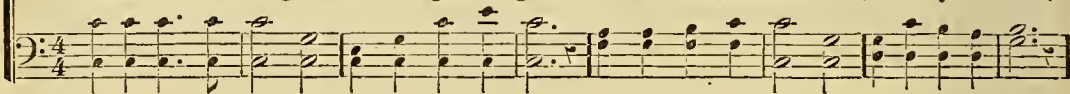
Who is on the Lord's Side?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

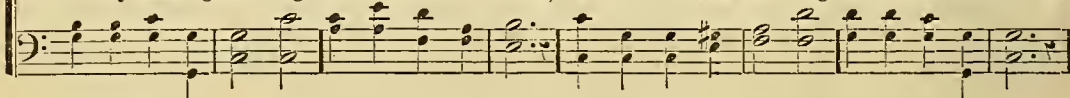
IRA D. SANKEY.

Spirited.

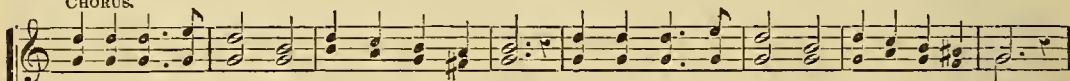
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-ers, Other lives to bring?
 2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my, Raise the warrior-psalm;
 3. Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood, For Thy di-a - dem;



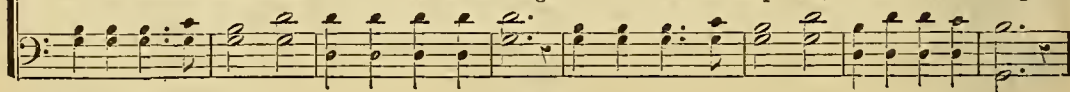
Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
 But for love that claim-eth Lives for whom He died, He whom Je - sus nam-eth Must be on His side.
 With Thy blessing fill - ing All who come to Thee, Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free.



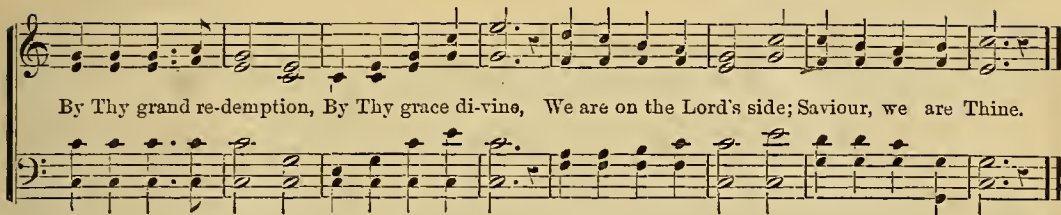
CHORUS.



Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers, Other lives to bring?



Who is on the Lord's Side?—Concluded.



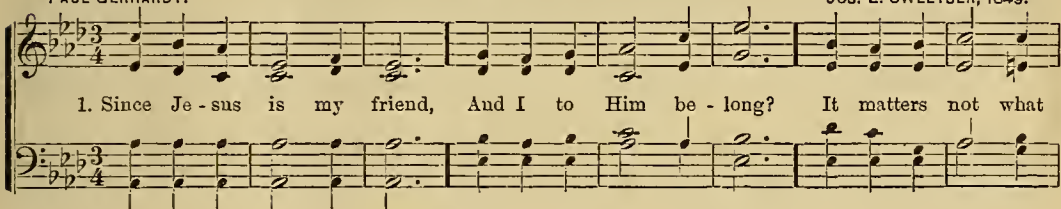
By Thy grand re-demption, By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side; Saviour, we are Thine.

No. 69.

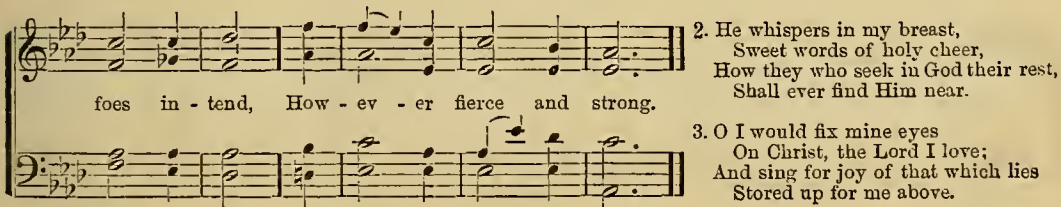
Since Jesus is my Friend.

PAUL GERHARDT.

JOS. E. SWEETSER, 1849.



1. Since Je - sus is my friend, And I to Him be - long? It matters not what



foes in - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong.

2. He whispers in my breast,
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest,
Shall ever find Him near.

3. O I would fix mine eyes
On Christ, the Lord I love;
And sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

No. 70.

On, On My Soul!

Rev. FREDERICK W. FABER, alt.

HENRY SMART, 1867.

1. On, on my soul! an-gel-ic voi-ces call thee, Faint not, nor fear, for Jesus bids thee "Come;"
 2. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and drear-y, The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 3. An-gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments of the songs a - bove;

On, on-ward go! till in the realms of glo - ry, Glad-ly thy spirit hears the "Welcome home."
 All journeys end in welcome to the wea - ry, And Heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing-ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. A-men.

No. 71.

Far out on the Desolate Billow.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND, 1867.

(LORELEY.)

FERD. SILCHER, 1837.

1. Far out on the des-o-late bil-low, The sai-lor sals the sea, A-lone with the night and the
 2. Far down in the earth's dark bo-som, The min-er mines the ore; Death lurks in the dark be-
 3. Forth in-to the dread-ful bat-tle The steadfast sol-dier goes, No friend, when he lies a
 4. Lord grant as we sail life's o-cean, Or delve in its mines of woe; Or fight in its ter-ri-ble

CHORUS.

temp-est, Where count-less dan-gers be. Yet, nev-er a-lone is the Christian, Who
 hind him, And hides in the rock be-fore. Yet, &c.
 dy-ing His eyes to kiss and close. Yet, &c.
 con-flict, This com-fort all to know, That, &c.

lives by faith and prayer; For God is a Friend un-fail-ing, And God is ev-ery-where.

No. 72.

Close by His Side.

T. P. W.

THOS. P. WESTENHOOF.

1. Close by the side of a lov - ing Sav - iour, Safe through this world of sin I go;
 2. Close by the side of a lov - ing Sav - iour, He who has suf - fered death for me;
 3. Close by the side of a lov - ing Sav - iour, When all the tri - als here are o'er;

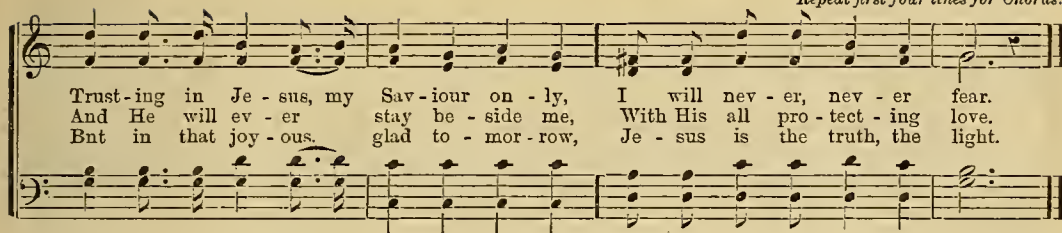
FINE.

Naught do I fear from the pow'r of Sa - tan, As I jour - ney here be - low;
 That all my sins might be for - giv - en, Set - ting my soul from its bond-age free;
 Hap - py I'll wan - der a - mid the loved ones, O - ver on the oth - er shore;

What tho' the path be dark and lone - ly, Tho' temp - ta - tions ho - ver near;
 Oh! if I trust Him, He will guide me, Safe to the Fa - ther's throne a - bove;
 Where there will be no sin nor sor - row, Where there will be no dark - ning night;

Close by His Side—Concluded.

Repeat first four lines for Chorus.



Trust - ing in Je - sus, my Sav - iour on - ly, I will nev - er, nev - er fear.
 And He will ev - er stay be - side me, With His all pro - tect - ing love.
 Bnt in that joy - ous, glad to - mor - row, Je - sus is the truth, the light.

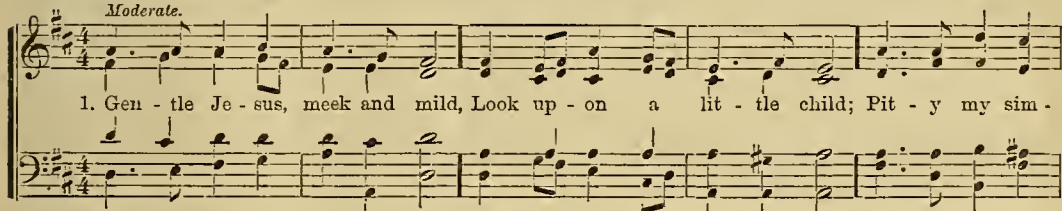
No. 73.

Gentle Jesus.

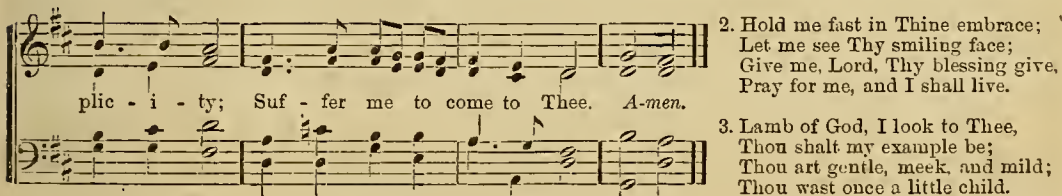
CHARLES WESLEY, 1763.

ANON.

Moderate.



1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child; Pit - y my sim -



plic - i - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee. A-men.

2. Hold me fast in Thine embrace;
 Let me see Thy smiling face;
 Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give,
 Pray for me, and I shall live.

3. Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
 Thou shalt my example be;
 Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
 Thou wast once a little child.

No. 74.

Courage, Brother! do not Stumble.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

1. Courage, broth-er! do not stumble, Tho' thy path be dark as night; There's a star to guide the humble,
 2. Per-ish "pol-i-cy" and cunning, Per-ish all that fears the light, Whether losing, whether winning,
 3. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight; Cease from man, and look above thee,

Trust in God, and do the right. Tho' the road be long and drea-ry, And the end be out of sight,
 Trust in God, and do the right. Shun all forms of guilt-y pass-ion, Fiends can look like angels bright;
 Trust in God, and do the right. Sim-ple rule and saf-est guiding, In-ward peace and shining light,

Foot it bravely, strong or wea-ry, Trust in God, trust in God, trust in God, and do the right.
 Heed no custom, school, or fash-ion, Trust in God, etc.
 Star up - on our path a-bid-ing, Trust in God, etc.

No. 75.

In Heavenly Love Abiding.

ANNA LAETITIA WARING, 1850.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1877.

1. In heav'n - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con - fid - ing,
2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be - side me,

For noth - ing chang-es here: The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid,
And noth - ing can I lack; His wis - dom ev - er wak-eth, His sight is nev - er dim;

But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
He knows the way He tak-eth, And I will walk with Him.

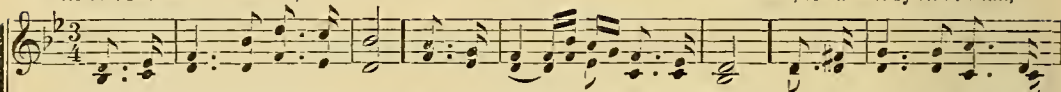
3.
Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 76.

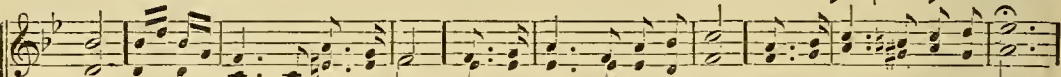
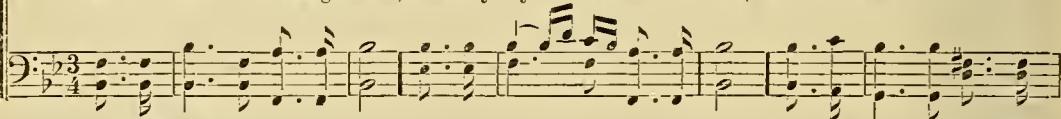
Rock of Ages Cleft for Me.

Rev. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776.

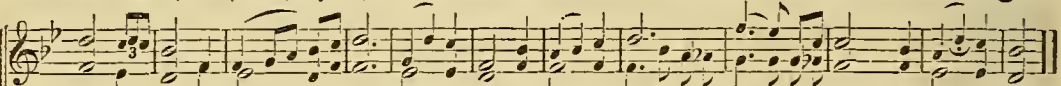
FRANZ ABT, 1842. Arr. by H. P. MAIN,



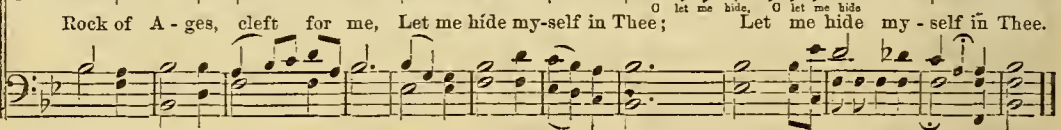
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee! Let the wa - ter and the
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands, Can ful - fil Thy law's de-mands: Could my zeal no res - pite
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring: Simp - ly to Thy cross I cling; Nak - ed, come to Thee for
 4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eye - lids close in death, When I soar to worlds un -



blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
 know, Could my tears for ev - er flow, All for sin could not a-tone: Thou must save and Thou alone.
 dress, Help-less, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the fount-ain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
 known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.



Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; *O let me hide, O let me hide* Let me hide my - self in Thee.



No. 77.

Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

Rev. JAMES D. BURNS, 1857.

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

1. Hushed was the evening hymn, The Temple courts were dark; The lamp was burning dim Be - fore the
 2. O! give me Samuel's ear, The o - pen ear, O Lord, A - live and quick to hear Each whisper
 3. O! give me Samuel's heart, A low - ly heart that waits Wherein Thy house Thou art, Or watchest

sa - cred ark; When sud - den - ly a Voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine.
 of Thy Word, Like him to an - swer at Thy call, And to o - bey Thee first of all.
 at Thy gates, By day and night, a heart that still Moves at the breathing of Thy will. A - men

No. 78.

My Faith looks up to Thee.

RAY PALMER, D. D., 1830.

(OLIVET.)

Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1830.

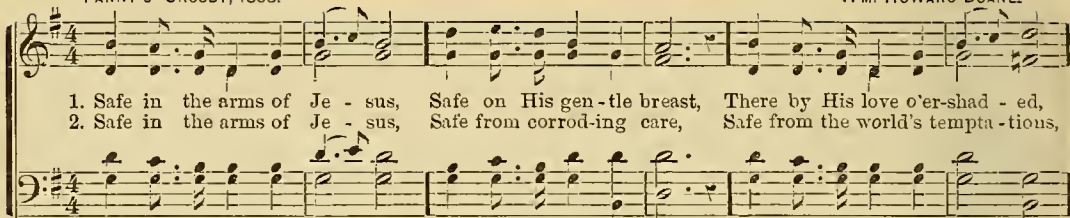
1. My faith looks up to Thee
 Thon Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine;
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away,
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine.

2. May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee,
 Pure, warm, and changless be,
 A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away
 Nor let me ever stray,
 From Thee aside.

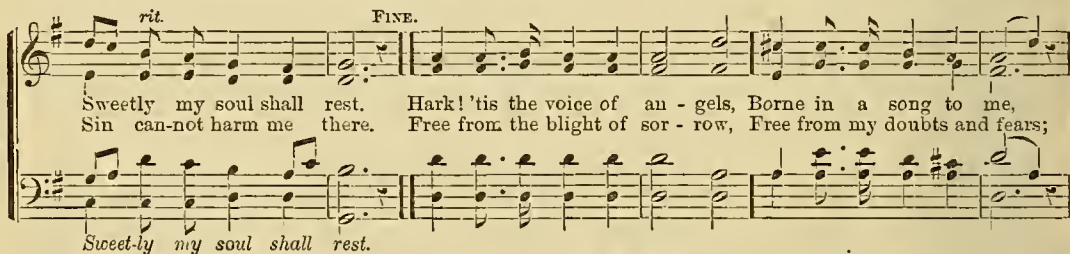
FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868.

WM. HOWARD DOANE.



1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shad - ed,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corrod-ing care, Safe from the world's tempta-tions,

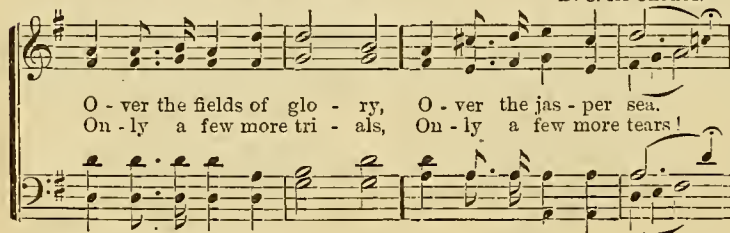
Cho.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shad - ed,



rit. Sweetly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
FINE. Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;

Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

D. C. for CHORUS.



O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!

3. Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Cho.—Safe in the arms, &c.

No. 80.

Come with Thy Broken Heart.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

THEODORE E. PERKINS.

D. C. 1. Come, oh, come with thy bro - ken heart, Wea - ry and worn with care; Come and kneel at the
 2. Firm - ly cling to the bless - ed cross, There shall thy ref - uge be; Wash thee now in the
 3. Come and taste of the pre - cious feast, Feast of e - ter - nal love; Think of joys that for

FINE.

o - pen door, Je - sus is wait - ing there: Wait - ing to heal thy wounded soul,
 crim - son fount, Flow - ing so pure for thee: List to the gen - tle warn - ing voice,
 ev - er bloom, Bright in the life a - bove; Come with a trust - ing heart to God,

D. C. for Chorus.

Wait - ing to give thee rest; Why wilt thou walk where shadows fall? Come to His lov - ing breast.
 List to the earn - est call, Leave at the cross thy bur - den now, Je - sus will bear it all.
 Come and be saved by grace; Come, for He loves to clasp thee now, Close in His dear em - brace.

No. 81.

ANON.

Angry Words.

H. R. PALMER, 1868.

1. An - gry words! O let them nev - er From the tongue un - bri - dled slip; May the heart's best im - pulse
 2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly; Friendship is too sa - cred far, For a mo - ment's reck - less
 3. An - gry words are light - ly spo - ken; Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred: Brightest links of life are

CHORUS.

ev - er Check them e'er they soil the lip. "Love one an - oth - er," Thus saith the Sav - iour, Children o -
 fol - ly Thus to des - o - late and mar.
 bro - ken By a sin - gle an - gry word.

"Love each oth - er, Love each other,"

bey Thy Father's blest command: "Love one an - oth - er," Thus saith the Sav - iour, Children obey His blest com - mand.
 'Tis Thy Father's blest command: "Love each other, Love each other," 'Tis His blest command.

No. 82.

Wondrous Love.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the fall; Sal - va - tion full, at
 2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God; Re - demption by His

CHORUS.

high - est cost, He of - fers free to all. O 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to
 death I find, And cleansing thro' His blood.

me; It brought my Saviour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

3.

Believing souls, rejoicing go,
 There shall to you be given
 A glorious foretaste here be-
 low,
 Of endless life in heaven.
 CHO.—O 'twas love, &c.

By permission.

No. 83.

Let Me Sing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Let me sing, the Lord has blessed me, Let me spread the tidings round; He from death to life has
 2. At His feet I cried for mer - cy, At His feet my guilt confessed; There I took His yoke up -
 3. Wake, my soul, and all with-in me! Je - sus in thy song a - dore; His the kingdom, power, and

REFRAIN.

brought me, I was lost, but now am found. Let me sing,..... my heart is bounding With the
 on me, Learned of Him, and found my rest.
 glo - ry. Now, henceforth, and ev-er-more.

Let me sing, let me sing, my heart is bounding now,

full-ness of de-light; Je - sus' blood. . . from sin has cleansed me, He has washed my garments white.

Je - sus' blood, Jesus' blood from sin has cleansed me,

No. 84.

The Great Physician.

Rev. W. M. HUNTER, 1842.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus: He speaks the drooping
 2. Your ma - ny sins are all forgiven, O hear the voice of Je - sus; Go on your way in
 3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus; I love the bles - sed

CHORUS.

heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. "Sweet - est note in ser - aph song,
 peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
 Sav - iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.

Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue, Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus."

No. 85.

Draw nigh, Draw nigh, Immanuel.

Tr. Rev. JOHN M. NEALE, D. D., 1951.

CHARLES GOUNOD, 1872.

1. Draw nigh, draw nigh Im-man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el, That mourns in
 2. Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morn-ing Star, And bring us com - fort from a - far; And ban - ish
 3. Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of Might, Who once from Sin - ai's flam-ing height Did'st give the

lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! re -
 far from us the gloom Of sin - ful night and end - less doom. Re - joice! etc.
 trembling tribes Thy Law, In cloud, and maj - es - ty, and awe. Re - joice! etc.

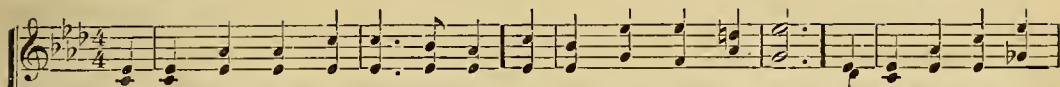
joice! Im-man-u-el Shall come to thee, O Is-ra-el! A-men.

No. 86.

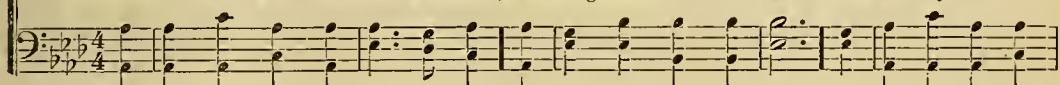
Because Thou Leadest Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

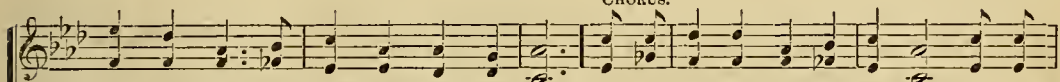
M. B. THOMAS.



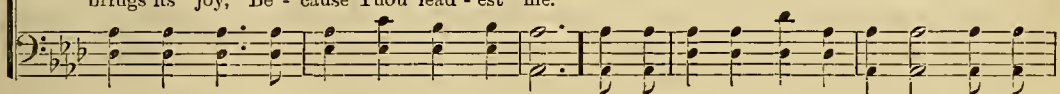

1. In per - fect trust, I now com-mit My way, O Lord, to Thee, As - sured my feet can
 2. And tho' af - flic - tions, day by day, My lot on earth may be, I'll bear them all with
 3. As af - ter storm the sun breaks forth, More bright and fair to see, Thus ev - ery tri - al




CHORUS.



nev - er fall, Be - cause Thou lead - est me. Thou wilt lead me now and ev - er, Till I
 cheer - ful heart, Be - cause Thou lead - est me.
 brings its joy, Be - cause Thou lead - est me.

reach the blessed riv - er; 'Tis e-nough to know, where'er I go, My Sav-iour lead-eth me.



Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D. 1833.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, Kindly Light, a - mid th'en-cir-ling gloom, Lead Thou me ou; The night is
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long Thy Power hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re - mem - ber not past years!
 an - gel fa - ces smile. Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

No. 88.

To-day the Saviour Calls.

Rev. SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1831.

(AMOEY.)

Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1831.

1. To - day the Saviour calls, Ye wanderers, come; O, ye be-night-ed souls, Why longer roam?
 2. To - day the Saviour calls, O, hear Him now; With-in these sa-cred walls To Je-sus bow.
 3. The Spir-it calls to - day: Yield to His power: O, grieve Him not a - way; 'Tis mer-cy's hour.

No. 89.

Hamburg.

Rev. JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765.

Arr. by Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1825.

1. Be - hold a Stran - ger at the door! He gent-ly knocks, has knocked be-fore; Has waited

long— is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.

2. Oh! lovely attitude—He stands
 With melting heart and loaded hands;
 Oh! matchless kindness—and He shows
 This matchless kindness to His foes!

3. But will He prove a friend indeed?
 He will—the very Friend you need;
 The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
 With garments dyed on Calvary.

No. 90.

Leaning on Thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

JOHN BLOCKLEY, (1800-1882) 1873.

1. Leaning on Thee, my Guide and Friend, My gracious Saviour, I am blest; Tho' wea-ry, Thou dost
 2. Leaning on Thee with child-like faith, To Thee the fu-ture I con-fide, Each step of life's un-
 3. Leaning on Thee, tho' faint and weak, Too weak an-oth-er voice to hear, Thy heavenly ac-cents

cou-des-cend, Tho' wea-ry, Thou dost con-des-cend, To be my Rest, To be my Rest!
 trod-den path, Each step of life's un-trod-den path. Thy love shall guide, Thy love shall guide.
 com-fort speak, Thy heavenly ac-cents com-fort speak, "Be of good cheer," "Be of good cheer."

No. 91.

Martyrdom.

HUGH WILSON, 1768.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>1. O, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on His word.</p> | <p>2. Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.</p> | <p>3. Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart.
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.
Benj. Cleveland, 1790.</p> |
|--|--|---|

No. 92.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend His cause;
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.</p> | <p>2. Firm, as His throne, His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.</p> | <p>3. Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face;
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.
Isaac Watts, 1709.</p> |
|--|---|---|

No. 93.

I Need Thee every Hour.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
2. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Stay Thou near by; Tempta - tions lose their power When Thou art nigh.
3. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis - es In me ful - fill.

REFRAIN.

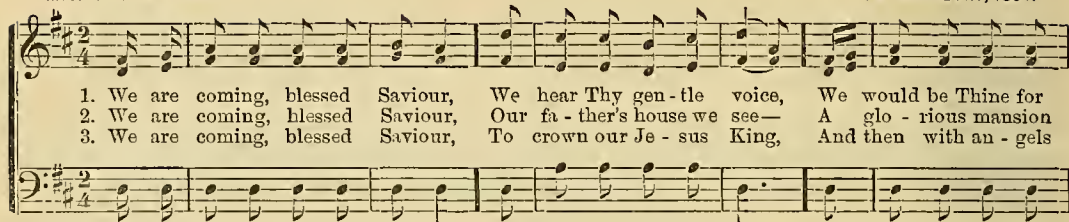
I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Every hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.

No. 94.

We are Coming, Blessed Saviour.

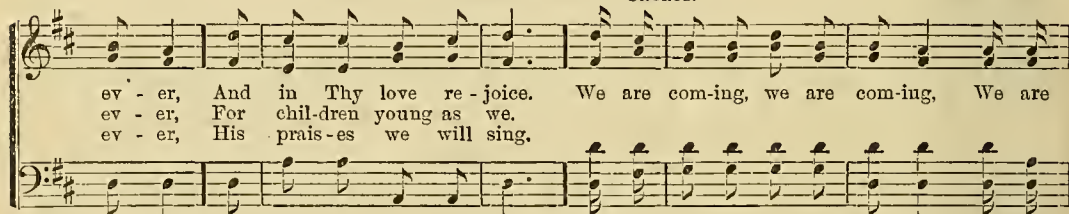
Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1864.

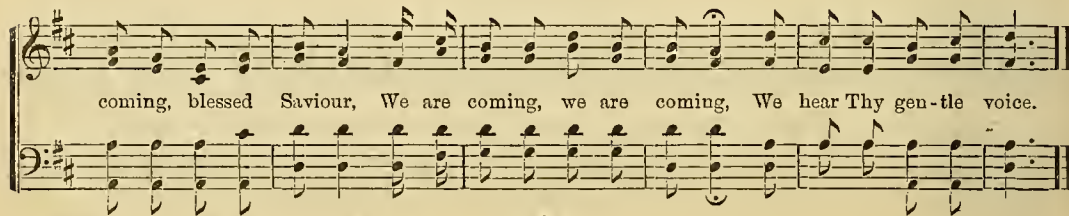


1. We are coming, blessed Saviour, We hear Thy gen-tle voice, We would be Thine for
 2. We are coming, blessed Saviour, Our fa-ther's house we see— A glo-rious mansion
 3. We are coming, blessed Saviour, To crown our Je-sus King, And then with an-gels

CHORUS.



ev-er, And in Thy love re-joice. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, We are
 ev-er, For chil-dren young as we.
 ev-er, His prais-es we will sing.



coming, blessed Saviour, We are coming, we are coming, We hear Thy gen-tle voice.

No. 95.

Wherefore should our Heart?

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Wherefore should our heart be troubled, If in Je - sus we are one? Let us think of
 2. He may test our faith and try us, He may scourge us in His love; But the balm of
 3. O let not our heart be troubled; If our hope on Him is stayed, We shall hear Him

CHORUS.

all His goodness, And the work His love has done. O let not our heart be troubled,
 con - so - la - tion Comes with heal - ing from a - bove.
 gent - ly say - ing, "It is I, be not a - fraid."

If our all on Him is cast, Let us trust Him for the future, While we praise Him for the past.

R. L.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. My soul is hap - py all day long— Je - sus is my Sav - iour; And all my life is
 2. I heard the voice of mer - cy call— Je - sus is my Sav - iour; I simp - ly trusted
 3. Now will I tell it all a - round— Je - sus is my Sav - iour; How sweet a bless - ing

CHORUS.

full of song— Je - sus died for me. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! To the
 that was all— Je - sus died for me.
 I have found— Je - sus died for me.

lov - ing Lamb for sin - ners slain; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! To the Lamb who lives a - gain.

No. 97.

This I Know.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Lord, my trust I re - pose in Thee; O how great is Thy love to me!
 2. Thou dost lead with a sweet command, Thou dost lead with a gen - tle hand;
 3. I shall rise to a world of light, I shall rest in a man - sion bright;

REFRAIN.

Thou the strength of my life shalt be; This I know, this I know. Thine, Thine, and on - ly Thine,
 On the rock of Thy Truth I stand; This I know, this I know.
 Then my faith shall be lost in sight; This I know, this I know.

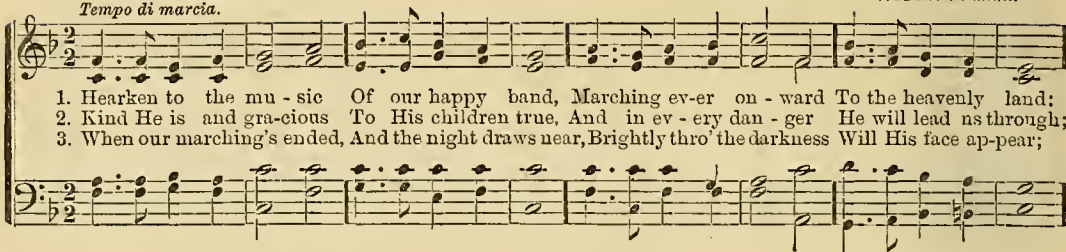
Now and ev - er Thine; Thou dost love me, Savionr mine; This I know, This I know.

No. 98.

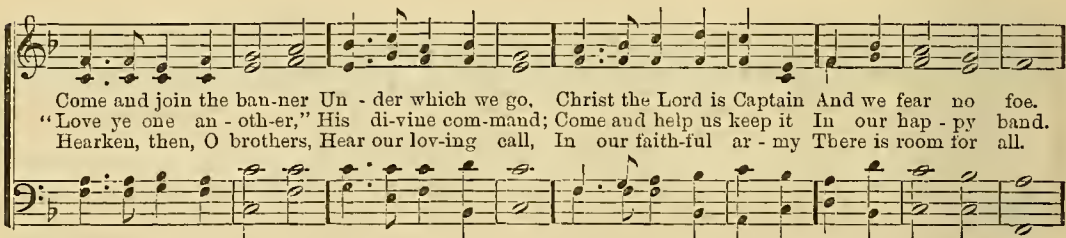
Hearken to the Music.

Mrs. MARY M. BARNES.
Tempo di marcia.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

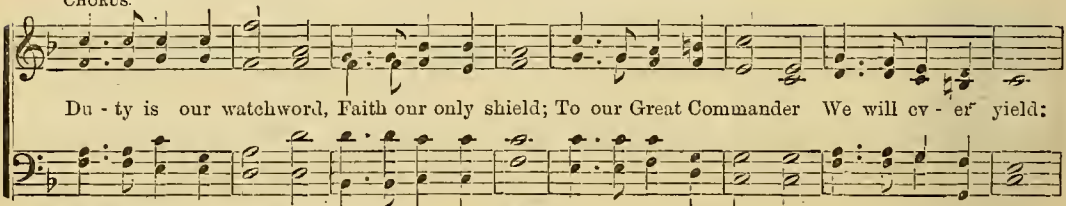


1. Hearken to the mu - sic Of our happy band, Marching ev - er on - ward To the heavenly land;
2. Kind He is and gra - cious To His children true, And in ev - ery dan - ger He will lead us through;
3. When our marching's ended, And the night draws near, Brightly thro' the darkness Will His face ap - pear;



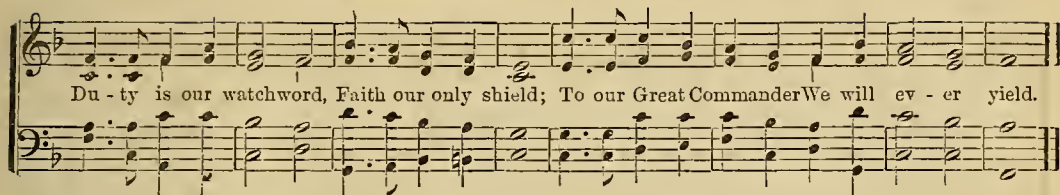
Come and join the ban - ner Un - der which we go, Christ the Lord is Captain And we fear no foe.
"Love ye one an - oth - er," His di - vine com - mand; Come and help us keep it In our hap - py band.
Hearken, then, O brothers, Hear our lov - ing call, In our faith - ful ar - my There is room for all.

CHORUS.



Du - ty is our watchword, Faith our only shield; To our Great Commander We will ev - er yield;

Hearken to the Music.—Concluded.



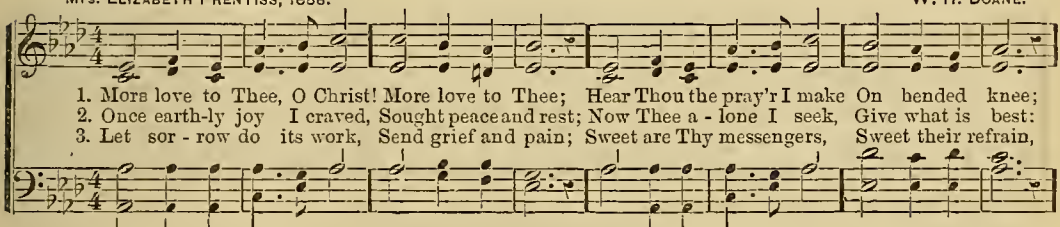
Du - ty is our watchword, Faith our only shield; To our Great Commander We will ev - er yield.

No. 99.

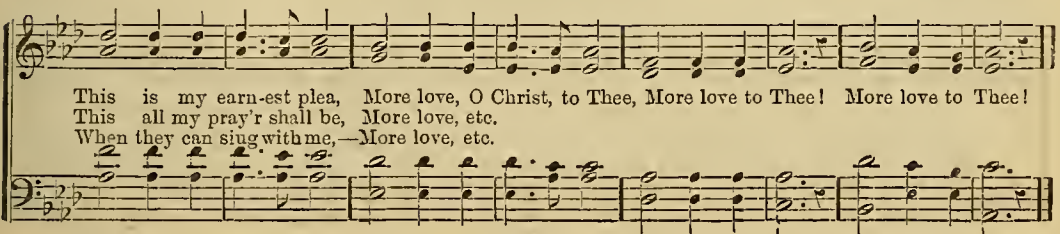
More Love to Thee.

Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS, 1856.

W. H. DOANE.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the pray'r I make On bended knee;
 2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-lone I seek, Give what is best:
 3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy messengers, Sweet their refrain,



This is my earn-est plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
 This all my pray'r shall be, More love, etc.
 When they can sing with me,—More love, etc.

No. 100.

Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP, 1838.

W. M. B. BRADBURY, 1859.

1. { Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care; }
 { In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare. } Blessed Je - sus, Blessed
 2. { We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way. } Blessed Je - sus, Blessed
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray. }
 3. { Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be; }
 { Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free. } Blessed Je - sus, Blessed

Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Jesus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray, Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
 Jesus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee, Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee.

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No. 101.

Jesus Loves Me.

MISS ANNA WARNER, 1862.

(FOR THE INFANT CLASS.)

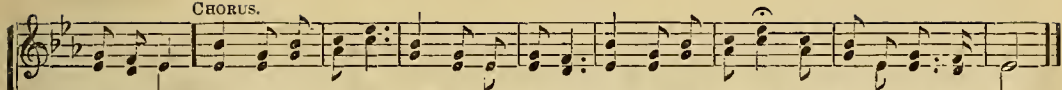
W. M. B. BRADBURY, 1862.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle ones to Him belong, They are weak but
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will wash a - way my sin, Let this lit - tle
 3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ve - ry weak and ill; From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me
 4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay. Close beside me, all the way; If I love Him when I die He will take me

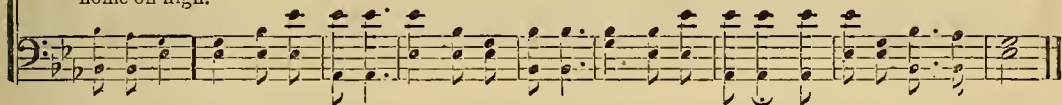
Copyright, 1862, in The Golden Shower, by Wm. B. Bradbury. Used by per.

Jesus Loves Me.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



He is strong. Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bi-ble tells me so.
child come in.
where I lie.
home on high.

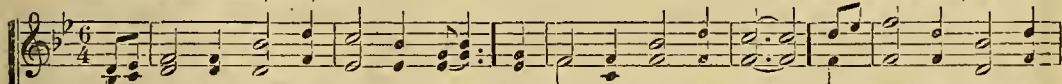


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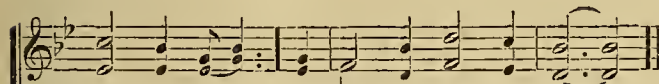
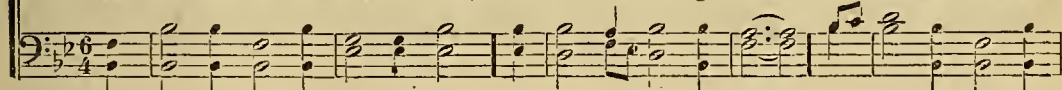
Cross and Crown.

Rev. THOS. SHEPHERD, 1726, alt.

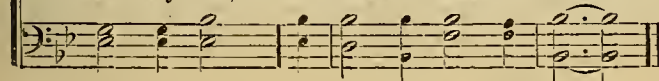
GEORGE N. ALLEN, 1849.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for



ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.



2. How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

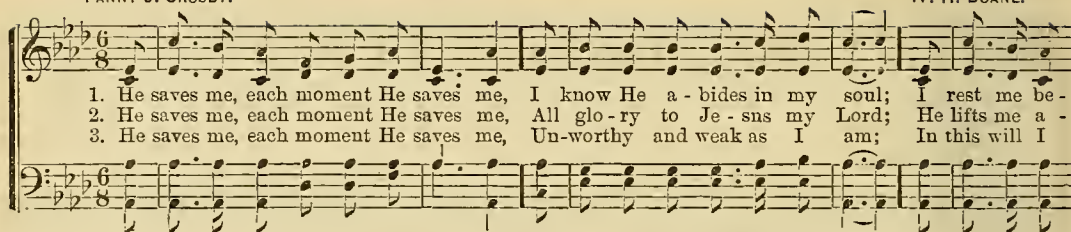
3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,—
For there's a crown for me!

No. 103.

He Saves Me.

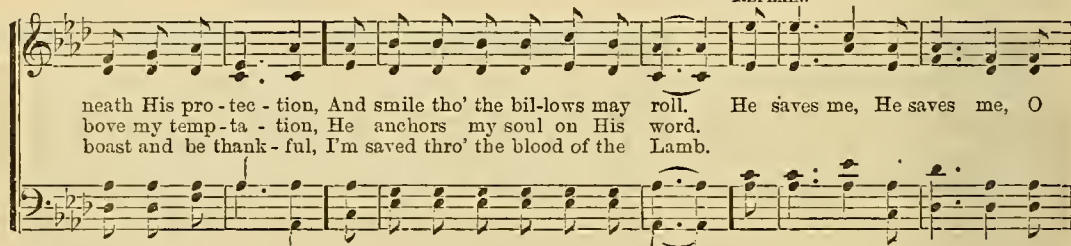
FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

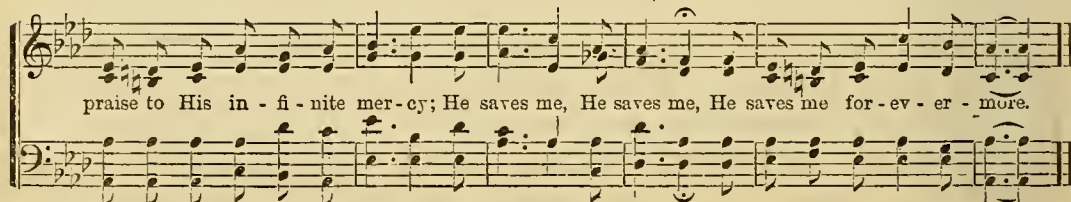


1. He saves me, each moment He saves me, I know He a - bides in my soul; I rest me be -
 2. He saves me, each moment He saves me, All glo - ry to Je - sns my Lord; He lifts me a -
 3. He saves me, each moment He saves me, Un - worthy and weak as I am; In this will I

REFRAIN.



neath His pro - tec - tion, And smile tho' the bil - lows may roll. He saves me, He saves me, O
 bove my temp - ta - tion, He anchors my soul on His word.
 boast and be thank - ful, I'm saved thro' the blood of the Lamb.



praise to His in - fi - nite mer - cy; He saves me, He saves me, He saves me for - ev - er - more.

No. 104.

O how He Loves!

Miss MARIANNE NUNN, 1813.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, O how He loves! His is love beyond a brother's,
 2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, O how He loves! Think, o think how much we owe Him,
 3. All your sinsshall be for-giv - en, O how He loves! Backward shall your foes be driv - en,

O how He loves! Earth - ly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the
 O how He loves! With His pre - cious blood He bought us, In the wil - der -
 O how He loves! Best of bless - ings He'll pro - vide you, Nought but good shall

next day grieve us, But this Friend will ne'er de - ceive us, O how He loves!
 ness He sought us, To His fold He safe - ly brought us, O how He loves!
 e'er be - tide you, Safe to glo - ry He will guide you, O how He loves!

No. 105.

Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

Rev. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1825.

JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT, 1827. Arr. by H. P. M., 1872.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol - low Thee; Nak - ed, poor, des -
 2. Let the world des-pise and leave me; They have left my Saviour, too; Hu - man hearts and
 3. Know, my soul! thy full sal - va - tion, Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in

pised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be! Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion,
 looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un - true; And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me,
 ev - ery sta - tion Something still to do or bear. Think what Spirit dwells with-in Thee;

All I've sought, or hoped, or known; Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heaven are still my own!
 God of wisdom, love and might! Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
 What a Father's smile is Thine; Think that Jesus died to win thee! Child of heaven! canst Thou repine?

(94)

No. 106.

I Love to Tell the Story.

Miss KATE HANKEY, 1867.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER, 1869.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry; Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry Of Je - sus and His
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly

love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my longings, As
 dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry; It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I
 sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From

CHORUS.

noth - ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To
 tell it now to thee.
 God's own ho - ly word.

tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

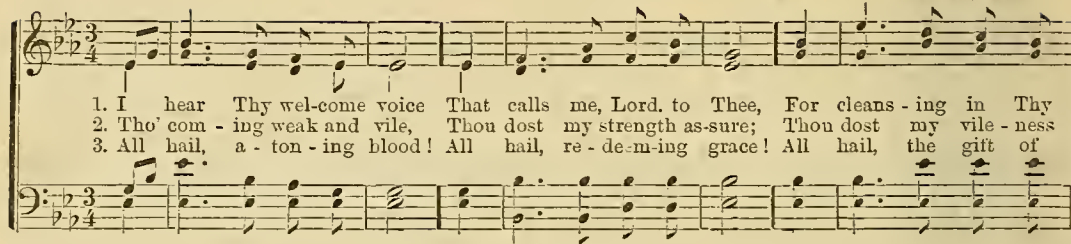
4. I love to tell the story;
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the New, New Song,
 'Twill be the Old, Old Story
 That I have loved so long!

No. 107.

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

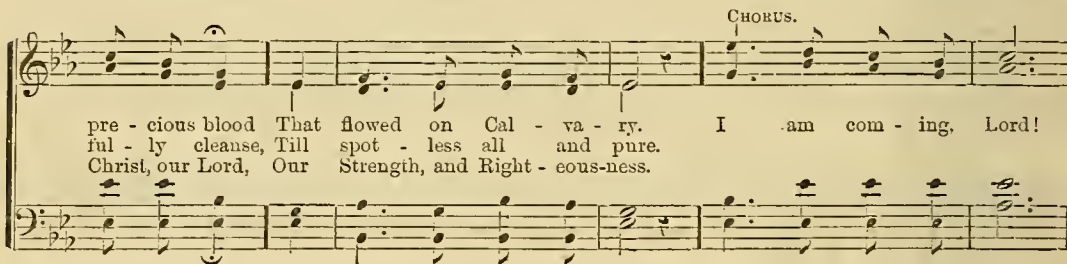
Rev. L. H.

Rev. LEWIS HARTSOUGH, 1872.

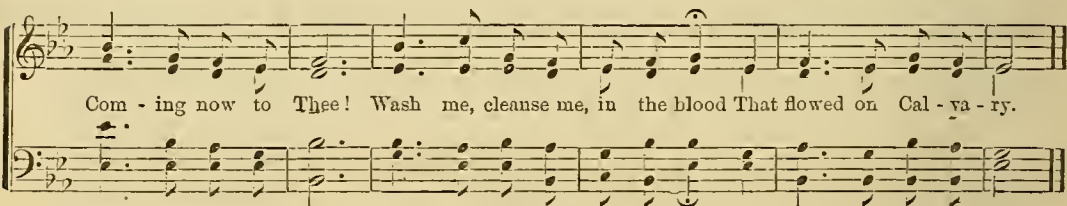


1. I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleans-ing in Thy
 2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou dost my vile-ness
 3. All hail, a-ton-ing blood! All hail, re-de-m-ing grace! All hail, the gift of

CHORUS.



pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry. I am com-ing, Lord!
 ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
 Christ, our Lord, Our Strength, and Right-eous-ness.



Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

No. 108.

Even Me.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1882.

1. Lord, I bear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scattering full and free; Show'rs the thirsty land refresh-ing;
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther, Sin - ful though my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rather,
 3. Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing; Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee; Whilst the streams of life are springing,

Let Thy bless-ing fall on me. Ev - en me. Ev - en me, Let Thy blessing fall on me.
 Let Thy mer - ey fall on me. Ev - en me, etc.
 Bless-ing oth - ers, O bless me. Ev - en me, etc.

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No. 109.

I Was a Wandering Sheep.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1843.

(LEBANON.)

JOHN ZUNDEL, 1854.

FINE. D. S.

1. I was a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold;
 I did not hear my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled;
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.

2. The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild.
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone;
 They bound me in the bands of love,
 They saved the wandering one.

3. Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul.
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood
 'Twas He that made me whole;
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep,
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold—
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

No. 110.

What a Shout was Heard!

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. What a shout was heard in the realms of light, When peace and truth, descending. With a marshal'd host in their
 2. There was joy, great joy—'twas a glorious sight. The shepherds gazed in wonder, When the earth was filled with a

D. C. CHO.—*shout was heard in the realms of light, When peace and truth, descending, With a marshaled host in their*

FINE.

robes of white, Sang praise to God on high! O shout again, ye sons of men. Sing praise to God above. Till the
 splendor bright, From God's eter-nal home. Great joy to-day, O let it ring As on that sacred morn, When the

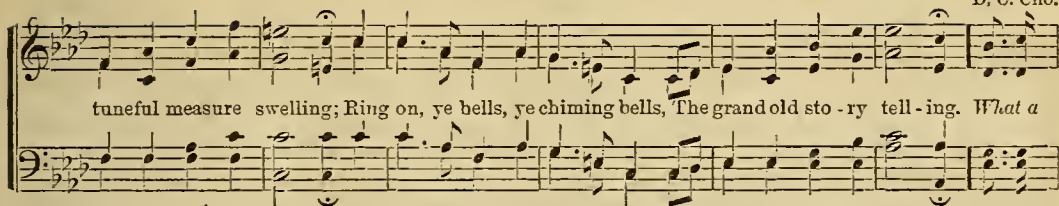
robes of white, Sang praise to God on high.

CRORUS.

utmost bounds of the world shall wake One mighty song of love. Ring on, ye bells, ye chiming bells, Your
 an - gel band in a far - off land Proclaimed the Saviour born.

What a Shout was Heard!—Concluded.

D. C. Cho.

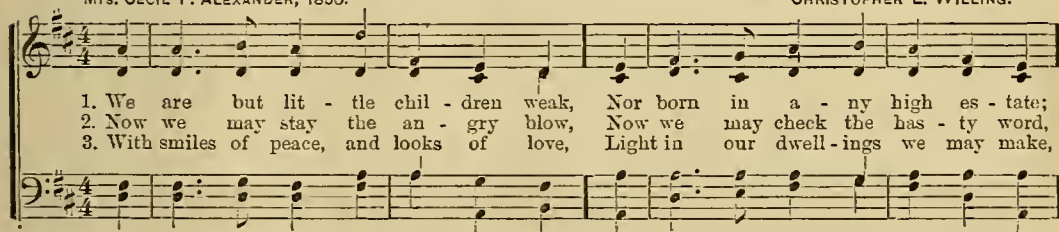


tuneful measure swelling; Ring on, ye bells, ye chiming bells, The grand old sto - ry tell - ing. *What a*

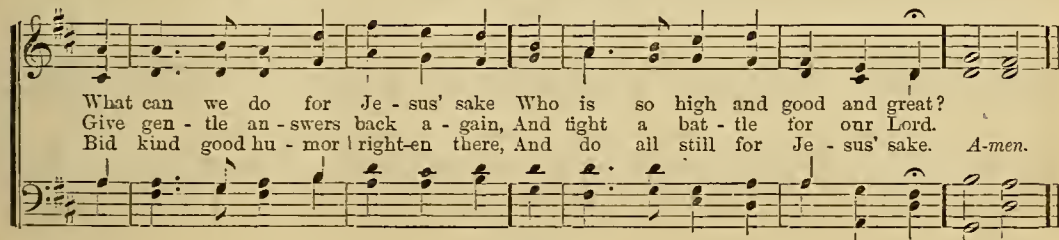
No. 111. We are but Little Children weak.

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1850.

CHRISTOPHER E. WILLING.



1. We are but lit - tle chil - dren weak, Nor born in a - ny high es - tate;
2. Now we may stay the an - gry blow, Now we may check the has - ty word,
3. With smiles of peace, and looks of love, Light in our dwell - ings we may make,



What can we do for Je - sus' sake Who is so high and good and great?
Give gen - tle an - swers back a - gain, And fight a bat - tle for our Lord.
Bid kind good hu - mor | right - en there, And do all still for Je - sus' sake. *A - men.*

No. 112.

Only a Step to Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now? Come and thy sin con -
 2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve and thou shalt live; Lov - ing - ly now He's
 3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come, and say, Glad - ly to Thee, my

D. S.—Do not re - ject the

FINE. REFRAIN.

fess - ing, To Him thy Sav - iour bow. On - ly a step, On - ly a step;
 wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
 Sav - iour, I give my - self a - way.

mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

D. S.

Come, He waits for Thee; Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt receive a blessing;

No. 113.

Holy Father, Thou hast Taught me.

Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE.

(AUTUMN.)

LUDOVICK NICHOLSON.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee a - lone; Year by
 2. In the world will foes as - sail me, Craft - ier, stronger, far than I; And the
 3. I would trust in Thy pro - tect - ing, Whol - ly rest up - on Thine arm; Fol - low

year, Thy hand hath brought me On thro' dangers oft unknown. When I wan - dered, Thou hast found me:
 strife may nev - er fail me, Well I know, be - fore I die. Therefore, Lord, I come be - liev - ing
 whol - ly Thy di - rect - ing, Thou, mine only guard from harm. Keep me from mine own un - do - ing,

When I doubt - ed, sent me light, Still Thine arm has been around me. All my paths were in Thy sight.
 Thou canst give the power I need; Thro' the prayer of faith receiving Strength—the Spirit's strength indeed.
 Help me turn to Thee when tried, Still my footsteps, Father, viewing, Keep me ev - er at Thy side.

No. 114.

Days and Moments Quickly Flying.

Rev. EDWARD CASWALL, 1856.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. D., 1860.

1. Days and moments quick-ly fly - ing, Blend the liv - ing with the dead;
 2. Soon our souls to God Who gave them Will have sped their rap - id flight;
 3. Je - sus, Iu - fi - nite Re - deem - er, Mak - er of this might - y frame,
 4. Whence we came and whith - er wend - ing, Soon we must thro' dark - ness go,

Soon will you and I be ly - ing, Each with - in our nar - row bed.
 A - ble now by grace to save them, O, that while we can we might!
 Teach, O teach us to re - mem - ber What we are, and whence we came;
 To in - her - it bliss un - end - ing, Or e - ter - ni - ty of woe.

f REFRAIN. *p* *f* *p* *cres.*

As the tree falls, so must it lie; As the man lives, so will he die; As the man

Days and Moments.—Concluded.

dim.

dies, such must he be, All thro' the days of E - ter - - - ni - ty. A - men.

No. 115.

Sung without Refrain.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>1. Holy Spirit, Lord of glory,
Look on us, Thy flock to-day;
Guide us, all our earthly journey,
In the true and narrow way.</p> | <p>2. Foes on every hand are round us,
And our hearts are weak and frail;
Gird us with Thy heavenly armor,
Never let us yield or quail.</p> | <p>3. Feed us with the heavenly Manna,
That we faint not in the strife;
Stake our weary spirit's thirsting
From the fount of endless Life.
Robert Hall Baynes, alt.</p> |
|--|---|---|

No. 116.

Stephanos.

Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1851.

Sir HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1868, Arr. by H. P. MAIN, 1873.

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid? Art thou sore distress'd? "Come to Me, saith One, and coming, Be at rest."
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide? "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."

3. If I find Him, if I follow,
What my future here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

4. If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labor ended,
Jordau past."

5. If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

First two lines may be sung as a solo,—the response by the school in the two following lines

No. 117.

Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1869.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain, Free to all, a
 2. Near the cross, a tremb - ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me; There the bright and
 3. Near the cross, I'll watch and wait, Hoping trust - ing ev - er, Till I reach the

CHORUS.

heal - ing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain. In the Cross, In the Cross, Be my glo - ry
 morn - ing star Shed its beams a - round me.
 heaven - ly land, Just be - yond the riv - er.

ev - - er; Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

No. 118.

Go and Tell Jesus.

ANON.

THEO. F. SEWARD, 1864.

1. Go and tell Je - sus, wea - ry, sin - sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy bur - den, make thee whole;
 2. Go and tell Je - sus, when your sins a - rise Like mountains of deep guilt be - fore your eyes;
 3. Go and tell Je - sus, He'll dis - pel thy fears, Will take a - way thy doubts, and dry thy tears;

Look up to Him, He on - ly can for - give, Be - lieve on Him, and thou shalt sure - ly live.
 His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave, That mer - cy, peace and par - don you might have.
 He'll give thee peace, and, shielded on His breast, Thou may'st be hap - py, and for ev - er blest.

CHORUS.

Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for - give, Go and tell Je - sus, O turn to Him and live;

Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for - give.

No. 119.

Church of God, Awake.

Mrs. E. J. BUGBEE.

TULLIUS C. O'KANE.

1. Church of God, whose conqu'ring banners Float along the glo - rious years, Gath'ring harvest rich and gold - en,
 2. In your sacred temples pray-ing, "Let Thy kingdom come," ye pray; They're but words of i - dle meaning,
 3. Grace and glo - ry He hath sent you, Cast your lines in places fair; Scatter blessings, now He bids you

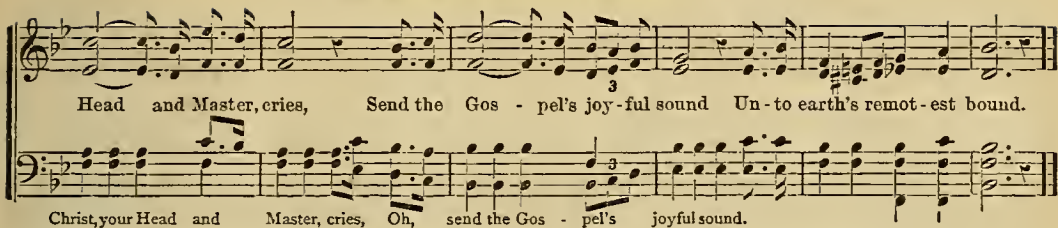
Sown in pov - er - ty and tears: Onward press, the cross is bending Far toward the morning skies,
 If with these ye turn a - way; Boundless wealth to you is giv - en, From His hand who owns it all,
 O'er His green earth every-where; Till the millions in the twilight Of the far - off O - rient land,

CHORUS.

Speedy dawn of light portending;—Church of God, awake, a - rise! Church of God, awake! a-rise! Christ, your
 And His eye beholds in heav - en What ye render back for all.
 In the gracious morning splendor Of the gospel light shall stand.

Church of God, a - wake! arise!

Church of God, Awake.—Concluded.



Head and Master, cries, Send the Gos - pel's joy - ful sound Un - to earth's remot - est bound.

Christ, your Head and Master, cries, Oh, send the Gos - pel's joyful sound.

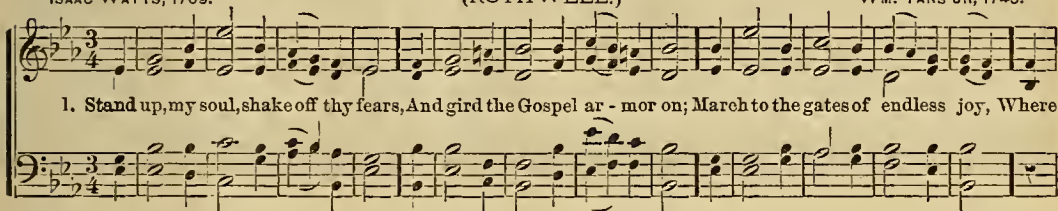
No. 120.

Stand up, my Soul.

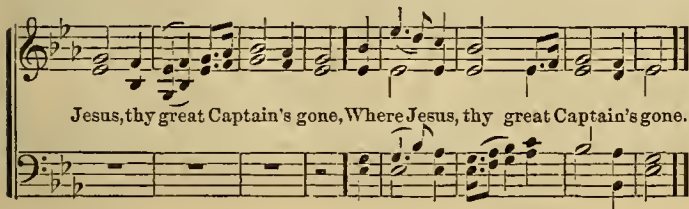
ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

(ROTHWELL.)

WM. TANS'UR, 1743.



1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the Gospel ar - mor on; March to the gates of endless joy, Where



Jesus, thy great Captain's gone, Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

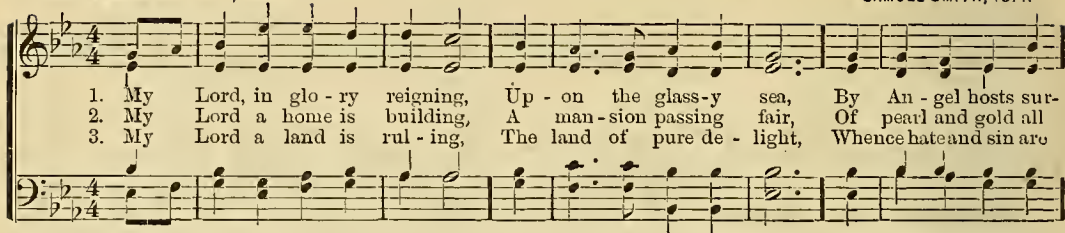
2. O let my soul march boldly on—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
3. There I shall wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

No. 121.

My Lord, in Glory Reigning.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, 1861.

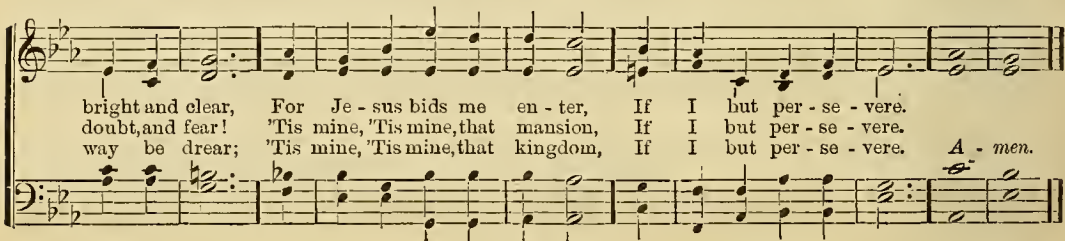
SAMUEL SMITH, 1871.



1. My Lord, in glo - ry reigning, Up - on the glass - y sea, By An - gel hosts sur -
 2. My Lord a home is building, A man - sion passing fair, Of pearl and gold all
 3. My Lord a land is rul - ing, The land of pure de - light, Whence hate and sin are



rounded, Is thinking still of me. My heart for joy is danc - ing, My lamp burns
 burnished, Of jew - els, cost - ly, rare; A home where nothing lack - eth, A - way with
 banished, And all is love and light. What tho' my lot be low - ly, What tho' my



bright and clear, For Je - sus bids me en - ter, If I but per - se - vere.
 doubt, and fear! 'Tis mine, 'Tis mine, that mansion, If I but per - se - vere.
 way be drear; 'Tis mine, 'Tis mine, that kingdom, If I but per - se - vere. A - men.

No. 122.

What a Friend we have in Jesus.

ANON.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE, 1870.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a priv - i - lege to
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble a - ny - where? We should never be dis -
 3. Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, Cum - bered with a load of care? Precious Saviour, still our

car - ry Ev - ery - thing to God in prayer. O what peace we oft - en for - feit,
 couraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a Friend so faith - ful,
 ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends des - pise, for - sake thee?

O what needless pain we bear— All because we do not car - ry Ev - ery thing to God in prayer.
 Who will all our sor - rows share? Je - sus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Take it to the Lord in prayer; In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

By permission.

No. 123.

Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide and the dew - y eve;
 2. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
 3. Go - ing forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our spir - it of - ten grieves;

Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
 By and by the harvest, and the la - bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
 When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves;

By permission.

Bringing in the Sheaves.—Concluded.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 124.

My Soul, be on thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH, 1781.

(LABAN.)

Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a-rise; And hosts of sin are
 2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray! The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold-ly

press-ing hard, To draw thee from the skies.
 ev-ery day, And help di-vine im-plore.

3. Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down;
 Thine arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God!
 He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
 Up to His blest abode.

No. 125.

The Precious Name.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe— It will joy and comfort
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - ery snare; If temptations round you
 3. Oh! the precious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy, When His loving arms re -

CHORUS.

give you, Take it then where'er you go. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of
 gath - er, B eathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
 ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!

Precious name, O how sweet,

earth and joy of heav'n, Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

No. 126.

The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. O the name, the name of Je - sus, How my heart it thrills! Sweet-est mu - sic float - ing
 2. Breathe, O breathe the name of Je - sus, Low be - fore the throne; Own - ing all your sin and
 3. When the heart is sad and lone - ly, Sin - ful though it be, Thou canst plead the name of

REFRAIN.

round me, All my soul it fills. O the pre - cious name of Je - sus,
 weak - ness, Trust - ing Him a - lone.
 Je - sus, Je - sus died for thee,

Breathe it low in prayer; At the cross of Je - sus bend - ing, God will hear thee there.

No. 127.

I am Praying for you.

S. D'MALEY CLUFF.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, loving Saviour, tho' earth-friends be few;
 2. I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true:
 3. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the friends of this world nev - er knew;

And now He is watching in tender-ness o'er me, And oh that my Saviour were your Saviour too!
 And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav-en. But oh that He'd let me bring you with me too!
 My Sav-iour a - lone is its Au - thor and Giv - er, And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you.

f CHORUS. *p* *f* *pp* *rall.*
 For you I am praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

No. 128.

The Voice of Jesus.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., 1850.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.

p *rall.* *tempo.*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou wea-ry
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter,
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light; Look uu - to Me, thy

Org.

mf

one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast;" I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-ry and
 thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live;" I came to Je - sus, and I drank, Of that life -
 morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright;" I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him, my

f *ff*

worn, and sad; I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
 giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
 Star, my Sun; And, in that Light of life, I'll walk, Till traveling days are done. A - men.

No. 129.

Blest be the Tie that Binds.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

(DENNIS.)

HANS GEORG NÄGELI.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel - low - ship of
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our



kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
aims are one. — Our com - forts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 130.

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>1. The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?</p> | <p>2. He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.</p> | <p>3. If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.
Isaac Watts, 1719.</p> |
|--|---|--|

No. 131.

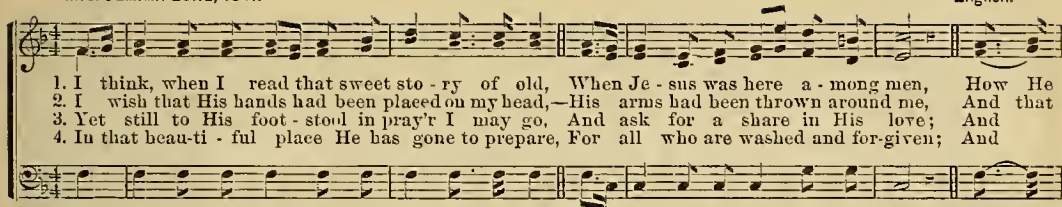
- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>1. How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burden on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.</p> | <p>2. Beneath His watchful eye,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand that bears all nature up,
Shall guard His children well.</p> | <p>3. His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.
P. Doddridge, 1740.</p> |
|--|---|---|

No. 132.

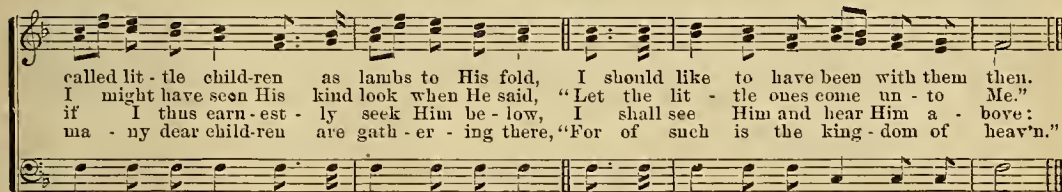
Sweet Story.

Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE, 1841.

English.



1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He
 2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, — His arms had been thrown around me, And that
 3. Yet still to His foot - stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in His love; And
 4. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to prepare, For all who are washed and for-given; And



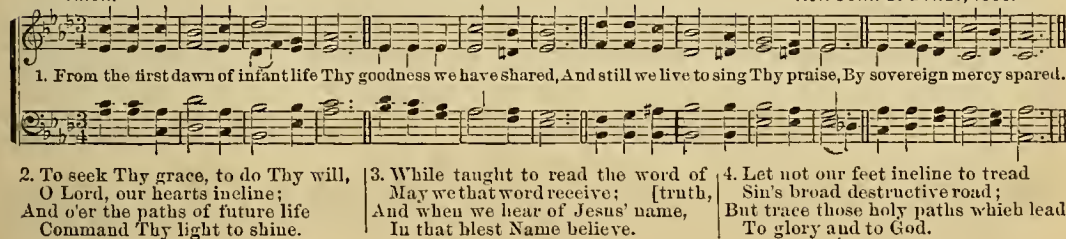
called lit - tle child - ren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
 I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
 if I thus earn - est - ly seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove:
 ma - ny dear child - ren are gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."

No. 133.

From the First Dawn.

ANON.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES, 1888.



1. From the first dawn of infant life Thy goodness we have shared, And still we live to sing Thy praise, By sovereign mercy spared.

2. To seek Thy grace, to do Thy will,
 O Lord, our hearts incline;
 And o'er the paths of future life
 Command Thy light to shine.

3. While taught to read the word of
 May we that word receive; [truth,
 And when we hear of Jesus' name,
 In that blest Name believe.

4. Let not our feet incline to tread
 Sin's broad destructive road;
 But trace those holy paths which lead
 To glory and to God.

No. 134.

Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.

*Cres - cen - - do.**Dim.*

1. Je - sus! Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy ho - som fly, While the hil - lows
 2. Oth - er Ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee; Leave, O leave me
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fall - en,

*Rit.**Slower. pp*

near me roll, While the temp - est still is high! Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the
 not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
 cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am

*Cres - cen - - do.**f**Dim.*

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!
 help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
 all un - right - eous - ness: False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

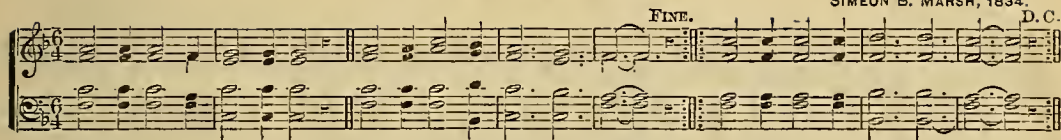
Arr. by H. P. Main, 1883.

This hymn may be sung to "Martyn," page 119.

No. 135.

Martyn. 7s, 8 lines.

SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834. D. C.

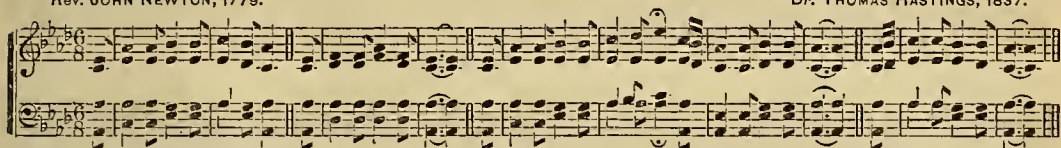


No. 136.

Ortonville. C. M.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.



1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary, rest.

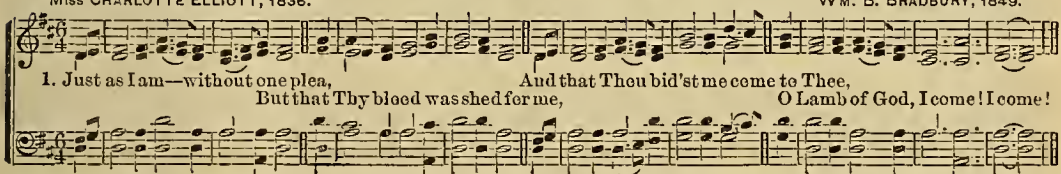
3. Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

No. 137.

Woodworth. L. M.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1849.



1. Just as I am—without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!	2. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!	4. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive; Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because Thy promise I believe O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
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No. 138.

Only Trust Him.

Rev. J. H. S.

Rev. JOHN HART STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - ery soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will sure - ly
 2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich blessings to be - stow; Plunge now in - to the
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest; Be - lieve in Him with -
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce -

CHORUS.

give you rest, By trust - ing in His word. On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,
 crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

On - ly trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

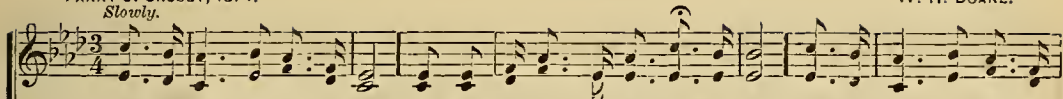
No. 139.

Every Day and Hour.

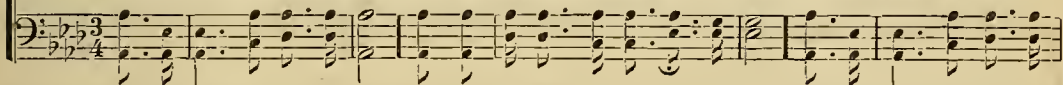
FANNY J. CROSBY, 1874.

Slowly.

W. H. DOANE.



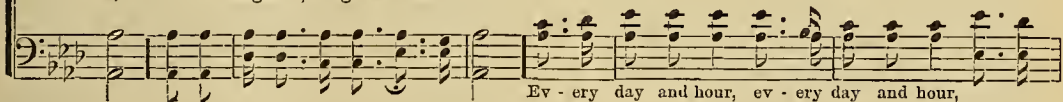
1. Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee; Let Thy precious blood ap-
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go; Trusting Thee, I can - not
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er; Till my soul is lost in



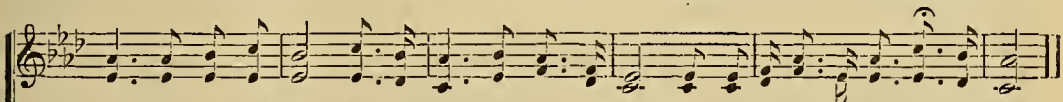
REFRAIN.



plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side. Ev - ery day, ev - ery day, Let me
 stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
 love, In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.



Ev - ery day and hour, ev - ery day and hour,



feel Thy cleansing power; May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

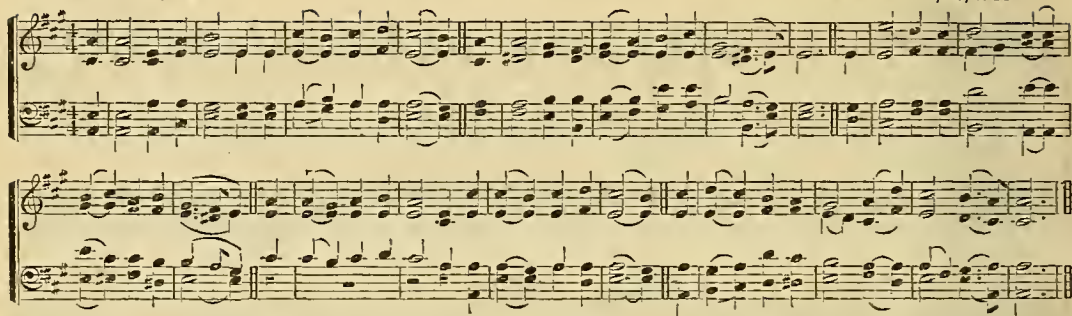


No. 140.

Portuguese Hymn.

GEO. KEITH, 1787.

MARCO ANTONIO PORTOGALLO, ab, 1798



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;
What more can He say than to you He hath said—
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.</p> <p>2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.</p> <p>3. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.</p> | <p>4. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.</p> <p>5. E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when grey hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.</p> <p>6. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes:
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"</p> |
|--|--|

No. 141.

ADESTE FIDELES.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. O come all ye faithful, joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord;
Lo! in a manger sits the King of angels;
O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.</p> <p>2. Raise, raise, choirs of angels! songs of loudest triumph,
Through heavens high arches be your praises poured;</p> | <p>Now to our God be Glory in the highest;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.</p> <p>3. Amen! Lord, we bless Thee, born for our salvation,
O Jesus! forever be Thy name adored!
Word of the Father, late in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore Him, etc.</p> |
|---|---|

No. 142.

To-day Thy mercy Calls us.

OSWALD ALLEN, 1882. Alt.

JOHN STAINER, M. A., Mus. D., 1868.

1. To - day Thy mer - cy calls us, To wash a - way our sin, How - ev - er great our
 2. To - day Thy gate is o - pen, And all who en - ter in Shall find a Father's
 3. To - day our Fa - ther calls us, His Ho - ly Spir - it waits; His blessed an - gels

tres - pass, What - ev - er we have been: How - ev - er long from mer - cy Our
 wel - come And par - don for their sin, No ques - tion will be asked us, How
 gath - er, A - round the heavenly gates; The past shall be for - got - ten, A

hearts have turn'd a - way, Thy precious blood can cleanse us, And make us white to - day.
 oft - en we have come; Al - though we oft have wandered, It is our Father's Home!
 pres - ent joy be given, The grace which He has promised, A glorions crown in heaven.

No. 143.

Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. ROBERT ROBINSON, 1752.

Arr. by WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. } I love Jesus, Halle-lu - jah,

I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do love Je - sus, He's my Saviour, Je - sus smiles, and loves me too.

2. Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.—*Cho.*

3. Prone to wander,—Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart—O, take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.—*Cho.*

No. 144.

1. "Mercy, O Thou Son of David!"
 Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed,
 "Others by Thy word are saved;
 Now to me afford Thine aid."
 2. Many for his crying chid him,
 But he called the louder still;
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him
 "Come, and ask me what you will."

3. Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live;
 But he asked, and Jesus granted,
 Alms which none but He could give.
 4. "Lord, remove this grievous blindness
 Let my eyes behold the day!"
 Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
 Followed Jesus in the way.

5. Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around:
 "Friends is not my case amazing?
 What a Saviour I have found?"
 6. "O that all the blind but knew Him,
 And would be advised by me!
 Surely they would hasten to Him,
 He would cause them all to see."

No. 145.

Christian! dost Thou see Them?

Tr. Rev. JOHN M. NEALE, D. D., 1862. Alt.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.

1. Christian! dost thou see them, How thy foes a - bound, How the powers of dark - ness
2. Christian! dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? Tempt thee give up watch-ing,

Rage, thy steps a - round? Christian! up and smite them, Counting gain but loss,
Cease from praise and prayer? Christian! ans-wer bold - ly: "While I breathe I'll pray;"

3.
Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading on to sin?
Christian! never tremble,
Never be downcast;
Trusting in thy Saviour,
Trust Him to the last!
Amen.

In the strength that com - eth From our Saviour's cross.
Peace shall fol - low bat - tle, Night shall end in day. A - men

No. 146.

He Leadeth Me.

Rev. JOSEPH H. GILMORE, 1861.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead - eth me! O blessed tho't, O words with heavenly comfort fraught, Whate'er I do, where-
 2. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor re-pine—Content, what-ev - er
 3. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won, E'en death's cold wave I

REFRAIN.
 e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By
 lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
 will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.

His own hand He leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.

No. 147.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D. 1871, alt.

JOHN EDGAR GOULD, 1872.

1. Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll,
 2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild; Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,

Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal; Chart and compass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
 When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!" Wondrous sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
 Theu, while lean-ing on Thy breast, May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

No. 148.

Retreat. L. M.

Rev. HUGH STOWELL. 1827.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1840.

1. From ev - ery stormy wind that blows, From ev - ery swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a

sure re-treat, 'Tis found be - neath the mer-cy-seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads;
 A place than all besides more sweet,
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.

No. 149.

The Cleansing Fountain.

Rev. W. COWPER, 1779.

From Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
 2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, tho' vile as he,
 3. Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransom'd Church of God

REFRAIN.

Lose all their guilt-y stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, And
 Wash all my sins a - way.
 Are saved to sin no more.

sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

No. 150.

Sweet are the Bells.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1882.

1. Sweet are the bells of the morning chiming, Sweet the hour of prayer and song; Join, children, join in the
 2. Fair are the flowers in the spring-time blooming; God hath spread their beauty there; Sweeter by far is the
 3. Sweet are the bells of the morning chiming; Voic - es mingling with the strain, Tell how the Lord, in the

CHORUS.

songs of gladness, Praises sweet to God be-long; Hark! how the angel choirs are sing-ing, sing-ing,
 love of Je-sus, While we seek His face in prayer.
 bright, glad morning, Rose from death in heaven to reign.

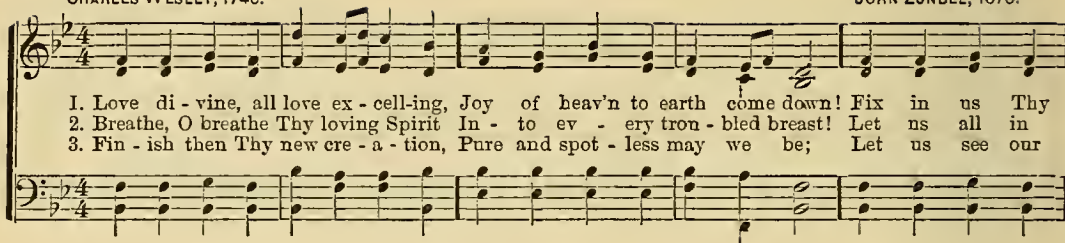
Shining hosts their strains prolong; Join, children, join in the songs of gladness, Praises sweet to God be-long.

No. 151.

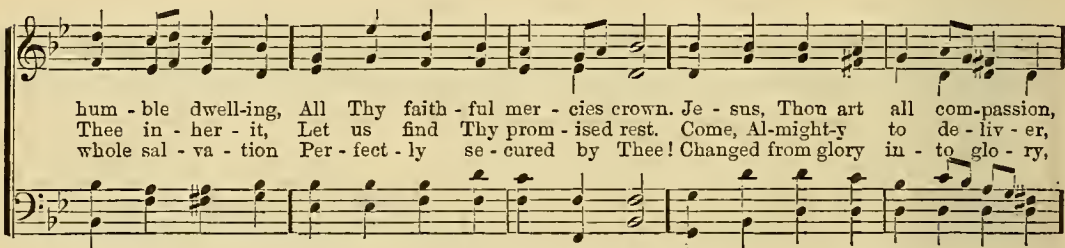
Beecher.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1746.

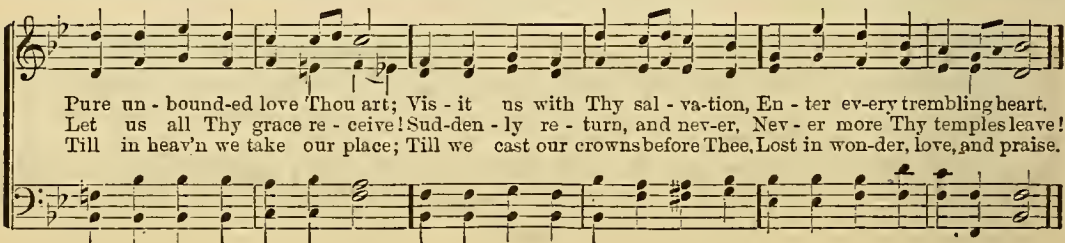
JOHN ZUNDEL, 1870.



1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell-ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down! Fix in us Thy
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit In - to ev - ery tron - bled breast! Let us all in
 3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less may we be; Let us see our



hum - ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown. Je - sus, Thou art all com-compassion,
 Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom - ised rest. Come, Al-might-y to de - liv - er,
 whole sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee! Changed from glory in - to glo - ry,



Pure un - bound-ed love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion, En - ter ev-ery trembling heart,
 Let us all Thy grace re - ceive! Sud-den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy temples leave!
 Till in heav'n we take our place; Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

No. 152.

Sweet the Moments.

JAMES ALLEN, 1757.

GIOVANNI B. VIOTTI, (1755—1824).

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend; Life, and health, and
 2. Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie; While I see Di -

peace possessing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend. Love and grief my heart di - vid-ing, With my
 vine compassion Beam-ing in His gra-cious eye. Here I'll sit, for ev - er view-ing, Mer-cy

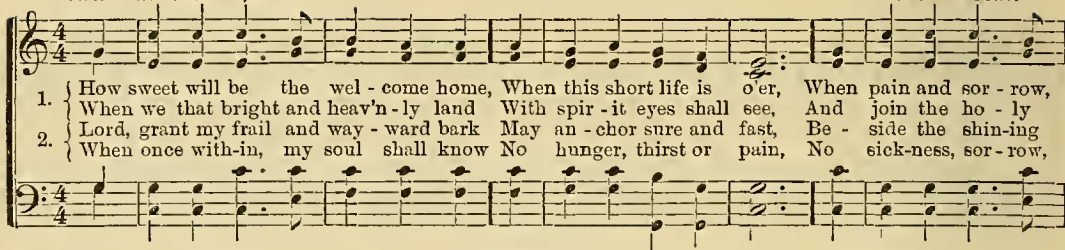
tears His feet I'll bathe; Con-stant still, in faith a - bid-ing, Life de - riv - ing from His death.
 streaming in His blood; Pre-cious drops my soul be - dewing, Plead, and claim my peace with God.

No. 153.

The Welcome Home.

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER, 1862.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. How sweet will be the wel - come home, When this short life is o'er, When pain and sor - row,
 When we that bright and heav'n - ly land With spir - it eyes shall see, And join the ho - ly
 2. Lord, grant my frail and way - ward bark May an - chor sure and fast, Be - side the shin - ing
 When once with - in, my soul shall know No hunger, thirst or pain, No sick - ness, sor - row,

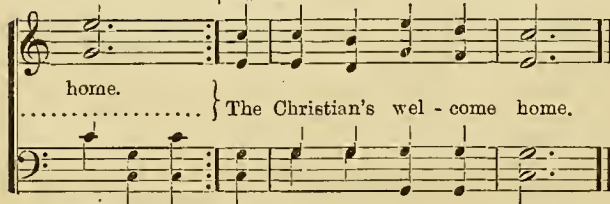
CHORUS.

| 1st time.



care and grief Shall dwell with us no more; } The welcome home, the welcome home, The Christian's welcome
 an - gel band, In praise, dear Lord of Thee. } The welcome home, the welcome home, (Omit.....
 gates of pearl, Where I may rest at last!
 care or death Shall vis - it me a - gain!

| 2d time.



home. } The Christian's wel - come home.

Wel - come home.

3. O may I live while here below,
 In view of that blest day,
 When God's bright angels shall come down
 To bear my soul away!
 When I shall walk the golden streets,
 In garments white and pure;
 And sing an endless song to Him
 Who made my soul secure!—*Cho.*

No. 154.

Jesus is Mine.

HENRY J. MCC. HOPE, 1852.

THEO. E. PERKINS, 1858.

FINE.

1. Now I have found a Friend, Je-sus is mine; His love will nev-er end, Je-sus is mine. Tho' earthly D. S.—Now I have last-ing peace; Je-sus is mine.

2. When unto Him I flee, Jesus is mine; He will my refuge be, Jesus is mine. What need I then to fear, Come earthly grief or care, Since He is ever near; Jesus is mine.

3. Father! Thy name I bless;
Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace;
Praise shall be Thine,
Spirit of Holiness!
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus as mine.

No. 155.

Come, Come to Jesus.

Rev. GEO. B. PECK, 1864.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to welcome thee, O wand'r'er! ea - ger-ly Come, come to Je - sus!
2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ran-som thee, O slave! so will-ing-ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
3. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to light-en thee, O burdened! trustingly Come, come to Je - sus!

From New Golden Chain, by per.

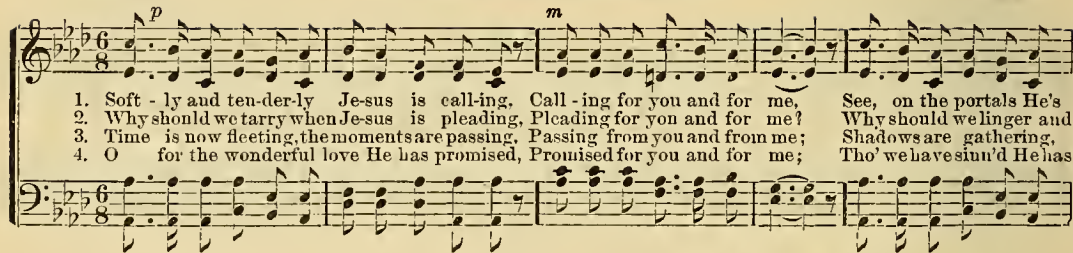
No. 156.

W. L. T.

For You and for Me.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

p *m*



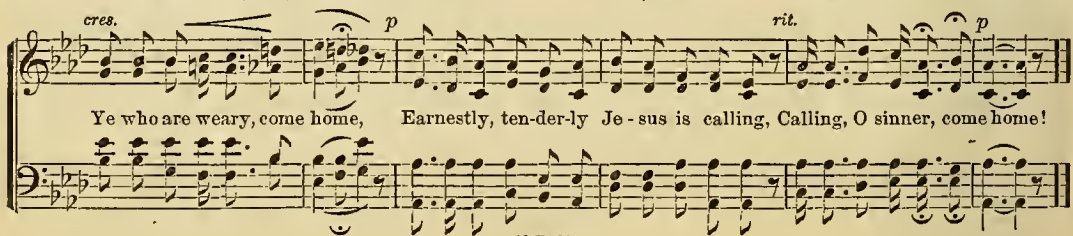
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me, See, on the portals He's
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for me? Why should we linger and
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me; Shadows are gather - ing,
4. O for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Prom - ised for you and for me; Tho' we have sin - n'd He has

m CHORUS.



wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch - ing for you and for me. Come home, come home,
heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me. Come home, come home,
death beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
mer - cy and par - don, Par - dou for you and for me.

cres. *p* *rit.* *p*



Ye who are weary, come home, Earnestly, ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sinner, come home!

No. 157.

To Jesus I will Go.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868.

W. H. DOANE.

1st. 2d.

1. { There's a gen-tle voice with-in calls a - way, 'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er; }
 { But my heart is melt-ed now, I o - bey; From my Saviour I will wan-der no (Omit. } more.
 2. { He has promised all my sins to for-give, If I ask in sim-ple faith for His love; }
 { In His ho - ly word I learn how to live, And to la - bor for His kingdom a- (Omit. } bove.
 3. { Still the gen-tle voice with-in calls a - way; And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er; }
 { But my heart is melt-ed now, I o - bey; From my Saviour I will wan-der no (Omit. } more.

CHORUS.

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved;

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved.

No. 158.

Beulah Land.

Rev. EDGAR PAGE STITES.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all it's rich-es free-ly mine; Her shines undimm'd one
 2. The Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we; He gent-ly leads me
 3. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel-o-dy, As an-gels, with the

CHORUS.

bliss-ful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way. O Beu-lah land, sweet Ben-lah land, As
 with His hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land.
 white-robed throng, Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

on thy high-est mount I stand, I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-

By permission.

Beulah Land.—Concluded.

pared for me, And view the glorious shin - ing shore, My heaven, my home, for - ev - er - more!

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass, in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final double bar line.

No. 159.

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSSBY, 1868.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet relief; Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my unbelief.
3. Thou the spring of all my comfort, More than life to me; Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

The musical score is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble staff and a bass line in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry, While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

The chorus is written in the same key and time signature as the main piece. It consists of two staves with a melody in the treble and accompaniment in the bass.

No. 160.

The Song of the Soul.

Rev. HENRY A. VON DULSEM.

TULLIUS C. O'KANE.

1. O the song of the soul shall not die nor grow old, Nor languish nor pine in the home of our
 2. And the fair gold-en harps in the hands of the blest Shall thrill to a touch that no an-gel can
 3. And as a - ges fly onward, the worlds cease to be, And per-ish the stars that in heav-en do

King; But as a - ges fly onward new chords to un-fold, New mel-o-dies ris-ing in-spire us to sing.
 give, As we sing in that land where the wea-ry shall rest, Of One who hath died that the sinner might live.
 throng, Still the joy of the soul shall be death-less and free, And deathless and free the sweet notes of her song.

CHORUS.

O the song of the soul! O the song of the soul! For ev-er in glo-ry the song of the soul!

By permission

No. 161.

O God Accept our Hearts.

MATHEW BRIDGES, 1848.

(KITTREDGE.)

Arr. from FRANZ ABT, by H. P. MAIN.

SOLO OR DUET.

GIRLS.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. O God ac-cept our hearts this day, And make them always Thine, That we from Thee no more may stray,
2. A - noint us with Thy heavenly grace, And seal us for Thine own, That we may see Thy glorious face,

Boys.

FULL CHORUS.

No more from Thee de-cline; Be - fore the cross of Him who died, Be - hold, we prostrate
And wor-ship near Thy throne. Let ev - ery tho't, and work, and word, By Thee be ev - er

fall;.... Let ev - ery sin be cru - ci - fied, And Christ, and Christ be all in all.
blest;.... Then life shall be Thy ser - vice, Lord, And death, and death the gate of rest.

No. 162.

Keep Thou my Way O Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1869.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Keep Thou my way, O Lord; My - self I can - not guide; Nor dare I trust my
 2. For ev - ery act of faith, And ev - ery pure de - sign, For all of good my
 3. O speak, and I will hear; Com - mand, and I o - bey, My will - ing feet with

err - ing steps One mo - ment from Thy side; I can - not think a - right, Un - less in -
 soul can know, The glo - ry, Lord, be Thine; Free grace my par - don seals, Thro' Thy a -
 joy shall haste To run the heav'n - ly way; Keep Thou my wand'ring heart, And bid it

spired by Thee; My heart would fail with - out Thy aid, Choose Thou my thoughts for me.
 ton - ing blood; Free grace the full as - sur - ance brings, Of peace with Thee, my God.
 cease to roam; O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave To heaven, my bliss - ful home.

No. 163.

What shall I do with Jesus?

JAMES NICHOLSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. "What shall I do then with Je - sus?" Thus the wicked Pi - late said, When the Lord of
 2. "What shall I do now with Je - sus?" Who was set at naught for me, Crown'd with thorns, and
 3. "What shall I do now with Je - sus?" Shall I still His cause neg - lect? I must now ac -

CHORUS.

life and glo - ry Came to suf - fer in my stead. Ho - ly Ghost in - dite the an - swer Which I
 in His bod - y Bore my griefs up - on the tree.
 cept His mer - cy, Or that mer - cy now re - ject.

shall this moment give,— Help me, blessed Spir - it, help me, That I may on Christ be - lieve.
 help me, help me,

No. 164.

Something for Jesus.

Rev. SYLVANUS DRYDEN PHELPS, D. D., 1862.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sav - iour! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I ought withhold, Dear Lord, from Thee.
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Pleading for me, My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee.
3. Give me a faith - ful heart - Like - ness to Thee, - That each de - part - ing day Henceforth may see

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love de - clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.
Some work of love be - gum, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'r'er sought and won, Something for Thee.

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No. 165.

We're Traveling Home.

ANON.

Western Melody.

1. { We're traveling home to heav'n above, Will you go? Will you go? } Millions have reached that blest abode.
2. { To sing the Saviour's dy - ing love; Will you go? Will you go? } The crown of life we there shall wear,
3. { We're going to see the bleeding Lamb, Will you go? Will you go? } The Lord is waiting to re - ceive,
{ In rapturous strains to praise His name, Will you go? Will you go? }
{ Ye wea - ry, heav - y lad - en, come, Will you go? Will you go? }
{ In the blest house there still is room, Will you go? Will you go? }

We're Traveling Home.—Concluded.

A - noited kings and priests to God; And millions more are on the road, Will you go? will you go?
The conq'ror's palms our hands shall bear, And all the joys of heav'n we'll share; Will you go? will you go?
If thou wilt on Him now believe, He'll give thy troubled conscience ease, Will you go? will you go?

No. 166.

O Lamb of God.

ANON.

Boys.

All.

ANON.

1. O Lamb of God most low - ly! All free from spot and stain; O help us now to serve Thee,
2. O Lamb of God most ho - ly! So great, and yet so meek; May we, when pride allures us,

And sing Thy praise a - gain.
Thy low - ly spir - it seek. A - men.

3. O Lamb of God most gentle!
So kind, and good, and true:
May we, when passion tempts us,
Thy gentleness pursue.

4. O Lamb of God most lovely!
To Thee our faith would flee;
Reveal to us Thy beauty,
And win our hearts to Thee.

No. 167.

Will Jesus Find us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je-sus comes to reward His servants, Whether it be noon or night, Faithful to Him, will He
 2. If at the dawn of the ear-ly morning, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re-
 3. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glory they shall share; If He shall come at the

Rit.

CHORUS.

find us watching, With our lamps all trimm'd and bright? O can we say we are ready, brother? Ready for
 store our talents, Will He answer us "Well done?"
 dawn or midnight, Will He find us watching there?

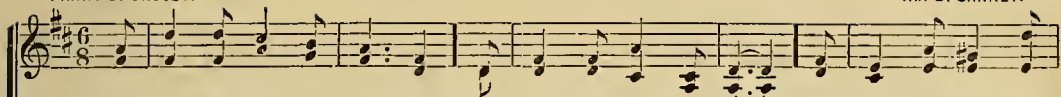
the soul's bright home? Say will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

No. 168.

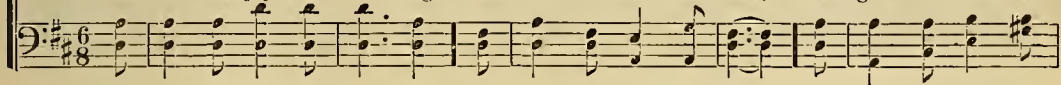
Tell out the Joyful Tidings.

FANNY J. CROSSY.

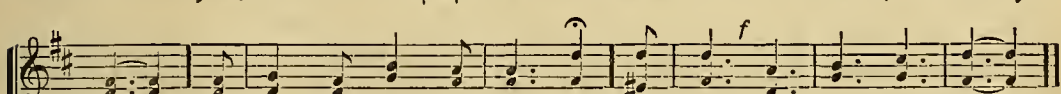
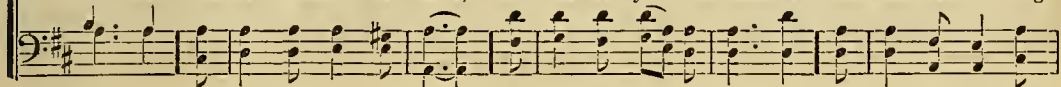
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Tell out the joy - ful ti - dings That once the Sav - iour told; Thro' vil - lage, town and
 2. Tell out the joy - ful ti - dings, That all His grace may share, Who, trust - ing on - ly
 3. Tell out the joy - ful ti - dings, That all who now be - lieve, The gift of life e -



cit - y, His pre - cious truth un - fold; Tell out the joy - ful ti - dings, And publish far and
 Je - sus, Will come by faith and prayer; Lift up the trembling mourner, So weak and crush'd with -
 ter - nal From Je - sus shall re - ceive; A life be - yond the shadows That dim these fad - ing



wide The bless - ed, bless - ed sto - ry, That Christ for sin - ners died.
 in, And say, "The blood of Je - sus Will cleanse from ev - ery sin."
 skies, Where pleas - ure blooms im - mor - tal And friend - ship nev - er dies.



T. P. W.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

1. Look to the precious Je - sus, Think of the life He gave; Look to the precious Je - sus,
 2. Look to the precious Je - sus, Ask Him for help to - day; Look to the precious Je - sus,
 3. Look to the precious Je - sus, Glad - ly He'll come to thee; Look to the precious Je - sus,

Cres.
 He has the pow'r to save; Wild - ly the waves are dash - ing, Storm - clouds are hang - ing near,
 Ask Him to lead the way; Safe thro' the clouds of sor - row, Safe o'er the dark'ning tide,
 Ask Him to make you free; Free from the pow'rs that bind thee, Free from the ways of sin,

CHORUS.
 While lightnings sharp are flash - ing, Fill - ing the soul with fear. Look to the precious Je - sus,
 In - to the glad to - mor - row, Up to the Father's side.
 Free from the thoughts that blind thee, Helping a crown to win.

Look to the Precious Jesus.—Concluded.

Rit.

Think of the life He gave; Look to the pre-cious Je - sus, He has the pow'r to save.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom part is written on a bass clef staff with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The tempo marking 'Rit.' (Ritardando) is placed above the final measure of the top staff.

No. 170. Hark! there Comes a Whisper.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

SOLO.

1. Hark! there comes a whisper stealing on thine ear; 'Tis the Saviour calling, Soft, soft and clear.
2. Wouldst thou find a refuge For thy soul oppressed? Je - sus kind-ly answers, I am thy rest.
3. At the cross of Je - sus Let thy bur-den fall, While He gent-ly whispers, I'll bear it all.

This musical score is for a solo setting. It is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 4/8. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, with the first three lines of the song numbered 1, 2, and 3.

REFRAIN.

Give thy heart to Me, Once I died for thee; Hark! hark! thy Saviour calls, Come, sinner, come.

Just now, O come,

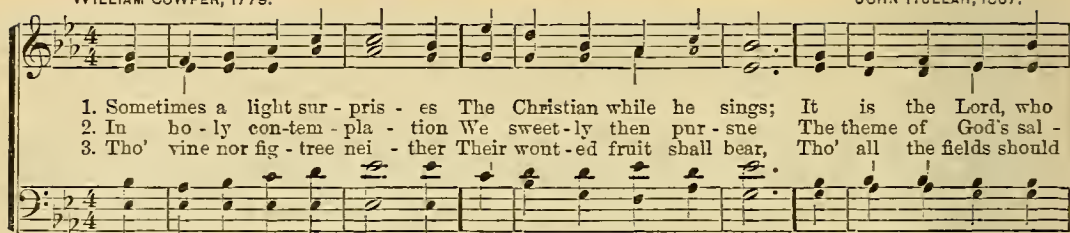
This musical score is for the refrain of the song. It is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 4/8. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, with the first line of the refrain numbered 1.

No. 171.

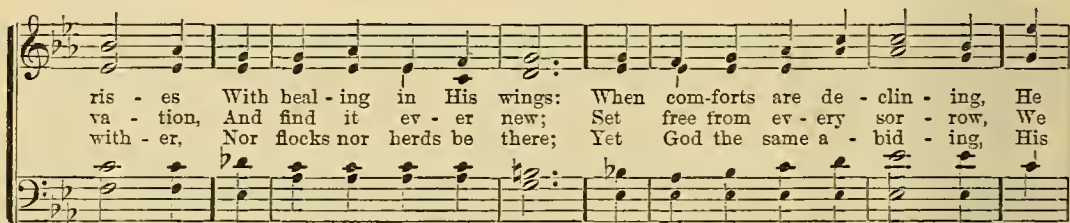
Sometimes a Light Surprises.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

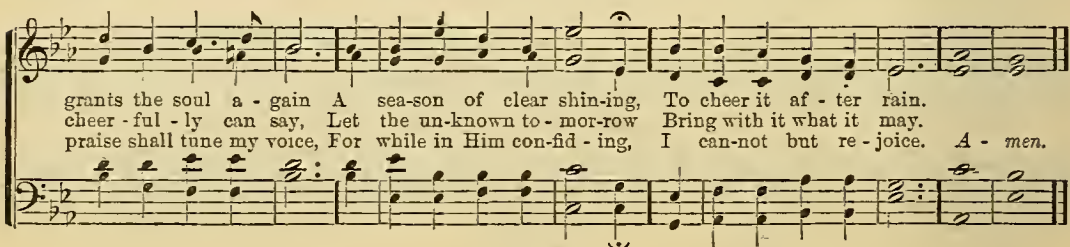
JOHN HULLAH, 1867.



1. Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord, who
 2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion We sweet - ly then pur - sue The theme of God's sal -
 3. Tho' vine nor fig - tree nei - ther Their wont - ed fruit shall bear, Tho' all the fields should



ris - es With heal - ing in His wings: When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He
 va - tion, And find it ev - er new; Set free from ev - ery sor - row, We
 with - er, Nor flocks nor herds be there; Yet God the same a - bid - ing, His



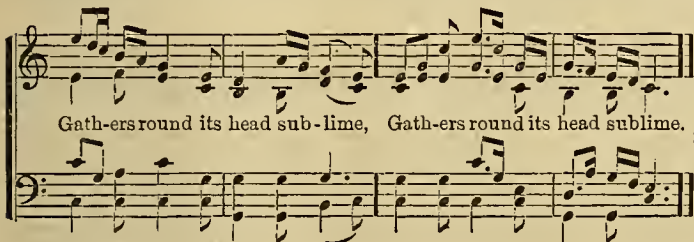
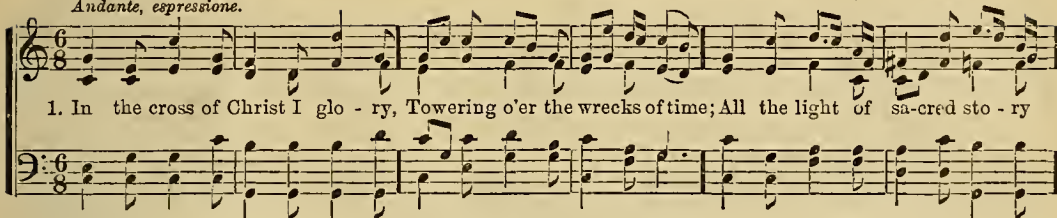
grants the soul a - gain A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain.
 cheer - ful - ly can say, Let the un - known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.
 praise shall tune my voice, For while in Him con - fid - ing, I can - not but re - joice. A - men.

No. 172.

In the Cross of Christ.

Sir JOHN BOWRING, 1825.
Andante, espressione.

VON WEBER. From "Preciosa." Arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN.



Copyright, 1884, by Biglow & Main.

2. When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 173.

Tune—WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.—Key of F.

1. Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2. Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Walker, 1860.

No. 174.

Is My Name written There?

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, O my
 3. O that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo - ri - fied

heav - en, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pa - ges so
 Sav - iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy promise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that
 be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing cometh, To despoil what is

CHORUS.

fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there? Is my name written
 glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
 fair; Where the an - gels are watching, — Is my name writ - ten there?

Is My Name written There?—Concluded.

there? On the page white and fair? In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

The musical score is for a two-part setting. The upper part is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lower part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

No. 175.

All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. ELVIRA MASLE HALL, 1865.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small: O child of weakness, pray, I am Thine All in All."
 2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy grace, and Thine alone, Can change the leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 3. But nothing good have I, Whereby that grace to claim—I'll wash me in the blood, The blood of Calvary's Lamb.

The musical score is for a two-part setting. The upper part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all; All to Him I owe! Sin had left a crimson stain; He wash'd it white as snow.

The musical score is for a two-part setting. The upper part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

No. 176.

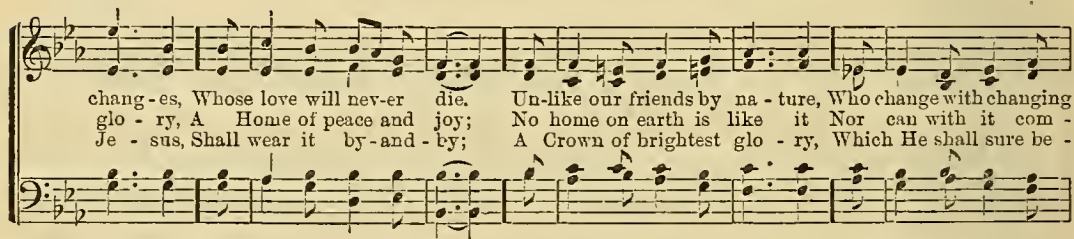
A Friend for Little Children.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1860.

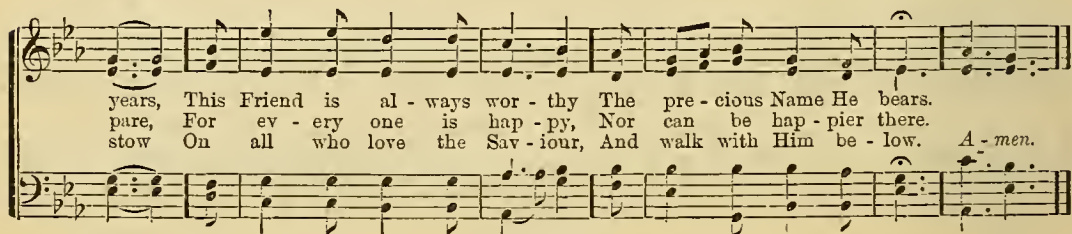
JOHN STAINER, Mus. D. Oxon., 1878.



1. There's a Friend for lit - tle children, A - bove the bright blue sky, A Friend who nev - er
 2. There's a Home for lit - tle children, A - bove the bright blue sky, Where Jesus reigns in
 3. There's a Crown for lit - tle children, A - bove the bright blue sky, And all who look to



chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die. Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with changing
 glo - ry, A Home of peace and joy; No home on earth is like it Nor can with it com -
 Je - sus, Shall wear it by - and - by; A Crown of brightest glo - ry, Which He shall sure be -



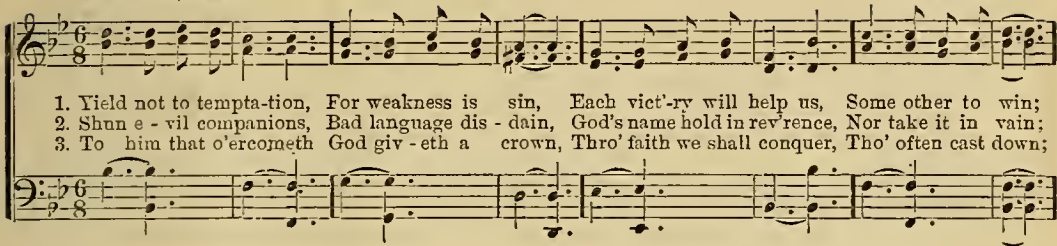
years, This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious Name He bears.
 pure, For ev - ery one is hap - py, Nor can be hap - pier there.
 stow On all who love the Sav - iour, And walk with Him be - low. A - men.

No. 177.

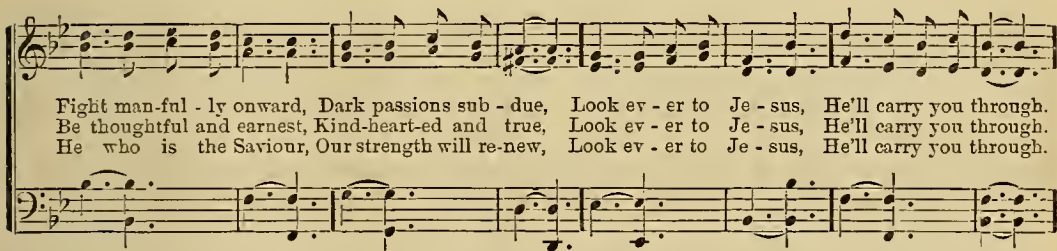
Yield not to Temptation.

H. R. PALMER, 1868.

H. R. PALMER.

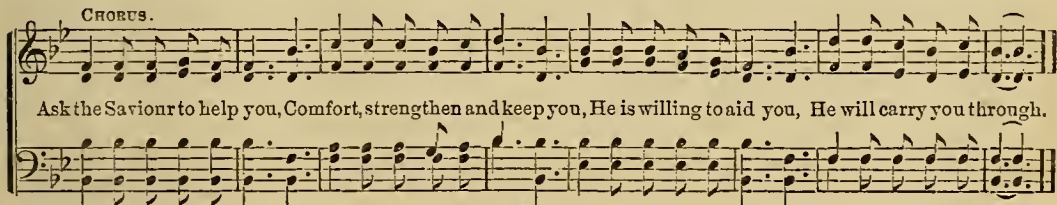


1. Yield not to tempta-tion, For weakness is sin, Each vict'-ry will help us, Some other to win;
 2. Shun e - vil companions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain;
 3. To him that o'ercometh God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall conquer, Tho' often cast down;



Fight man - ful - ly onward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
 Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
 He who is the Saviour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.



Ask the Savionr to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

No. 178.

Is your Lamp Burning?

Mrs. E. M. H. GATES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Say, is your lamp burning my broth - er? I pray you look quickly and see; For
 2. There are ma - ny and ma - ny a - round you, Who fol - low wher - ev - er you go; If you
 3. There is ma - ny a lamp that is light - ed; We be - hold them a - near and a - far; But not
 4. once all the lamps that are light - ed Should stead - i - ly blaze in a line, Wide

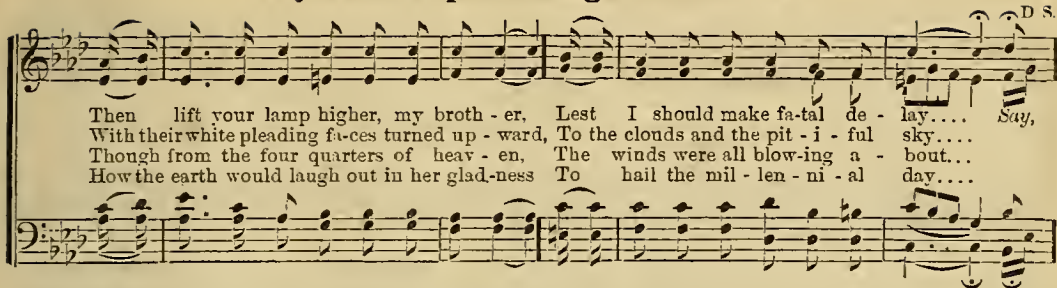
D. S.—is your lamp burn - ing my broth - er? I pray you look quick - ly and see; For

if it were burn - ing, then sure - ly Some beams would fall brightly on me.
 tho't that they walked in the shad - ow, Your lamp would burn brighter I know.
 ma - ny a - mong them, my broth - er, Shine stead - i - ly on like a star.
 o - ver the land and the o - cean, What a gir - dle of glo - ry would shine.

if it were burn - ing, then sure - ly Some beams would fall bright - ly on me.

Straight, straight is the road, but I fal - ter, And oft I fall out of the way;
 Up - on the dark mountains they stumble, They are bruised on the rocks and they lie
 I think, were they trimm'd night and morning, They would nev - er burn down nor go out,
 How all the dark pla - ces would brighten, How the mists would roll up and a - way!

Is your Lamp Burning?—Concluded.



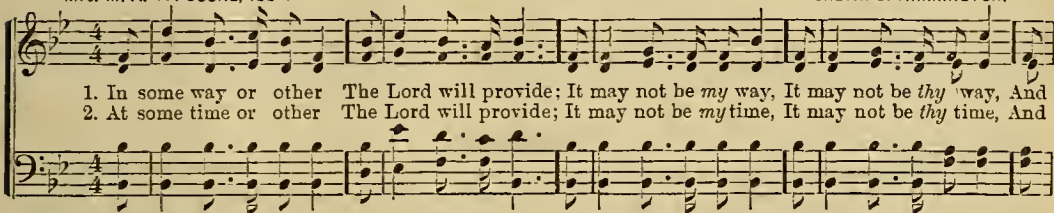
Then lift your lamp higher, my broth - er, Lest I should make fa-tal de - lay.... *Say,*
 With their white pleading fa-ces turned up - ward, To the clouds and the pit - i - ful sky....
 Though from the four quarters of heav - en, The winds were all blow-ing a - bout...
 How the earth would laugh out in her glad-ness To hail the mil - len - ni - al day....

No. 179.

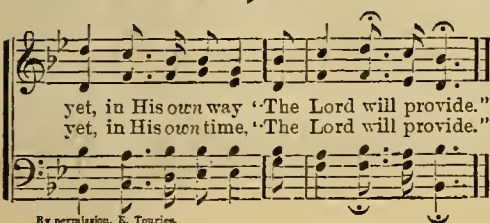
Mrs. M. A. W. COOKE, 1884.

The Lord will Provide.

CALVIN S. HARRINGTON.



1. In some way or other The Lord will provide; It may not be *my* way, It may not be *thy* way, And
 2. At some time or other The Lord will provide; It may not be *my* time, It may not be *thy* time, And



yet, in His own way "The Lord will provide."
 yet, in His own time, "The Lord will provide."

By permission, E. Tourjee.

3.
 Despond then no longer;
 The Lord will provide;
 And this be the token—
 No word He hath spoken
 Was ever yet broken,—
 "The Lord will provide."

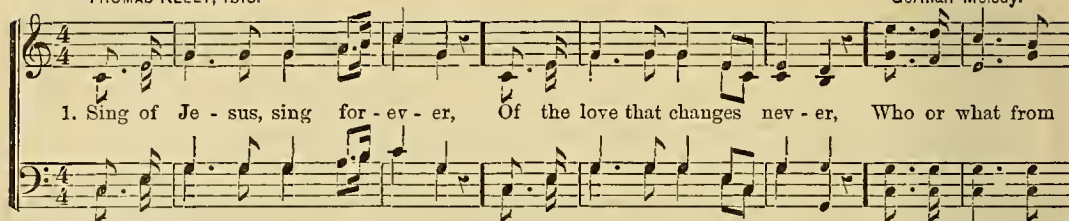
4.
 March on, then, right boldly,
 The sea shall divide;
 The pathway made glorious,
 With shoutings victorious,
 We'll join in the chorus,
 "The Lord will provide."

No. 180.

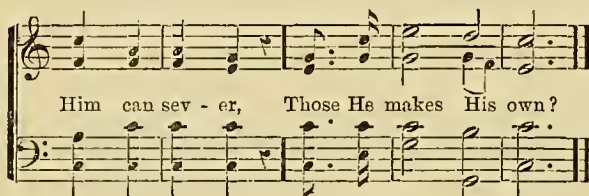
Sing of Jesus, Sing Forever.

THOMAS KELLY, 1815.

German Melody.



1. Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er, Of the love that changes nev - er, Who or what from



Him can sev - er, Those He makes His own?

2. With His blood the Lord has bought them,
When they knew Him not, He sought them,
And from all their wanderings brought them:
His the praise alone.

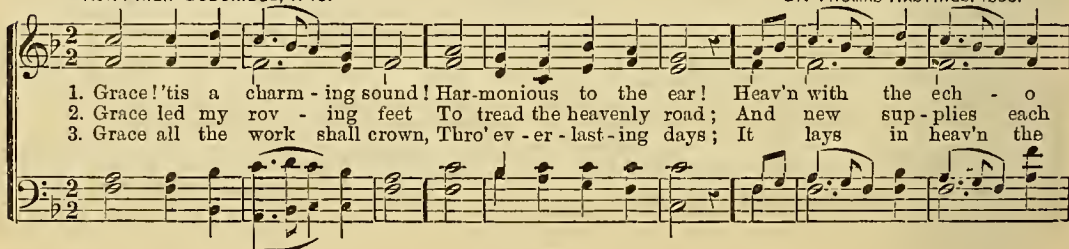
3. Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of heaven He feeds them,
And through all their way He speeds them
To their home above.

No. 181.

Luther.

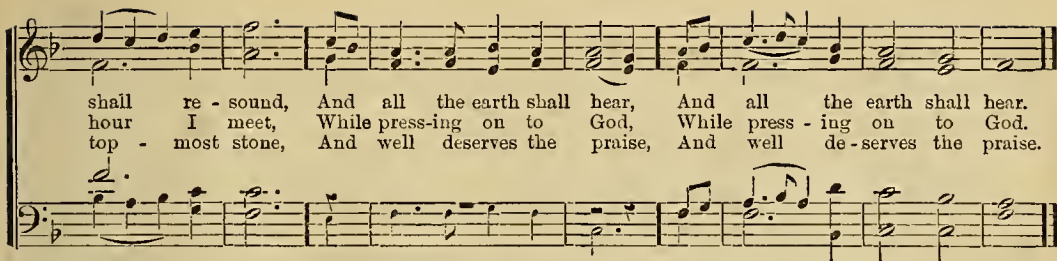
Rev. PHILIP DODDORIDGE, 1740.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1835.



1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound! Har - monious to the ear! Heav'n with the ech - o
2. Grace led my rov - ing feet To tread the heavenly road; And new sup - plies each
3. Grace all the work shall crown, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; It lays in heav'n the

Luther.—Concluded.



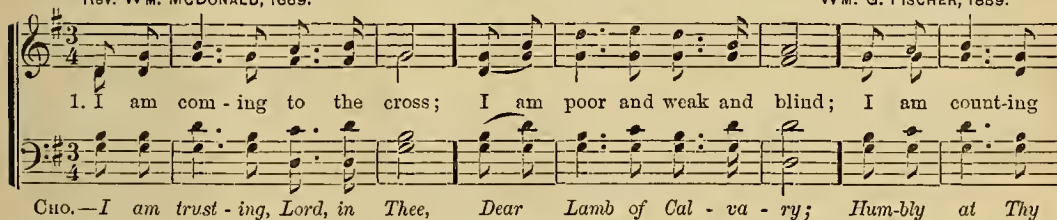
shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.
 hour I meet, While press - ing on to God, While press - ing on to God.
 top - most stone, And well deserves the praise, And well de - serves the praise.

No. 182.

I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Rev. W. M. McDONALD, 1869.

WM. G. FISCHER, 1869.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind; I am count - ing
 CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Hum - bly at Thy



all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee;
 Long has evil reigned within;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
 "I will cleanse you from all sin."

3. In Thy promises I trust;
 Now I feel the blood applied;
 I am prostrate in the dust;
 I with Christ am crucified.

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(157)

No. 183.

Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!

P. P. B., 1874.

PHILIP P. BLISS.

Allegro.

1. 'Tis the promise of God, full sal-va - tion to give Un - to him who on Je - sus, His Son, will believe.
 2. Tho' the pathway be lone-ly, and dan-ger-ous too, Surely Je - sus is a - ble to car - ry me through.
 3. Ma - ny loved ones have I in yon heav - en - ly throng, They are safe now in glory and this is their song:
 4. Lit-tle children I see standing close by their King, And He smiles as their song of sal-va-tion they sing:
 5. There's a part in that chorus for you and for me, And the theme of our praises for-ev - er shall be:

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu - jah, 'tis done! I be-lieve on the Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One;

Hal-le-lu - jah, 'tis done! I be-lieve on the Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One;

No. 184.

In the Vineyard.

Miss ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

B. C. UNSELD, 1879.

1. Long, O Mas - ter, in Thy vineyard, Thro' the dust and heat of day, I have toiled and with my burden
 2. Tan-gled vines and fad - ed flow-ers, Hid - den lie among my sheaves, Look'st Thou sorrowful, O Mas-ter?
 3. Gathered I the love-ly flow-ers. With their dewy fragrancesweet, Hoping that a - mid their beauty
 4. PurgeThou, then, the sheaves so worthless, That I lay at Thy dear feet, So they yield Thee at the harvest

D.S.—Glad to rest when evening com-eth,

Ritard. FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

Come I now thro' shadows gray. Toil - ing in Thy vineyard All day long with wea-ry feet,
 Is there nothing there but leaves?
 Thou might'st find some grains of wheat?
 On - ly fru - est of the wheat.
 And the hours are cool and sweet.

Toiling, toiling, toil - ing, toil - ing,

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No. 185.

Tune—BETHANY.—Key of G.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee,

E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!

2. Though like the wanderer,
 The sun go down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet, in my dreams I'd be

Nearer, my God! to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee.

3. There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven:
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God! to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee.

4. Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs

Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God! to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

5. Or if, on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God! to Thee,—
 Nearer to Thee.

Sarah Flower Adams, 1840.

No. 186.

A Few more Marchings Weary.

FANNY J. CROSSY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. A few more marchings wea-ry, Then we'll gath-er home; A few more storm-clouds dreary,
 2. A few more nights of weeping, Then we'll gath-er home; A few more watches keeping,
 3. A few more sweet links broken, Then we'll gath-er home; A few more kind words spoken,

Then we'll gath-er home; A few more days the cross to bear, And then with Christ a
 Then we'll gath-er home; A few more victories o-ver sin, A few more sheaves to
 Then we'll gath-er home; A few more part-ings on the strand, And then a-way to

REFRAIN.
 crown to wear; A few more marchings wea-ry, Then we'll gather home. O'er time's rap-id riv-er,
 gath-er in. A few more marchings wea-ry, Then we'll gather home.
 Canaan's land, A few more marchings wea-ry, Then we'll gather home.

O'er time's rapid

Soon we'll rest for-ev-er; No more marchings wea-ry, When we gath-er home.

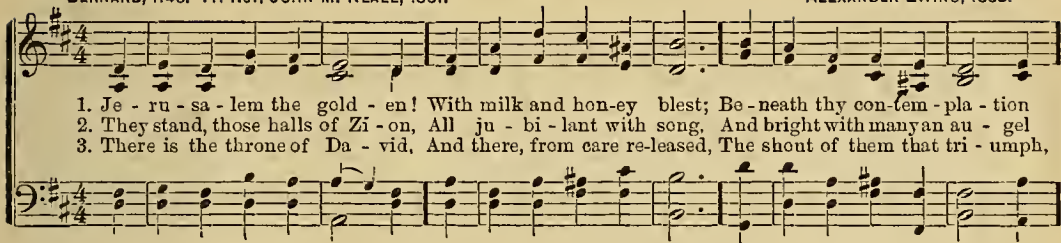
Soon we'll rest

No. 187.

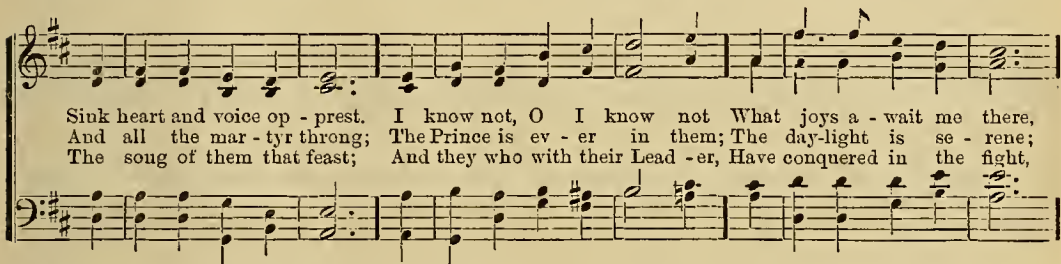
Jerusalem the Golden.

BERNARD, 1140. Tr. Rev. JOHN M. NEALE, 1851.

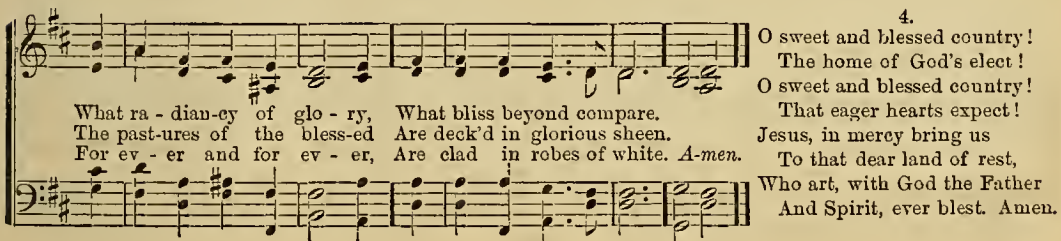
ALEXANDER EWING, 1853.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest; Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an au - gel
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased, The shout of them that tri - umph,



Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O I know not What joys a - wait me there,
 And all the mar - tyr throng; The Prince is ev - er in them; The day - light is se - rene;
 The song of them that feast; And they who with their Lead - er, Have conquered in the fight,



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.
 The past - ures of the bless - ed, Are deck'd in glorious sheen.
 For ev - er and for ev - er, Are clad in robes of white. *A - men.*

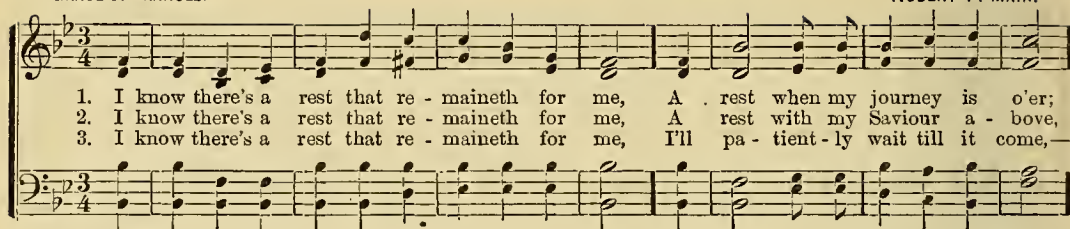
4.
 O sweet and blessed country!
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country!
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest,
 Who art, with God the Father
 And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

No. 188.

I Know there's a Rest.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. I know there's a rest that re - maineth for me, A rest when my journey is o'er;
 2. I know there's a rest that re - maineth for me, A rest with my Saviour a - bove,
 3. I know there's a rest that re - maineth for me, I'll pa - tient - ly wait till it come, —



I know that the ransomed in bliss I shall see, And la - bor and sor - row no more.
 Where clothed in His im - age, His face I shall see, And feast on the smile of His love.
 Till an - gels shall bear me a - way on their wings, And Je - sus shall welcome me home.

CHORUS.



Then on - ward I'll go, and with cour-age I'll tread The path my Re - deemer has trod,

I Know there's a Rest.—Concluded.

Since He hath declared there re - maineth a rest, A rest for the peo - ple of God.

No. 189.

Beautiful Zion.

Rev. GEORGE GILL, 1850.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi-on built a - bove, Beautiful cit-y that I love; Beautiful gates of pearly white,
2. Beau-ti-ful crowns on every brow, Beautiful palms the conquerors show; Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear,
3. Beau-ti-ful throne of Christ our King, Beautiful songs the an-gels sing; Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,

Beau-ti-ful temple—God its light; He who was slain on Calva-ry, Opens those pearly gates to me.
 Beau-ti-ful all who en-ter there; Thither I press with eager feet, Thershall my rest belong and sweet.
 Beau-ti-ful home of perfect peace; Thershall my eyes the Saviour see; Hasteto this heav'nly home with me.

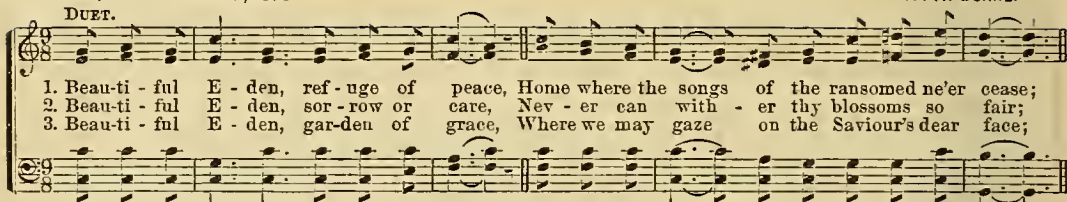
No. 190.

Beautiful Eden.

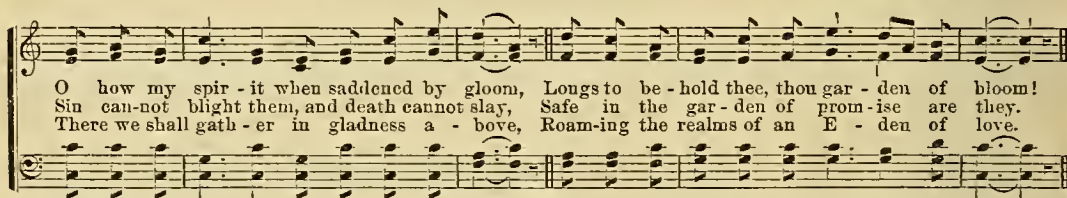
Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER, 1870.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET.




1. Beau-ti - ful E - den, ref - uge of peace, Home where the songs of the ransomed ne'er cease;
 2. Beau-ti - ful E - den, sor - row or care, Nev - er can with - er thy blossoms so fair;
 3. Beau-ti - ful E - den, gar - den of grace, Where we may gaze on the Saviour's dear face;

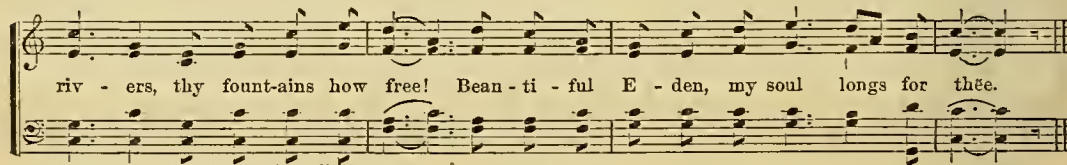


O how my spir - it when saddened by gloom, Longs to be - hold thee, thou gar - den of bloom!
 Sin can-not blight them, and death cannot slay, Safe in the gar - den of prom - ise are they.
 There we shall gath - er in gladness a - bove, Roam - ing the realms of an E - den of love.

CHORUS.



Beau-ti - ful E - den, beau-ti - ful E - den, Bright are thy flow - ers, gold - en thy fruits; Pure are thy



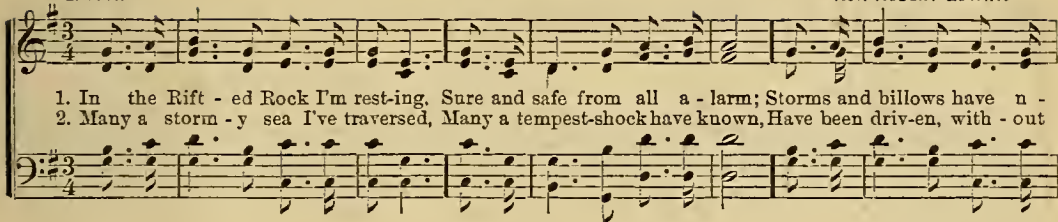
riv - ers, thy fount - ains how free! Beau - ti - ful E - den, my soul longs for thee.

No. 191.

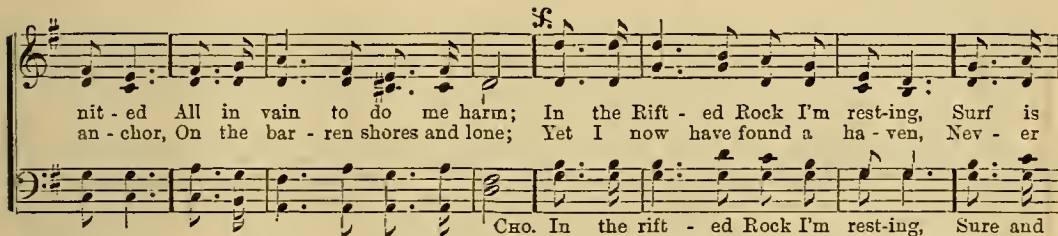
The Rifted Rock.

L. T. H.

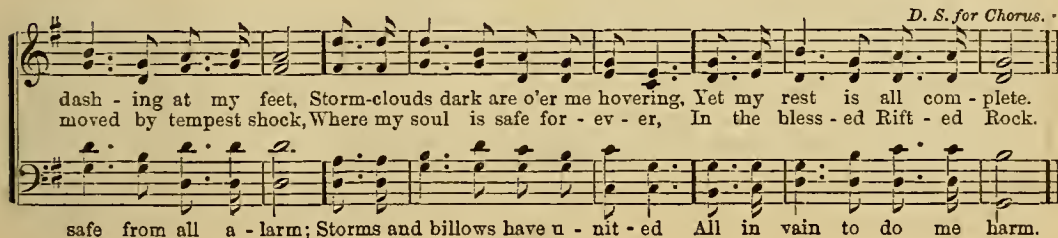
Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



1. In the Rift-ed Rock I'm rest-ing. Sure and safe from all a-larm; Storms and billows have n-
2. Many a storm-y sea I've traversed, Many a tempest-shock have known, Have been driv-en, with-out



nit-ed All in vain to do me harm; In the Rift-ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Surf is
an-chor, On the bar-ren shores and lone; Yet I now have found a ha-ven, Nev-er



CHO. In the rift-ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Sure and
dash-ing at my feet, Storm-clouds dark are o'er me hovering, Yet my rest is all com-plete.
moved by tempest shock, Where my soul is safe for-ev-er, In the bless-ed Rift-ed Rock.

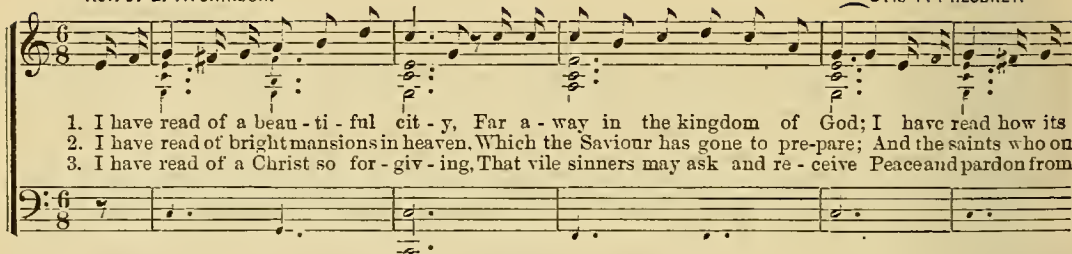
safe from all a-larm; Storms and billows have u-nit-ed All in vain to do me harm.

No. 192.

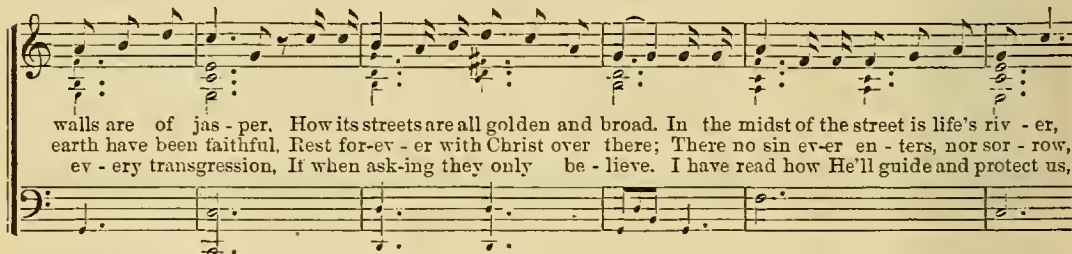
Not Half has ever been Told.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

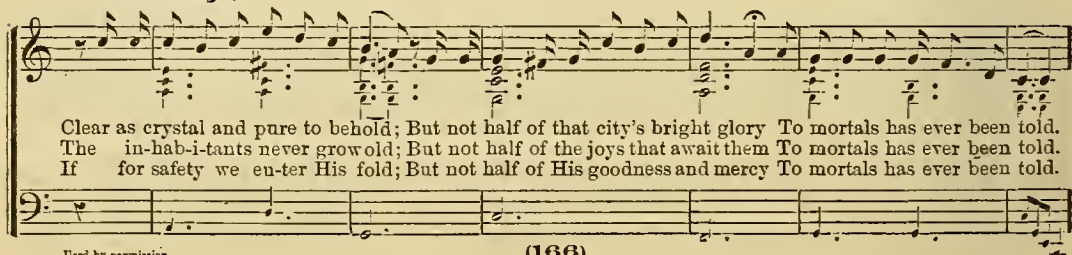
OTIS F. PRESBREY.



1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far a - way in the kingdom of God; I have read how its
 2. I have read of bright mansions in heaven, Which the Saviour has gone to pre - pare; And the saints who on
 3. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile sinners may ask and re - ceive Peace and pardon from



walls are of jas - per, How its streets are all golden and broad. In the midst of the street is life's riv - er,
 earth have been faithful, Rest for - ev - er with Christ over there; There no sin ev - er en - ters, nor sor - row,
 ev - ery transgression, If when ask - ing they only be - lieve. I have read how He'll guide and protect us,



Clear as crystal and pure to behold; But not half of that city's bright glory To mortals has ever been told.
 The in - hab - i - tants never grow old; But not half of the joys that await them To mortals has ever been told.
 If for safety we en - ter His fold; But not half of His goodness and mercy To mortals has ever been told.

Not Half has ever been Told.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Not half has ev - er been told;... Not half has ev - er been told;... Not
been told; been told;

Repeat the Chorus p.

half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mortals has ev - er been told.

No. 193.

Toplady. 7s, 6 lines.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.

D. C.

Fine.

Use hymn on page 70.

(167)

Sir HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1861.

ANON.

1. There is a bless - ed Home Be - yond this land of woe, Where tri - als nev - er come,
 2. There is a land of peace, Good an - gels know it well; Glad songs that nev - er cease

Nor tears of sor - row flow; Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crowned,
 With-in its por - tals swell; A - round its glo - rious throne Ten thousand saints a - dore

3.
 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.
 Then give to Him the praise
 Of every triumph won,
 And sing through endless days
 The great things He hath done.

And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round.
 Christ, with the Fa - ther One, And Spir - it, ev - er - more. A - men.

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING, 1866.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I am waiting by the riv - er, And my heart has wait - ed long; Now I think I hear the
 2. Far a - way be - yond the shadows Of this wea - ry vale of tears, Where the tide of bliss is
 3. They are launching on the riv - er, From the calm and qui - et shore, And they soon will bear my

cho - rus Of the an - gels' wel - come song; O I see the dawn is break - ing, On the
 sweeping Thro' the bright and changeless years; O I long to be with Je - sus, In the
 spir - it Where the wea - ry sigh no more; For the tide is swift - ly flow - ing, And I

hill - tops of the blest, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea - ry be at rest."
 mansions of the blest, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea - ry be at rest."
 long to greet the blest, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea - ry be at rest."

ANON.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1861.

CHORUS.

Boys. 1. { Whither, pil-grime, are you go - ing, Go-ing each with staff in hand? }
 Girls. 1. { We are go - ing on a jour-ney, Go-ing at our King's command; } O - ver hills, and plains, and

val - leys, We are go - ing to His pal - ace, We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Go - ing

to the bet - ter land; We are go - ing to His pal - ace, Go - ing to the bet - ter land.

Boys. 2. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
 In that far-off, better, land?

Girls. Spotless robes and crowns of glory
 From a Saviour's loving hand;

ALL. We shall drink of life's clear river
 We shall dwell with God forever,
 We shall dwell with God forever
 In that bright, that better land.

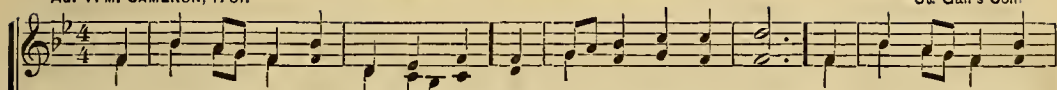
Boys. 3. Pilgrims, may we travel with you
 To that bright and better land?

Girls. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
 Welcome to our pilgrim band.

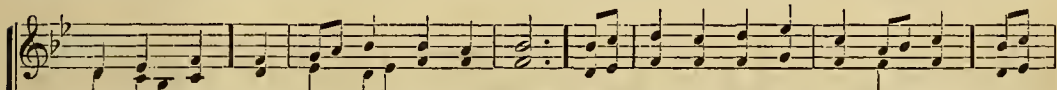
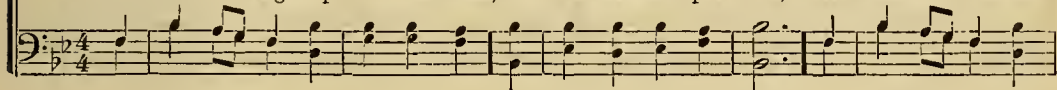
ALL. Come, O come! and do not leave us,
 Christ is waiting to receive us,
 Christ is waiting to receive us,
 In that bright, that better land.

Ad. WM. CAMERON, 1791.

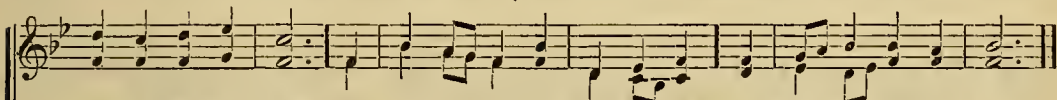
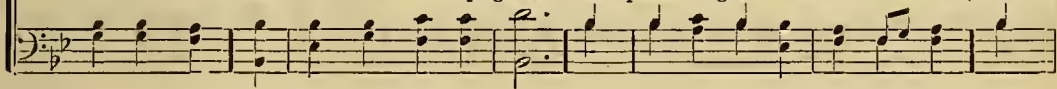
St. Gall's Coli.



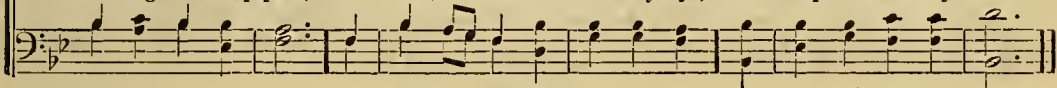
1. How bright those glorious spir - its shine, Whence all their white ar - ray? How came they to the
2. Now with tri - umphal palms they stand Be - fore the throne on high, And serve the God they
3. The Lamb who reigns up - on the throne, Shall o'er them still pre - side, Feed them with nour-ish-



bliss - ful seats Of ev - er - last - ing day? Lo, these are they from sufferings great, Who
 love a - midst The glo - ries of the sky. His presence fills each heart with joy, Tunes
 ment di - vine, And all their footsteps guide. 'Mid pastures green will lead His flock, Where



came to realms of light, And in the blood of Christ have washed Those robes which shine so bright.
 ev - ery mouth to sing: By day, by night, the sa - cred courts With glad ho - san - nas ring.
 liv - ing streams ap - pear; And God, the Lord, from ev - ery eye, Shall wipe off ev - ery tear.



No. 198.

Heaven is my Home.

Rev. THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR, 1833.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1872.

1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear,
 2. What though the tem - pest rage, Heaven is my home; Short is my pil - grim - age,

Heaven is my home; Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - ery hand; Heav'n is my
 Heaven is my home; And, Time's wild wintry blast Soon shall be o - ver - past; I shall reach

fa - ther - land, Heaven is my home.
 home at last, Heaven is my home. A - men.

3.
 There at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home.
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I love most and best,
 And there, too, I shall rest,
 Heaven is my home. Amen.

No. 199.

The Land Immortal.

THOMAS MACKELLAR, 1845.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. There is a land im - mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful of lands; Be - side its ancient
 2. Tho' dark and drear the pas - sage That lead - eth to the gate, Yet grace comes with the
 3. There sighs are lost in sing - ing; And, bless - ed in their tears, — Their journey heav'nward

port - al A si - lent sen - try stands; He on - ly, can un - do it, And
 mes - sage To souls that watch and wait; And at the time ap - point - ed, A
 wing - ing They leave on earth their fears: Death like an an - gel seem - eth; "We

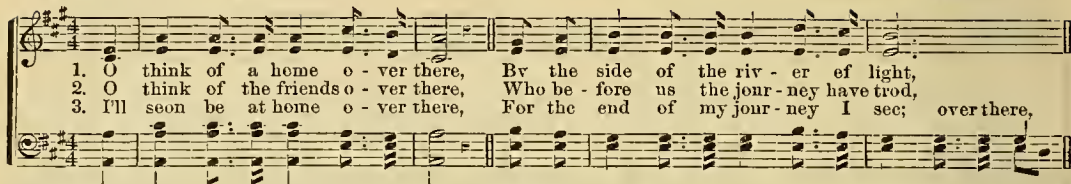
o - pen wide the door; And mortals who pass thro' it Are mor - tal nev - er - more.
 mes - sen - ger comes down, And leads the Lord's a - noint - ed From cross to glo - ry's crown.
 welcome Thee," they cry; Their face with glo - ry beam - eth — 'Tis life for them to die! A - men.

No. 200.

We've a Home over There.

Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

TULLIUS C. O'KANE.

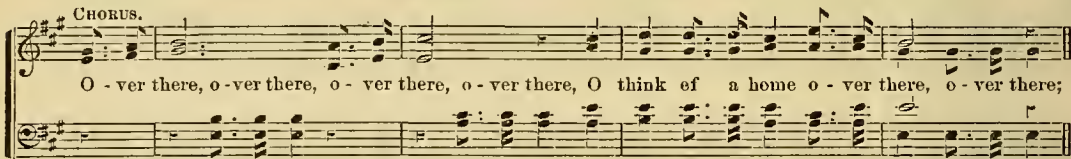


1. O think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er ef light,
 2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have trod,
 3. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I see; over there,

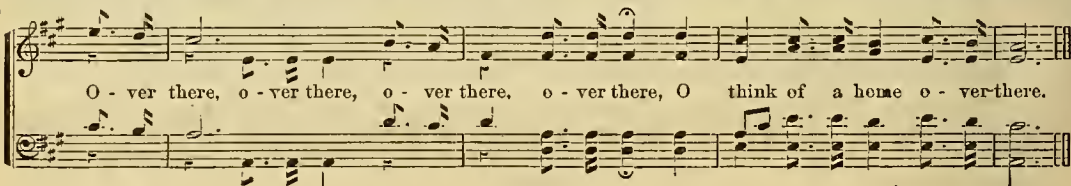


Where the saints all im - mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white,
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal - ace of God o - ver there,
 Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there, Are watching and wait - ing for me,

CHORUS.



O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, O think of a home o - ver there, o - ver there;



O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, O think of a home o - ver there.

No. 201.

Rutherford.

ANNIE ROSS COUSIN, 1857.

CHARLES D'URHAN, 1845.

1. The sands of time are wast - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks, The sum - mer morn I've
 2. O Christ! He is the fount - ain, The deep, sweet well of love; The streams of earth I've
 3. O I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine, He brings a poor vile

sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes; O dark hath been the mid - night,
 tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove; There to an o - cean ful - ness,
 sin - - ner, In - to His house di - vine; Up - on the Rock of A - ges,

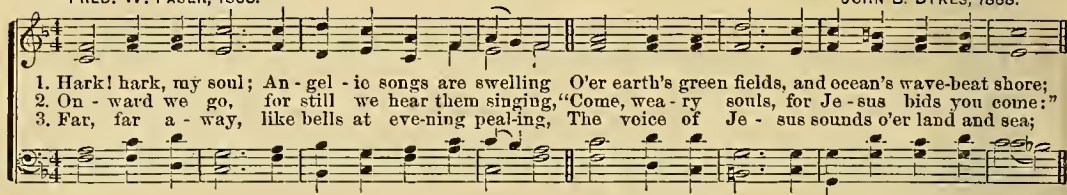
But day - spring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - manuel's land.
 His mer - cy doth ex - pand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - manuel's land.
 My soul re - deemed shall stand, Where glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - manuel's land.

No. 202.

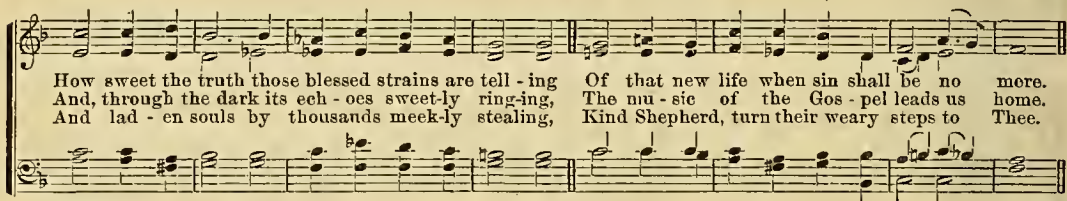
Hark! Hark, my Soul.

FRED. W. FABER, 1863.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1858.

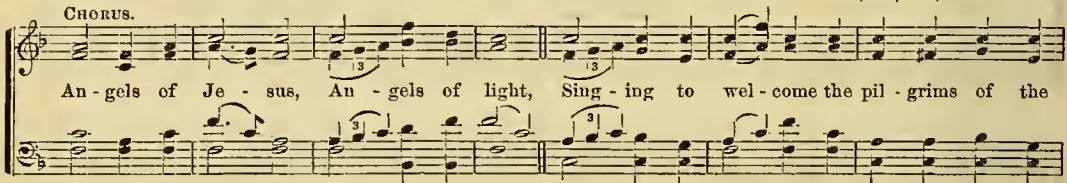


1. Hark! hark, my soul; An - gel - io songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come;"
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve-ning peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea;

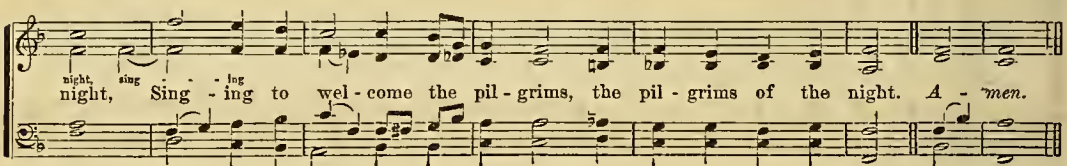


How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 And, through the dark its ech - oes sweet-ly ring-ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
 And lad - en souls by thousands meek-ly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

CHORUS.



An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the



night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night. A - men.

No. 203.

Come to the Shining Land.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING, 1860.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Fair is the morning land, bright is the shore, Where all the saints of God dwell ev - er - more.
 2. There in the morning land, sweet-ly they sing; Je - sus its glo - ry is, Je - sus is King.
 3. There in the morning land, all, all is fair; This is the joy they feel, Je - sus is there.

REFRAIN.

Come to the shining land, Come, come a - way; Join with the an - gel band, Beau-ti-ful as they;

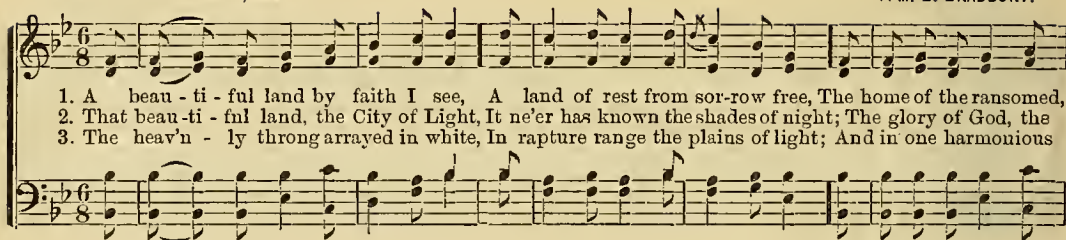
Come, all ye faithful ones, Hear the word to - day; Come to the shining land, Come, come a - way.

No. 204.

A Beautiful Land.

Rev. JONATHAN HALL, 1854.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

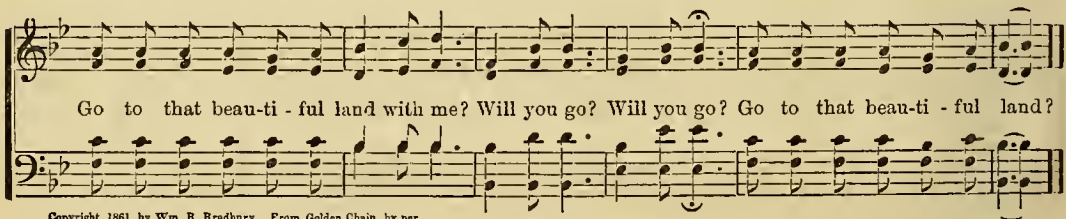


1. A beau - ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest from sor-row free, The home of the ransomed,
 2. That beau - ti - ful land, the City of Light, It ne'er has known the shades of night; The glory of God, the
 3. The heav'n - ly throng arrayed in white, In rapture range the plains of light; And in one harmonious

CHORUS.



bright and fair, And beau - ti - ful an - gels too, are there. Will you go? Will you go?
 light of day Hath driv - en the dark-ness far a - way.
 choir they praise Their glo - ri - ous Sav - iour's matchless grace.



Go to that beau-ti - ful land with me? Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful land?

No. 205.

Beautiful Hills of Glory.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Beau - ti - ful hills of glo - ry, Beau - ti - ful fields of light, When shall my long - ing
 2. Beau - ti - ful strains whose ech - o Oft in my soul I hear, Songs from the ma - ny
 3. Not till the voice of Je - sus Tells me my work is done; Not till the race be

REFRAIN.

spir - it Bathe in their splen - dor bright? When will my lov - ing Sav - iour Call me a -
 man - sions, Fall on my list - 'ning ear. When will, etc.
 end - ed, Not till the crown be won. Then will my lov - ing Sav - iour Call me a -

cross the sea? Beau - ti - ful home e - ter - nal, When shall I come to thee?
 cross the sea; Beau - ti - ful home e - ter - nal, Then will I come to thee.

No. 206.

O Paradise.

V, 1—2. Rev. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1862.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the
 2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! 'Tis wea - ry wait - ing here; We long to be where
 3. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise! O keep us in Thy love, And guide us to that

CHORUS.—Where loy - al hearts and true,

hap - py land Where they that loved, are blest? Where loy - - al hearts and true, Stand
 Je - sus is, To feel, and see Him near.
 hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove.

ev - er in the light, All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

No. 207.

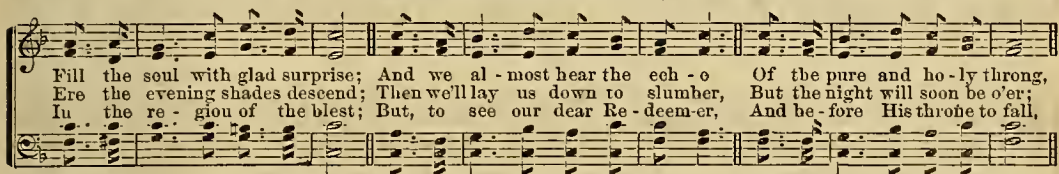
The Bright Forever.

FANNY J. CROSSY, 1871.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

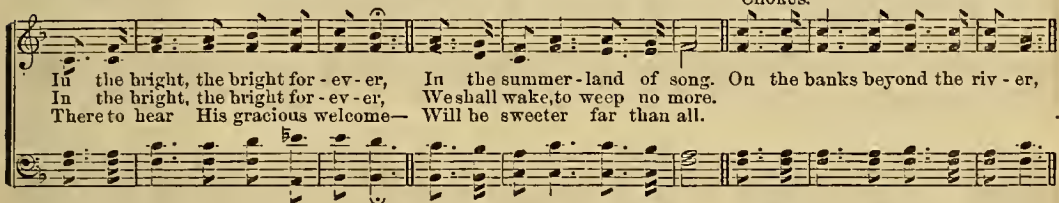


1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gather O'er the christian's ua-tal skies, Distant beams, like floods of glo-ry,
 2. Yet a lit-tle while we lin-ger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yet a lit-tle while of la-bor,
 3. O the bliss of life e-ter-nal! O the long un-broken rest! In the gold-en fields of pleasure,

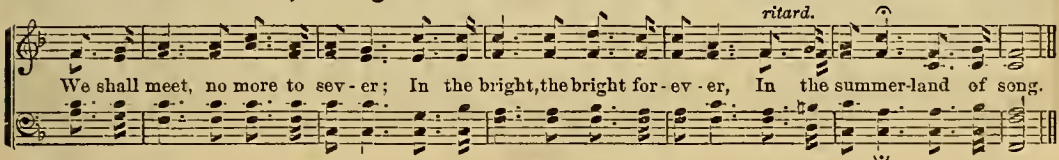


Fill the soul with glad surprise; And we al-most hear the ech-o Of the pure and ho-ly throng,
 Ere the evening shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to slumber, But the night will soon be o'er;
 In the re-gion of the blest; But, to see our dear Re-deem-er, And be-fore His thro' to fall,

CHORUS.



In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, In the summer-land of song. On the banks beyond the riv-er,
 In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, We shall wake, to weep no more.
 There to hear His gracious welcome— Will be sweeter far than all.



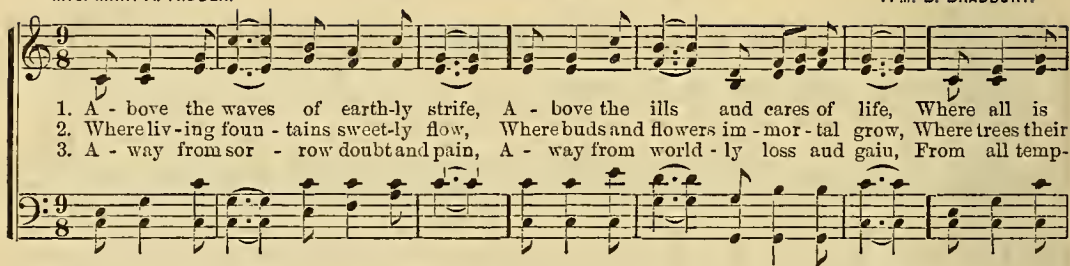
We shall meet, no more to sev-er; In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, In the summer-land of song.

No. 208.

My Home is There.

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. A - bove the waves of earth-ly strife, A - bove the ills and cares of life, Where all is
 2. Where liv-ing foun - tains sweet-ly flow, Where buds and flowers im - mor - tal grow, Where trees their
 3. A - way from sor - row doubt and pain, A - way from world - ly loss and gail, From all temp-

CHORUS.



peace - ful, bright and fair; My home is there, My home is there. My beau-ti - ful
 fruits ce - les - tial bear; My home is there, My home is there.
 ta - tion, tears and care; My home is there, My home is there.

My



home..... My beau-ti - ful home,.... In the land where the glo-ri - fied ev - er shall
 beau - ti - ful home,..... My beau-ti - ful home,

My Home is There—Concluded.

roam, Where an - gels bright, wear crowns of light, My home is there, my home is there.

angels bright, wear crowns of light,

No. 209.

ANON, 1874.

Lead Me On.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. Trav'ling to the bet - ter land, O'er the des - ert's scorching sand; Fa - ther! let me
2. Thro' the wa - ter, thro' the fire, Nev - er let me fall or tire, Ev - ery step brings

grasp Thy hand; Lead me on, lead me on!
Canaan nigher: Lead me on, lead me on!

3. When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink;
Lead me on, lead me on!
4. When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on!

No. 210.

Lead Thou Me, my Saviour!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JAMES A. SMITH, 1881.

1. Sav - iour, let me still a - bide In the sha - dow of Thy wings, Let me all my
 2. To the cross my soul was brought, To the cross, with all its grief; There a heal - ing
 3. Let me trust Thee more and more, Let my will and Thine be one, Till my war - fare

sor - row hide, In the joy Thy mer - cy brings; Draw me, keep me day by day, Near - er,
 balm I sought, There I found a sweet re - lief; Yet for deep - er love I pray, Love that
 here is o'er, Till the vic - t'ry I have won; In the light whose bless - ed ray Shi - u - ing

near - er, Lord, to Thee; All a - long my pil - grim way, O my Sav - iour, lead Thou me.
 clings a lone to Thee; All a - long my pil - grim way, O my Sav - iour, lead Thou me.
 down, by faith I see, All a - long my pil - grim way, O my Sav - iour, lead Thou me.

No. 211.

Beautiful River.

R. L., 1864.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

Cheerful.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er. Where bright an - gel feet have trod; With its crys - tal tide for -
 2. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Saviour-king we own, We shall meet, and sorrow
 3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - ery bur-den down; Grace our spirits will de -

CHORUS.

ev - er, Flowing by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the
 nev - er, Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
 liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.

beau - ti - ful riv - er— Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

From Bright Jewels, by per

No. 212.

We shall Meet beyond the River.

Rev. JOHN ATKINSON, D.D., 1867.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1867.

1. We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, By - and - by, by - and - by; And the
 2. We shall see and be like Je - sus, By - and - by, by - and - by; He a
 3. When with robes of snow - y white-ness, By - and - by, by - and - by; And with

dark - ness will be o - ver, By - and - by, by - and - by; With the toil - some jour - ney
 crown of life will give us, By - and - by, by - and - by. And the an - gels who ful -
 crowns of dazzling brightness, By - and - by, by - and - by— There our storms and per - ils

done, And the glorious bat - tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By - and - by, by - and - by.
 fill All the mandates of His will, Shall at - tend and love us still, By - and - by, by - and - by.
 passed, And with glo - ry ours at last, We'll possess the kingdom vast, By - and - by, by - and - by.

No. 213.

The Golden Shore.

Rev. CHARLES DUNBAR, 1858.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

*Boys.**Girls.*

1. We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward bound we swift - ly glide; We are out on the
 2. Mil - lions now are safe - ly land - ed, O - ver on the gol - den shore; Millions more are
 3. When we all are safe - ly anchored, We will shout—our tri - als o'er; We will walk a

CHORUS. *Cres.*

o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide. { All the storms will soon be o - ver
 on their jour - ney, Yet there's room for millions more. { Then we'll an - chor in the har - bor,
 bout the cit - y, And we'll sing for ev - er - more.

f { We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide, }
 { We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, (Omit.) } To a home beyond the tide.

No. 214.

Shout the Glad Tidings.

Rev. WM. A. MUHLENSBERG, D.D., 1826.

(AVISON.)

CHARLES AVISON (1710-1770).

CHORUS.

v. 1. 2. v. 3.

Shout the glad tidings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing;..... Je-ru - sa-lem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is King! King,

After 3d verse, let Chorus end with this line.

.....(Omit.)..... 1. Zi - on, the marvellous sto-ry be telling, The Son of the Highest, how
(Omit.)..... 2. Tell how He cometh from nation to nation, The heart-cheering news let the
 Mes-si-ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King! 3. Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing, And sweet let the glad some ho-

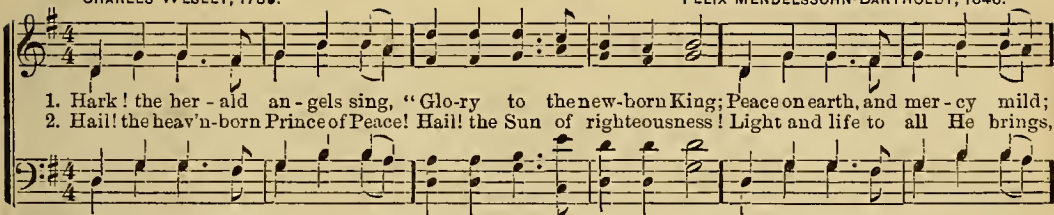
lowly His birth, The brightest archangel in glory excelling, He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.
 earth-echo-round, How free to the faithful He offers salvation,—His people with joy ev-er-last-ing are crowned.
 sao-na a-rise; Ye angels, the full hal-le-lu-jah be singing, One chorus resound thro' the earth and the skies.

No. 215.

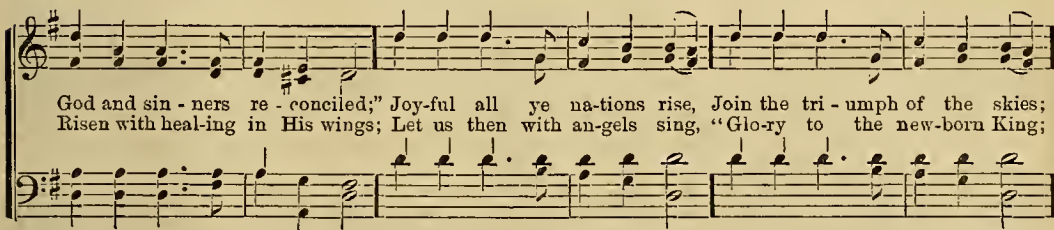
Herald-Angels.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

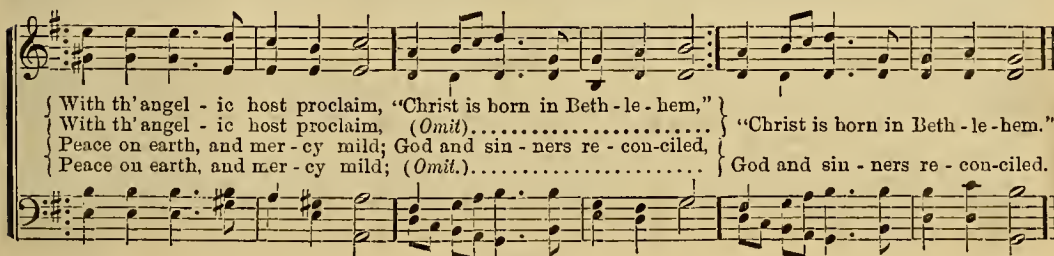
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1846.



1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild;
2. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to all He brings,



God and sin - ners re - conciled;" Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
Risen with heal - ing in His wings; Let us then with an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;



{ With th'angel - ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem," }
 { With th'angel - ic host proclaim, (Omit)..... } "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
 { Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners re - con-ciled, }
 { Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; (Omit.)..... } God and sin - ners re - con-ciled.

No. 216.

Brightest and Best.

Bp. REGINALD WEBER, 1811.

From SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
 2. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost-ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of E - dom, and offerings di - vine?
 3. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion, Vain - ly with gifts would His fa - vor se - cure;

Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our infant Re - deem - er is laid.
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls from the ocean, Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
 Rich - er by far is the heart's a - dor - a - tion, Dear - er to God are the prayers of the poor. A - men.

No. 217.

Songs of Praise.

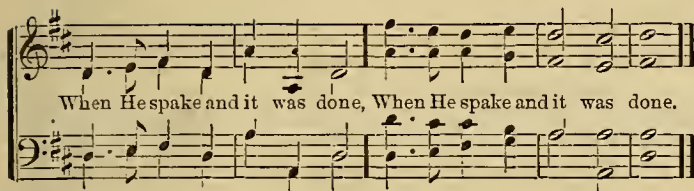
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

(ESSEX.)

THOMAS CLARK, 1804.

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with halle - lu - jahs rang, When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun,

Songs of Praise.—Concluded.



When He spake and it was done, When He spake and it was done.

2. Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

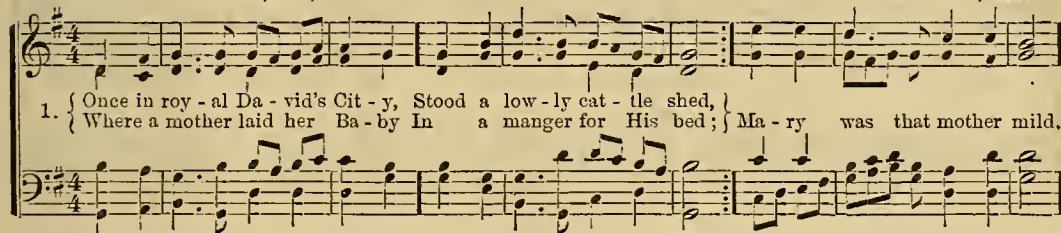
3. Heaven and earth must pass away,—
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heav'ns and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

No. 218.

The Child Jesus.

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1949, ab.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1956.



1. { Once in roy - al Da - vid's Cit - y, Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed, }
{ Where a mother laid her Ba - by In a manger for His bed; } Ma - ry was that mother mild,



Je - sus Christ her little Child.

2.
He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

3.
And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

No. 219.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

E. WIGLESWORTH.

SAMUEL P. WARREN, 1874.

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Heav'n and earth to-gether sing, Al - le - lu - ia! CHRIST is
 2. Al - le - lu - ia! He hath given us Of His new and ris - en life; Al - le - lu - ia! He will

ris - en! JE-SUS CHRIST our LORD and KING. Al - le - lu - ia! Ro-man sol-diers Set the watch and
 aid us In our dai - ly toil and strife. Al - le - lu - ia! He will take us Soon with Him in

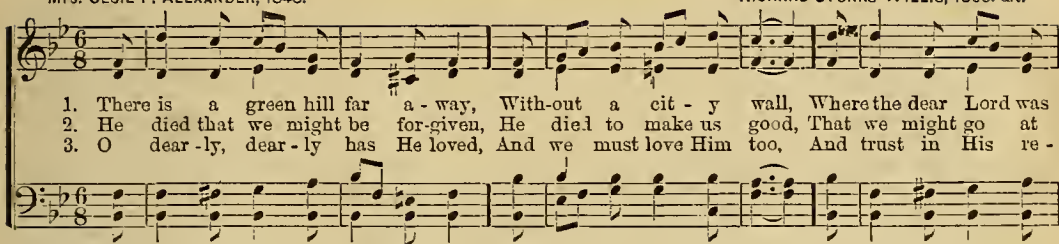
sealed the stone, Al - le - lu - ia! He hath passed them By His ris - en life a - lone.
 Heaven to dwell: Al - le - lu - ia! Ours for - ev - er CHRIST the LORD, EMMAN - U - EL. A - men.

No. 220.

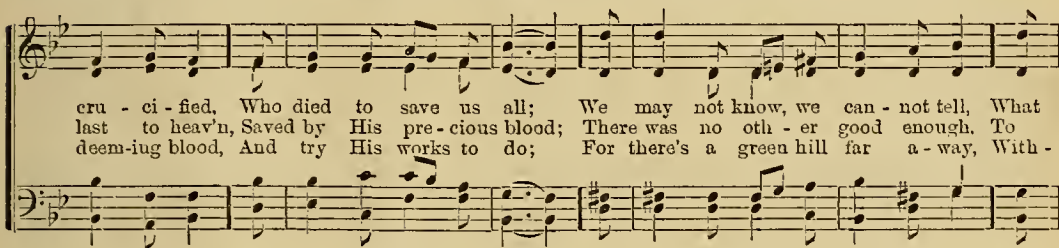
A Green Hill far Away.

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1848.

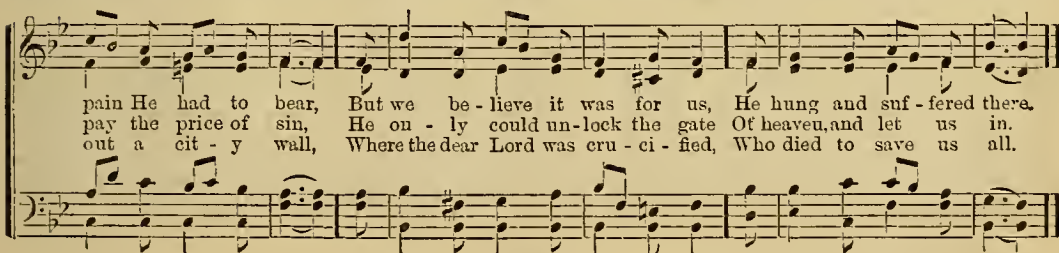
RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, 1860. alt.



1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was
 2. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good, That we might go at
 3. O dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too, And trust in His re -



cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all; We may not know, we can - not tell, What
 last to heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood; There was no oth - er good enough. To
 deem-ing blood, And try His works to do; For there's a green hill far a - way, With -



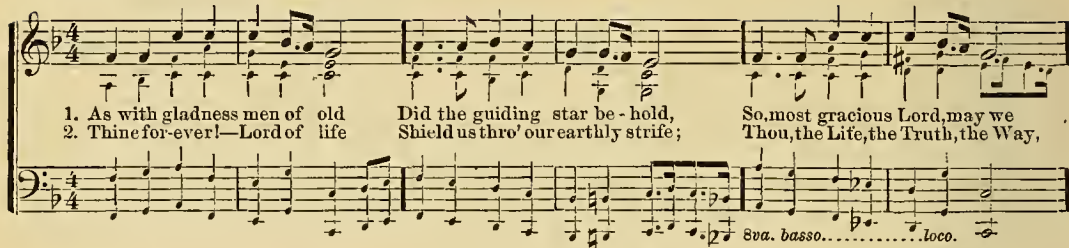
pain He had to bear, But we be - lieve it was for us, He hung and suf - fered there,
 pay the price of sin, He on - ly could un-lock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.
 out a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.

No. 221.

As with Gladness.

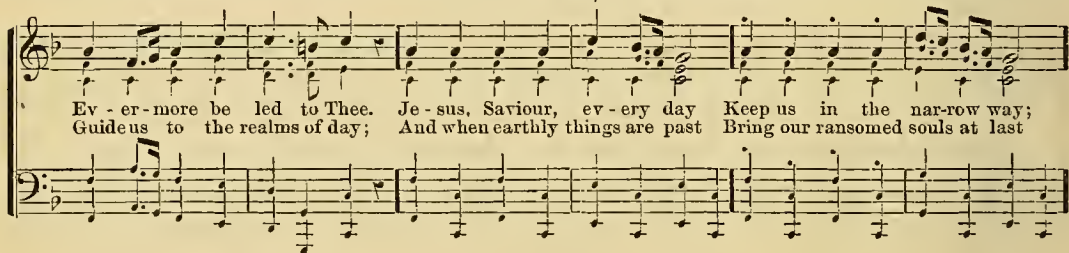
Rev. WM. CHATTERTON DIX, 1861.

HARRY ROWE SHELLEY.

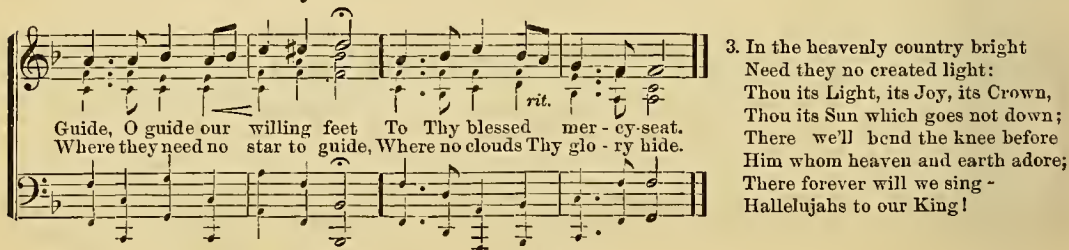


1. As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star be-hold, So, most gracious Lord, may we
2. Thine for-ever!—Lord of life Shield us thro' our earthly strife; Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,

Sva. basso.....loco.



Ev - er - more be led to Thee. Je - sus, Saviour, ev - ery day Keep us in the nar - row way;
Guide us to the realms of day; And when earthly things are past Bring our ransomed souls at last



3. In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light:
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There we'll bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
There forever will we sing -
Hallelujahs to our King!

rit.

No. 222.

SECOND HYMN.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply!
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, He sets in blood no more.

2. Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once He died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"
Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739.

No. 223.

Hail to the Brightness.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning, Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning, Long by the prophets of Is-rael fore-told;
3. Lo, in the des-ert rich flowers are springing; Stream-sever copious are glid-ing a-long;

Hushed be the accents of sor-row and mourning
Hail to the millions from bondage re- turn-ing;
Loud from the mountain-tops, ech-oes are ring-ing;

Zi-ou in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.
Gentiles and Jews the blest vis-ion be-hold.
Wastes rise in ver-dure, and min-gle in song.

No. 224.

The Lord is Risen.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

CARL WILHELM. Arr.

1. Ye faint-ing souls, lift up your eyes To where the morn-ing lights the skies! The aw-ful shadows flee a -
 2. The Lord is ris'n, He could not die; He lives for you e-ter-nal-ly; And by His vic-tory o'er the
 3. No long-er mourn your seem-ing loss, No long-er weep be-fore the cross; Nor search the darkness of the

CHORUS.

way Be-fore the swift ad-vanc-ing day. The sun has burst His gloomy pris'n, The sun has burst His
 grave His peo-ple He will sure-ly save!
 tomb, While o-ver-head the morn is come!

gloomy pris'n, Turn ye to meet the Lord; the Lord is risen! Turn ye to meet the Lord; the Lord is risen!

No. 225. * Use Slurs for 2nd hymn.

SECOND HYMN.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 From north to south the princes meet,
 To pay their homage at His feet;
 While western empires own their Lord,
 And savage tribes attend His word.

2. To Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown His head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His Name.

No. 226.

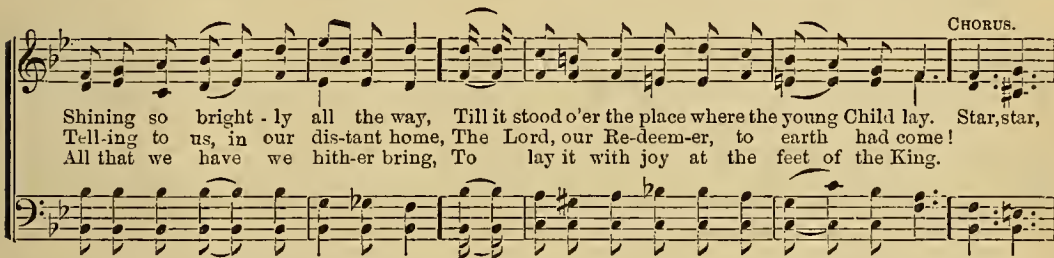
Star, Beautiful Star.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

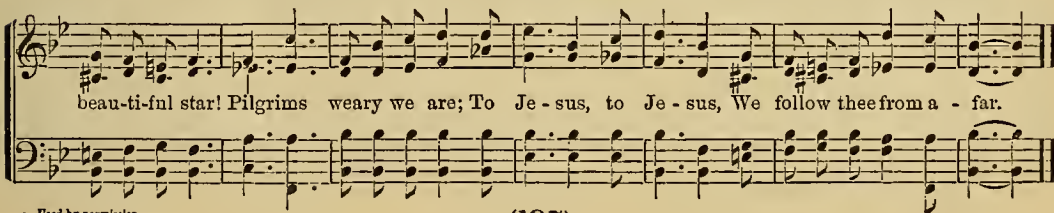
FRED. SCHILLING, 1868.



1. There's a beau-ti - ful star, a beau-ti - ful star, The wea - ry trav'lers have follow'da - far,
 2. In the land of the East, in the shadows of night, We saw the glo - ry of thy new light,
 3. We have gold for tribute and gifts for prayer, In - cense and myrrh, and spi - ces rare:



CHORUS.
 Shining so bright - ly all the way, Till it stood o'er the place where the young Child lay. Star, star,
 Telling to us, in our dis-tant home, The Lord, our Re-deem-er, to earth had come!
 All that we have we hith-er bring, To lay it with joy at the feet of the King.



beau-ti-ful star! Pilgrims weary we are; To Je - sus, to Je - sus, We follow thee from a - far.

No. 227.

Angels from the Realms of Glory.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

W. W. GILCHRIST.

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth, Ye who sang cre -
 2. Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night, God with man is
 3. Saints, be - fore the al - tar bend-ing Watch-ing long in hope and fear, Sud-den - ly the

CHORUS.

a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth. Come and worship, come and worship,
 now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant light.
 Lord de - scend-ing In His tem - ple shall ap - pear.

Worship Christ, the new-born King; Come and worship, come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

No. 228.

Merry, merry Christmas!

Mrs. REBECCA S. COOK, 1870.

Mrs. THOMAS J. COOK.

1. Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas ev - ery where! Cheer - i - ly it ring - eth through the air;
 2. Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas ev - ery where! Cheer - i - ly it ring - eth through the air;
 3. Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas ev - ery where! Cheer - i - ly it ring - eth through the air;

Christmas bells, Christmas trees, Christmas o - dors on the breeze. Mer - ry, mer - ry Christmas
 Christmas bells, Christmas trees, Christmas o - dors on the breeze. Mer - ry, mer - ry Christmas
 Christmas bells, Christmas trees, Christmas o - dors on the breeze. Mer - ry, mer - ry Christmas

ev - ery where! Cheer - i - ly it ring - eth through the air; Why should we so joy - ful - ly
 ev - ery where! Cheer - i - ly it ring - eth through the air; Light for wea - ry wan - der - ers,
 ev - ery where! Cheer - i - ly it ring - eth through the air; Deeds of Faith and Char - i - ty;

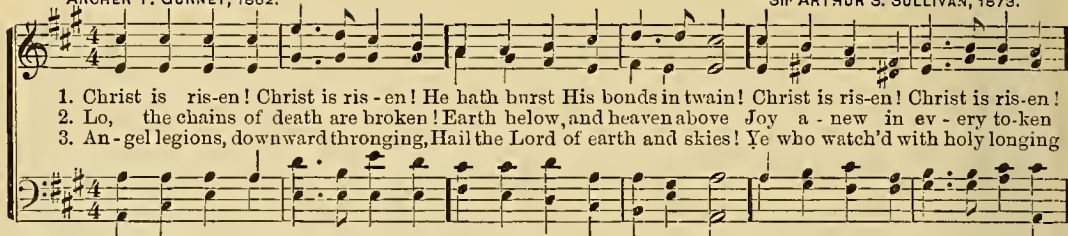
Sing with grate - ful mirth! See! the Sun of Right - eous - ness Beams up - on the earth!
 Com - fort for thop - pressed! He will guide His trust - ing ones In - to per - feet rest,
 These our off - 'rings be, Lead - ing ev - ery soul to sing, "Christ was born for me!"

No. 229.

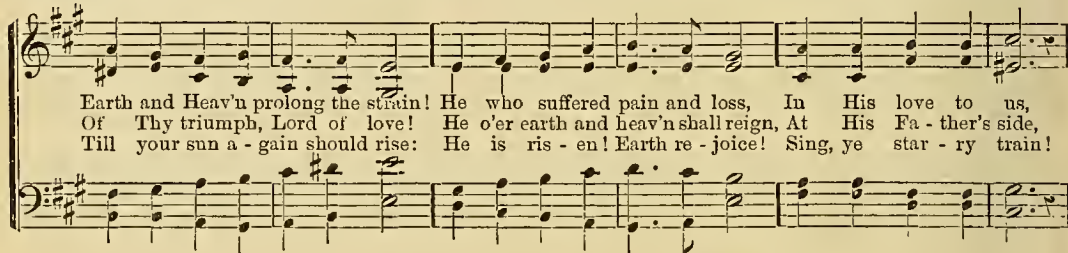
Christ is Risen!

ARCHER T. GURNEY, 1862.

Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1873.

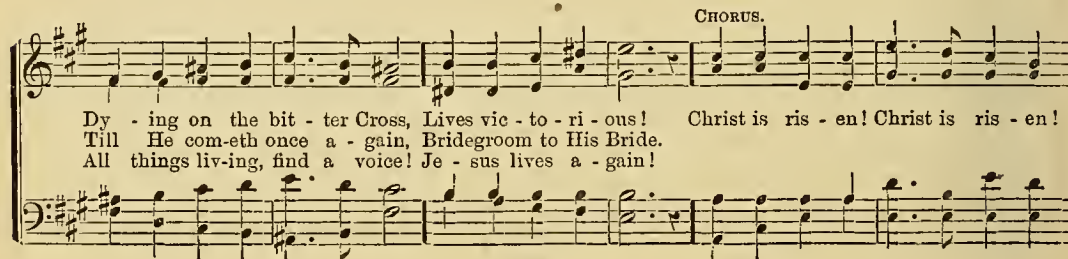


1. Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris-en! He hath burst His bonds in twain! Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris-en!
 2. Lo, the chains of death are broken! Earth below, and heaven above Joy a - new in ev - ery to - ken
 3. An - gel legions, downward thronging, Hail the Lord of earth and skies! Ye who watch'd with holy longing



Earth and Heav'n prolong the strain! He who suffered pain and loss, In His love to us,
 Of Thy triumph, Lord of love! He o'er earth and heav'n shall reign, At His Fa - ther's side,
 Till your sun a - gain should rise: He is ris - en! Earth re - joice! Sing, ye star - ry train!

CHORUS.



Dy - ing on the bit - ter Cross, Lives vic - to - ri - ous! Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en!
 Till He com-eth once a - gain, Bridegroom to His Bride.
 All things liv-ing, find a voice! Je - sus lives a - gain!

Christ is Risen!—Concluded.

He hath burst His bonds in twain! Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris-en! Earth and Heav'n prolong the strain!

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes.

No. 230.

Thou art my Shepherd.

Miss M. ELSIE THALHEIMER.

JOHN BAPTIST CRAMER.

1. Thou art my Shepherd, Car - ing in ev - ery need, Thy lit - tle lamb to feed, Trusting Thee still;
2. Or if my way lie Where death o'er-hanging nigh, My soul would ter - ri - fy With sudden chill,—

In the green pastures low, Where living wa-ters flow, Safe by Thy side I go, Fear-ing no ill.
Yet I am not a - fraid; Whilst softly on my head Thy ten-der hand is laid, I fear no ill.

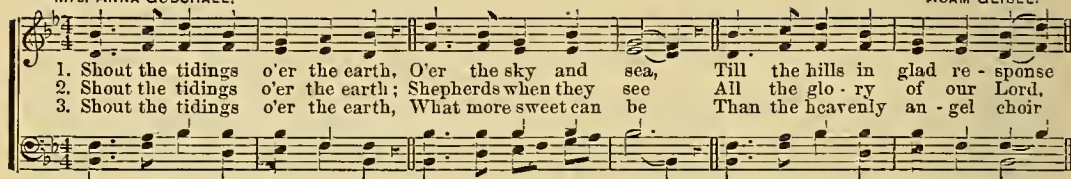
The musical score is in 2/4 time and B-flat major. It features a vocal melody on the upper staff and a piano accompaniment on the lower staff. The melody is simple and pastoral, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first two lines of the verse and chorus separated by a horizontal line.

No. 231.

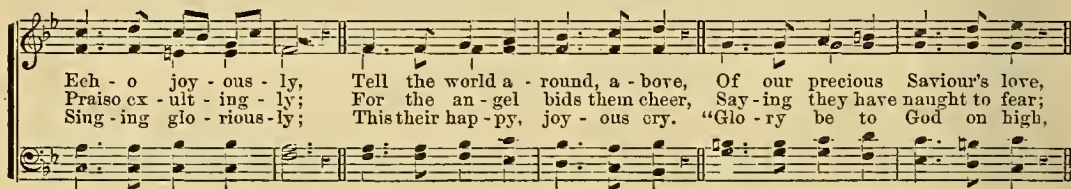
Shout the Tidings.

Mrs. ANNA GODSHALL.

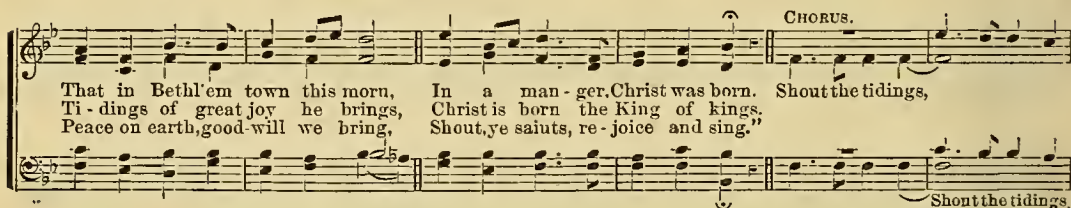
ADAM GEISEL.



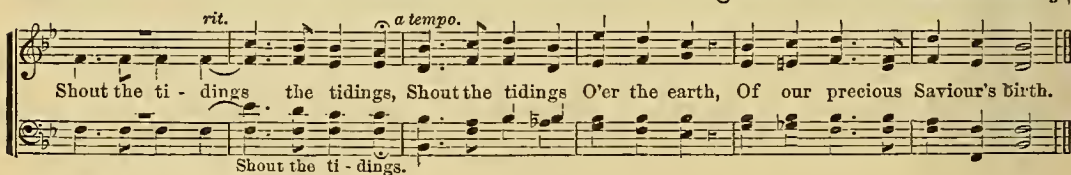
1. Shout the tidings o'er the earth, O'er the sky and sea, Till the hills in glad re - sponse
 2. Shout the tidings o'er the earth; Shepherds when they see, All the glo - ry of our Lord,
 3. Shout the tidings o'er the earth, What more sweet can be Than the heavenly an - gel choir



Ech - o joy - ous - ly, Tell the world a - round, a - bove, Of our precious Saviour's love,
 Prais - ex - ult - ing - ly; For the an - gel bids them cheer, Say - ing they have naught to fear;
 Sing - ing glo - rious - ly; This their hap - py, joy - ous cry. "Glo - ry be to God on high,



CHORUS.
 That in Beth'lem town this morn, In a man - ger, Christ was born. Shout the tidings,
 Ti - dings of great joy he brings, Christ is born the King of kings.
 Peace on earth, good - will we bring, Shout, ye saivts, re - joice and sing."



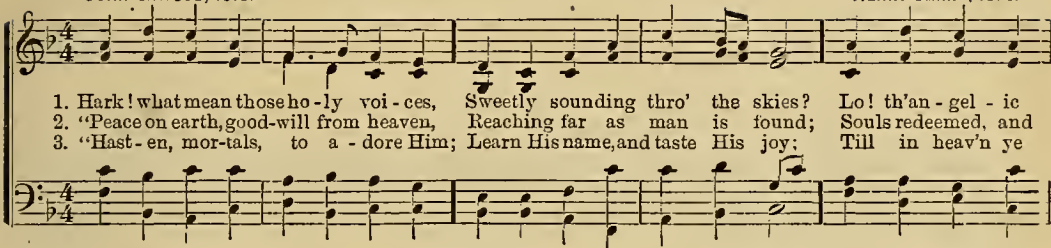
rit. *a tempo.*
 Shout the ti - dings the tidings, Shout the tidings O'er the earth, Of our precious Saviour's birth.
 Shout the ti - dings.

No. 232.

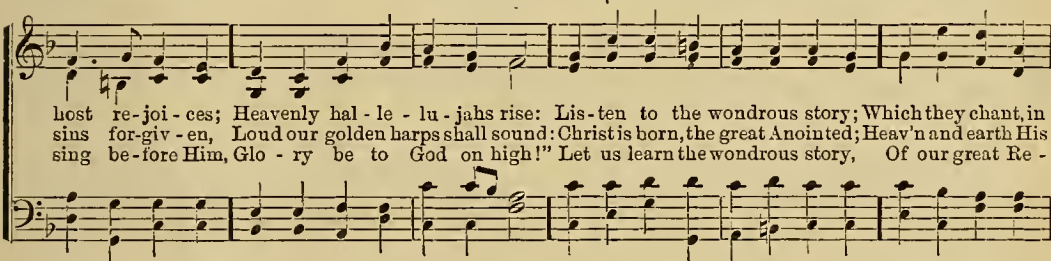
The Angel's Song.

JOHN CAWOOD, 1818.

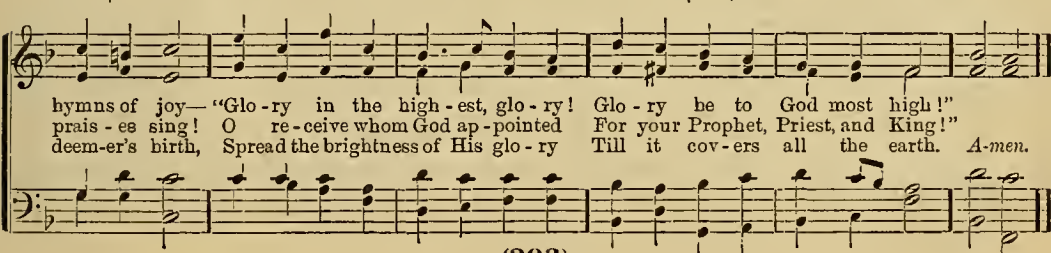
HENRY SMART, 1870.



1. Hark! what mean those ho-ly voi-ces, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th'an-gel-ic
 2. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found; Souls redeemed, and
 3. "Hast-en, mor-tals, to a-dore Him; Learn His name, and taste His joy: Till in heav'n ye



lost re-joice; Heavenly hal-le-lu-jahs rise: Lis-ten to the wondrous story; Which they chant, in
 sins for-giv-en, Loud our golden harps shall sound: Christ is born, the great Anointed; Heav'n and earth His
 sing be-fore Him, Glo-ry be to God on high!" Let us learn the wondrous story, Of our great Re-



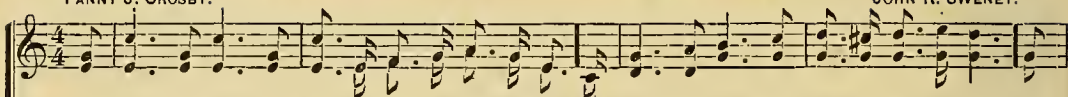
hymns of joy—"Glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry! Glo-ry be to God most high!"
 prais-es sing! O re-ceive whom God ap-pointed For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"
 deem-er's birth, Spread the brightness of His glo-ry Till it cov-ers all the earth. A-men.

No. 233.

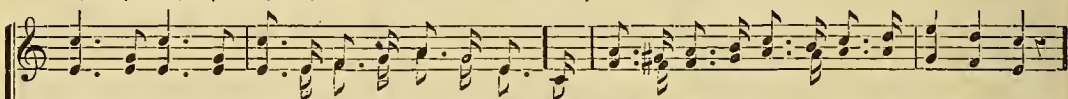
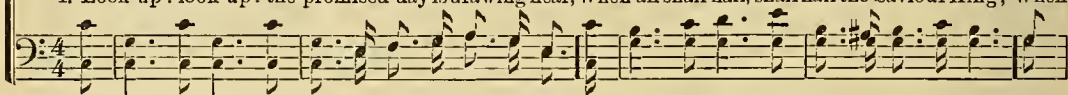
Awake! the Master now is Calling us.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

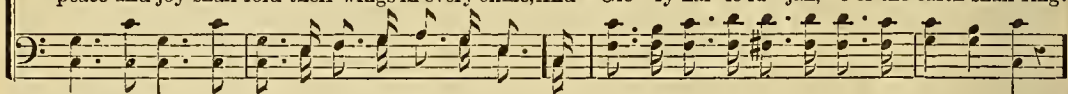
JOHN R. SWENEY.



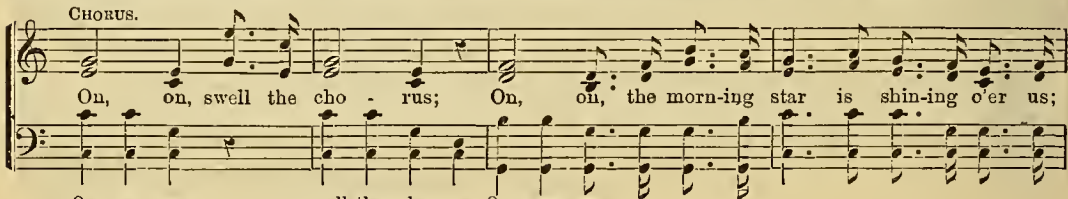
1. A - wake! a-wake! the Mas - ter now is calling us; A - rise! a-rise! and, trusting in His word, Go
 2. A cry for light from dying ones in heathen lands; It comes, it comes a-cross the ocean's foam; Then
 3. O Church of God, ex-tend thy kind, maternal arms, To save the lost on mountains dark and cold; Reach
 4. Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near, When all shall hail, shall hail the Saviour King; When



forth, go forth! proclaim the year of ju - bi - lee, And take the cross, the blessed cross of Christ our Lord.
 haste, O haste to spread the words of truth abroad, For - get-ting not the starving poor at home, dear home.
 out thy hand with loving smile to res - cue them, And bring them to the shelter of the Sav - iour's fold.
 peace and joy shall fold their wings in every clime, And "Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah," o'er the earth shall ring.

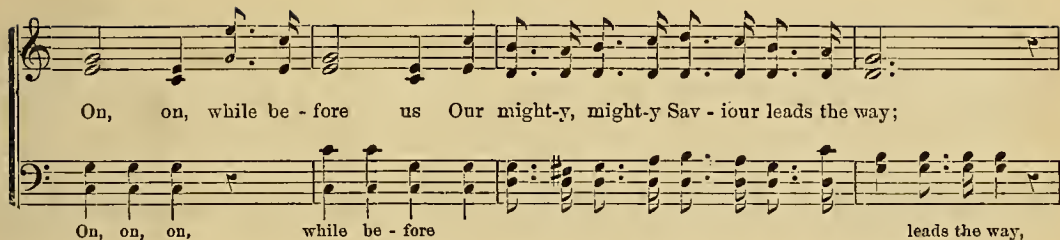


CHORUS.



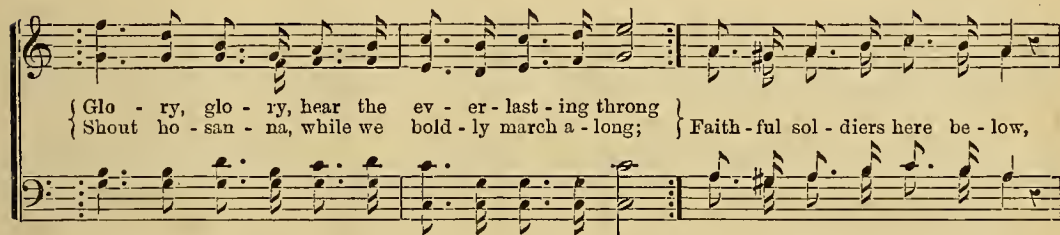
On, on, on, swell the cho - rus, On, on, on, the morn - ing star is shin - ing o'er us;

Awake! the Master.—Concluded.

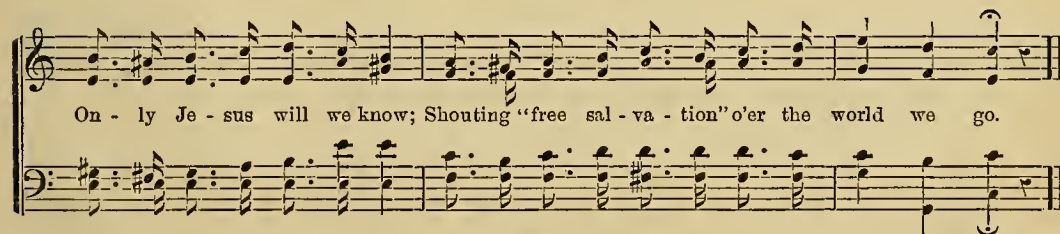


On, on, while be - fore us Our might-y, might-y Sav - iour leads the way;

On, on, on, while be - fore leads the way,



{ Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the ev - er - last - ing throng }
 { Shout ho - san - na, while we bold - ly march a - long; } Faith - ful sol - diers here be - low,



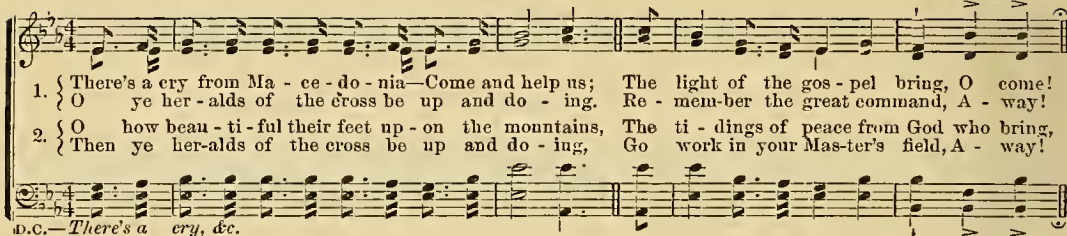
On - ly Je - sus will we know; Shouting "free sal - va - tion" o'er the world we go.

No. 234.

A Cry from Macedonia.

FANNY J. CROSSY, 1864.

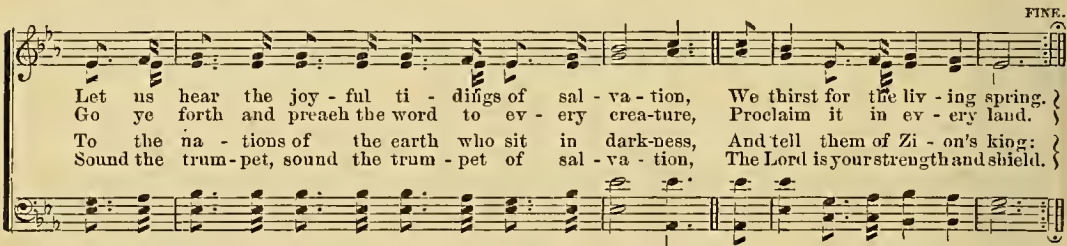
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. { There's a cry from Ma - ce - do - nia—Come and help us; The light of the gos - pel bring, O come!
 { O ye her - alds of the cross be up and do - ing. Re - mem - ber the great command, A - way!

2. { O how beau - ti - ful their feet up - on the mountains, The ti - dings of peace from God who bring,
 { Then ye her - alds of the cross be up and do - ing, Go work in your Mas - ter's field, A - way!

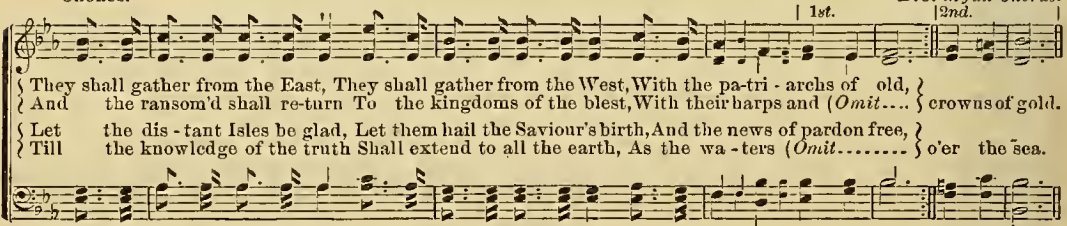
D.C.—*There's a cry, &c.*



Let us hear the joy - ful ti - dings of sal - va - tion, We thirst for the liv - ing spring. }
 Go ye forth and preach the word to ev - ery crea - ture, Proclaim it in ev - ery land. }
 To the na - tions of the earth who sit in dark - ness, And tell them of Zi - on's king: }
 Sound the trum - pet, sound the trum - pet of sal - va - tion, The Lord is your strength and shield. }

CHORUS.

D.C. in full Chorus.



1st. 2nd.
 { They shall gather from the East, They shall gather from the West, With the pa - tri - archs of old, }
 { And the ransom'd shall re - turn To the kingdoms of the blest, With their harps and (Omit.... } crowns of gold.
 { Let the dis - tant Isles be glad, Let them hail the Saviour's birth, And the news of pardon free, }
 { Till the knowledge of the truth Shall extend to all the earth, As the wa - ters (Omit..... } o'er the sea.

No. 235.

The Watchers on the Mountain.

Tr. Miss JANE BORTHWICK, 1853, alt.

(LANCASHIRE.)

HENRY SMART, 1836.

1. The watchers on the moun - tain Pro - claim the Bridegroom nigh; Go, meet Him
 2. Re - joice ye then, be - liev - ing, And let your lights ap - pear; Tho' eve - ning
 3. Our Hope and Ex - pec - ta - tion, O Je - sus, now ap - pear; A - rise, thou

as He com - eth, And glad ho - san - nas cry! A - round the throne of glo - ry, The
 is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near; The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And
 Sun, so longed for, And ban - ish eve - ry fear; With hearts and hands up - lift - ed, We

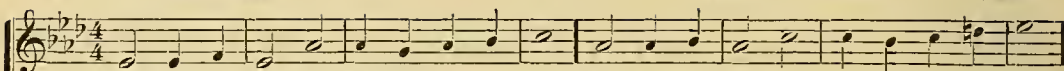
Lamb ye shall be - hold; In triumph, cast be - fore Him Your di - a - dems of gold!
 soon He draweth nigh, Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle,—At midnight comes the cry!
 plead, O Lord, to see The day of our re - demp - tion, That brings us un - to Thee! A - men.

No. 236.

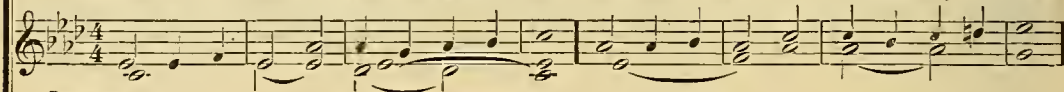
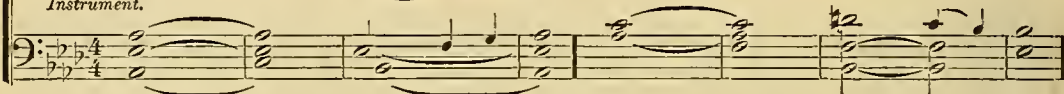
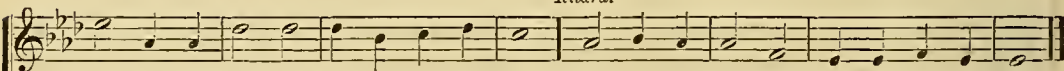
Pax Dei.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1868.

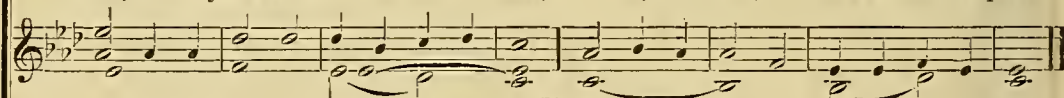
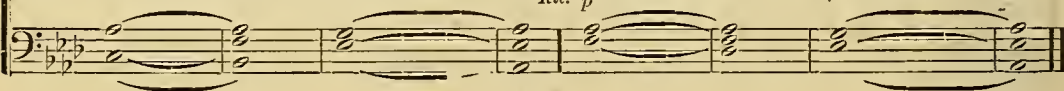
EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS. Mus. D., 1866.



1. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac-cord our part-ing hymn of praise;
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be-gan, with Thee shall end the day;
3. Grant us Thy peace. Lord, thro' the coming night, Turn Thou for us its darkness in - to light;
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our ear - ly life, Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife;

*Instrument.**Ritard.*

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy Name.
 From harm and dan-ger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

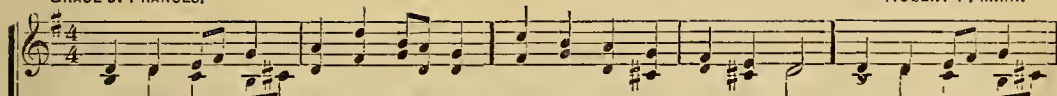
*Rit. p*

No. 237.

We are Coming.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

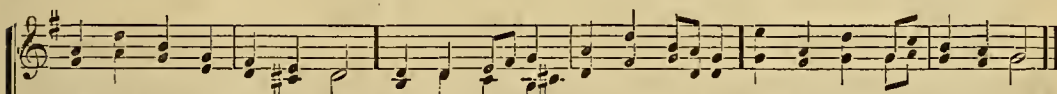
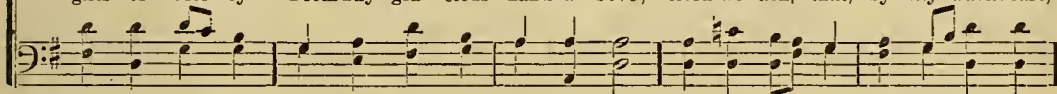
HUBERT P. MAIN.



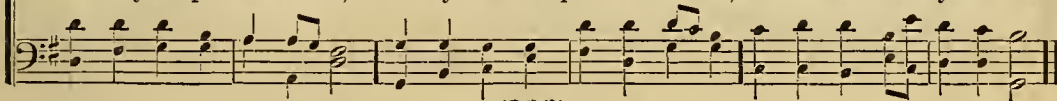
1. Com-ing, com-ing, we are com-ing To Thy tem-ple, gracious Lord, To re-ceive the
 2. Sing-ing, sing-ing, we are sing-ing How Thy wondrous love so free, Floweth on-ward
 3. Praying, pray-ing, we are pray-ing That Thy Spir-it, like a dove, May de-scend with



bles-sed teaching Of Thy pure and per-fect Word; Meek-ly would we learn our du-ty,
 ev-er on-ward, Like a vast and might-y sea; And our souls mount up with glad-ness
 gifts of mer-cy From Thy gra-cious hand a-bove; Lord we ask, that, by Thy watch-care,



Learn it kneeling at Thy feet, While a radiance from Thy glo-ry Cov-ers all the mer-cy-seat.
 While we swell the loft-y strain, "Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah To the Lamb for sinners slain!"
 We may all pro-ject-ed be, Ev-ery hand be quick to la-bor, And our hearts be stayed on Thee.

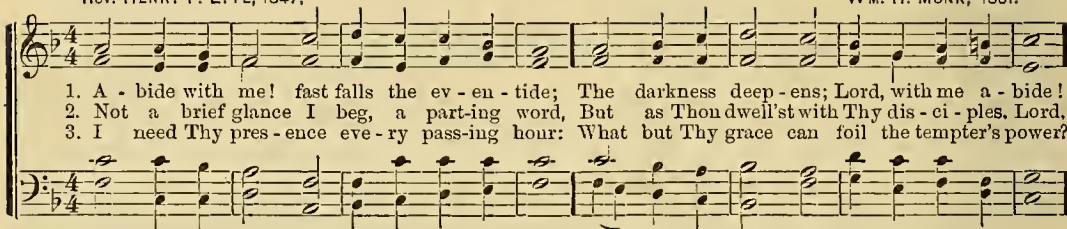


No. 238.

Eventide.

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE, 1847.

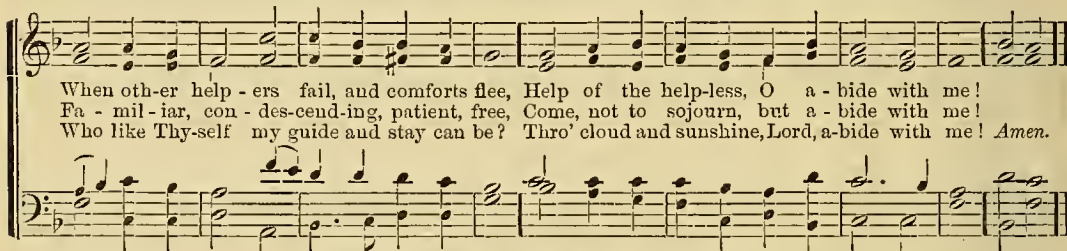
WM. H. MONK, 1861.



1. A - bid with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide; The darkness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid!

2. Not a brief glance I beg, a part - ing word, But as Thon dwell'st with Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord,

3. I need Thy pres - ence eve - ry pass - ing hour: What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?



When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bid with me!

Fa - mil - iar, con - des - cend - ing, patient, free, Come, not to sojourn, but a - bid with me!

Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bid with me! Amen.

No. 239.

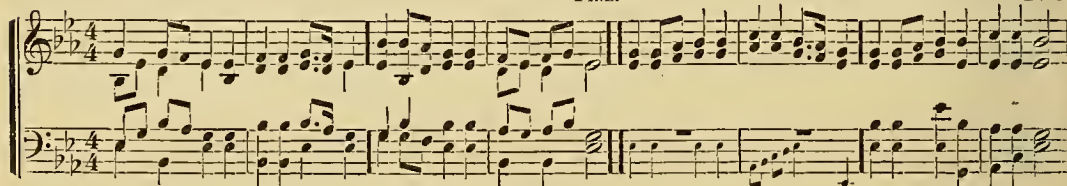
Greenville.—8s & 7s, 6 lines.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1774.

JEAN J. ROUSSEAU, 1752, arr.

FINE.

D. C.



- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each Thy love possessing,
Triumph in Redeeming grace;
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness. | 2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
May Thy presence, may Thy presence
With us evermore be found. | 3. So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready, may we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day! |
|---|---|--|

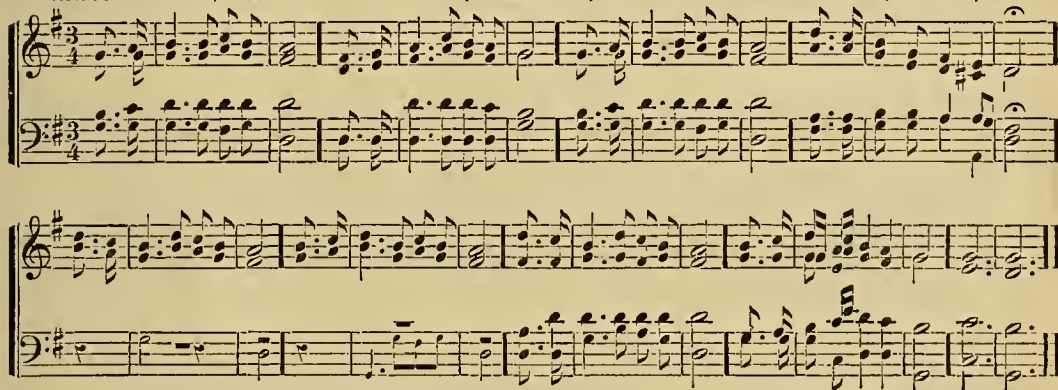
No. 240.

Safely Through Another Week.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

(SABBATH.)

LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc., 1824.



- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 1. Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day:
 : Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest. : | 2. Here we come Thy name to praise;
May we feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
 : Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest. : | 3. May the Gospel's joyful sound
Wake our minds to raptures new;
Let Thy victories abound—
Unrepenting souls subdue;
 : Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in Thee above. : |
|---|---|--|

No. 241.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY, 1806.

Regent Square.

HENRY SMART, 1867.

1. On the mountain's top appear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands, Welcome news to Zi - on bearing.
 2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd? Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 3. God, thy God, will now re-store thee; He Himself appears thy Friend; All thy foes shall flee be-fore thee;

Zi - on long in hostile lands: Mourning captive! mourning captive! God Himself will loose thy bands.
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved! Cease thy mourning! cease thy mourning! Zion still is well beloved!
 Here their boasts and triumphs end; Great deliverance, great deliverance, Zion's King vouchsafes to send! A-men.

No. 242.

SECOND HYMN.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>1. See, from Zion's sacred mountain,
 Streams of living water flow;
 God has opened there a fountain,
 That supplies the world below:
 They are blesséd, they are blesséd,
 Who its sovereign virtues know.</p> | <p>2. Thro' ten thousand channels flowing,
 Streams of mercy find their way:
 Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
 Waking beauty from decay;
 O ye nations! O ye nations!
 Hail the long-expected day.</p> | <p>3. Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
 All-enriching as it goes,
 Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
 Buds and blossoms as the rose;
 Lo! the desert, lo! the desert,
 Sings for joy, where'er it flows.</p> |
|--|---|---|

No. 243.

My Sabbath Home.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to me Than fair-est pal-ace dome, My heart e'er turns with
 2. Here to my will-ful, wand'ring heart, The way of life is shown; Here may I seek the
 3. Here Je-sus stands with lov-ing voice, En-treat-ing me to come And make of Him my

CHORUS.

joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home. Sabbath Home! Blessed Home! Sabbath
 bet-ter part, And gain a Sabbath Home.
 earn-est choice, In this dear Sabbath Home.

Sweet Home! Sweet Home!

Home! Blessed Home! My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home.

Sweet Home! Sweet Home!

No. 244.

Sabbath Evening.

Rev. SAMUEL F. SMITH, D. D., 1843.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray, Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day; Gen - tly as life's

set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run, When the Christian's course is run.

pp Ho - ly Sabbath, softly fading, Gently as life's set - ting sun. *Cres - e - dim.*

2. Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3. Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

No. 245.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and seek His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee sweet hour of prayer!

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

Music on page 215.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Hymn on opposite page.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1859.



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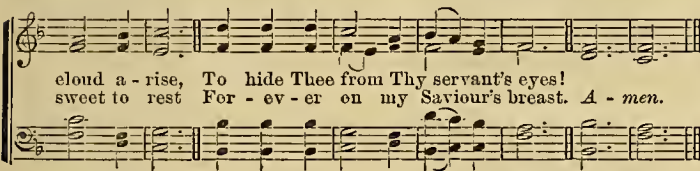
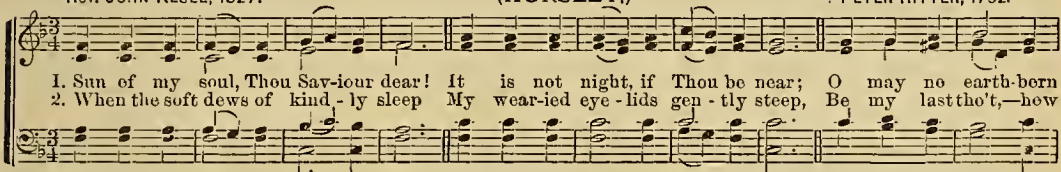
No. 246.

Sun of my Soul.

Rev. JOHN KESLE, 1627.

(HURSLEY.)

PETER RITTER, 1792.



3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4. Comenear and bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love,
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 247.

SECOND HYMN.

1. Awake, my soul, and with the
sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2. All praise to Thee, who safe hast
kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
I may of endless life partake. [wake,

3. Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their
might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

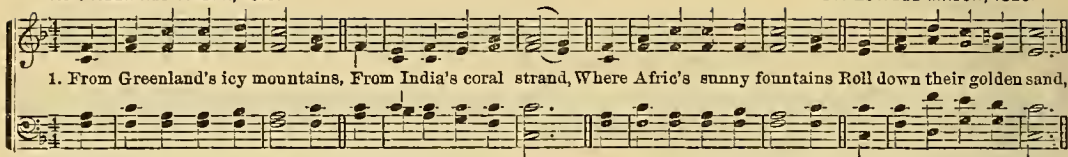
Rev. Thomas Ken, 1697.

No. 248.

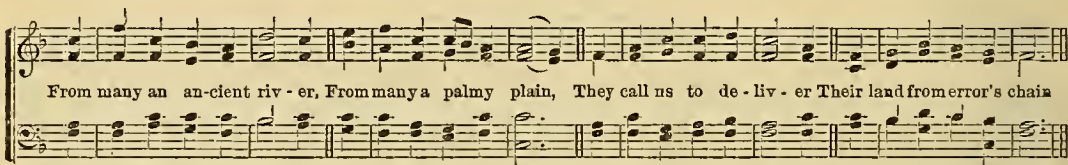
Missionary Hymn.

Rev. REGINALD HESER, 1819.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1823.



1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand,



From many an an-cient riv - er, From many a palmy plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain

2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 249.

Tune—WEBB, page 217.

1. The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar;
Of nations in commotion
Prepared for Zion's war.

2. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:—
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, D. D. 1831.

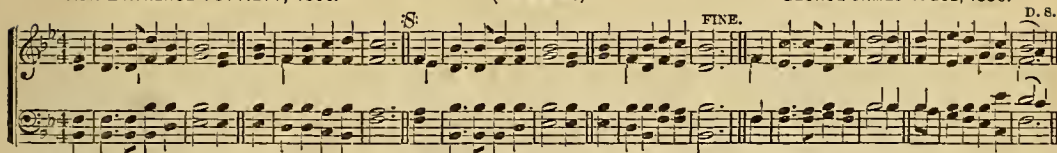
No. 250.

Go Forward, Christian Soldier.

Rev. LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1866.

(WEBB.)

GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1830.



I Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true:
The Lord Himself thy Leader
Shall all thy foes subdue.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;

Heed not the treach'rous voices
That lure thy soul astray.
2. Go forward, Christian soldier;
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,

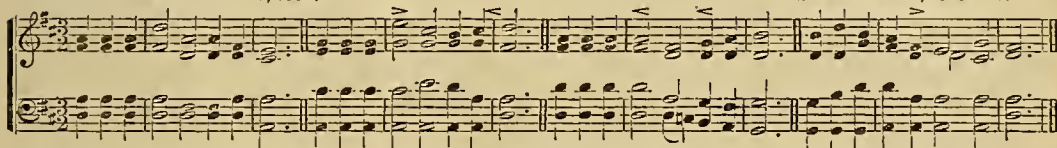
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call
thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

No. 251.

Rest. L. M.

Mrs. MARGARET MACKAY, 1832.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1843. Arr.



1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2. Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That Death has lost his venom'd sting!

3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

No. 252.

SECOND HYMN.

1. So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2. Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh:
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3. Let gentle patience smile on pain,
And dying hope revive again,
Hope wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith point upward to the sky.

(217)

Miss Anna Steele, 1760.

No. 253.

Now the Daylight goes Away.

Miss FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1869.

(DIJON.)

German.

Quietly.

1. Now the day-light goes a - way, Sav - iour, lis - ten while I pray, Ask - ing Thee to watch and
 2. Je - sus, Saviour, wash a - way All that has been wrong to - day; Help me every day to
 3. Let my near and dear ones be Al - ways near and dear to Thee; O! bring me, and all I

keep, And to send me qui - et sleep.
 be Good and gen - tle, more like Thee.
 love To Thy hap - py home a - bove. A - men.

4. Now my evening praise I give;
 Thou didst die that I might live;
 All my blessings come from Thee,
 O how good Thou art to me!
5. Thou my best and kindest Friend,
 Thou wilt love me to the end;
 Let me love Thee more and more,
 Always better than before.

No. 254.

Tune—SHINING SHORE. Key of G.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 Those hours of toil and danger.

REFRAIN.—

[strand,
 For O we stand on Jordan's
 Our friends are passing over;
 And just before, the Shining
 Shore
 We may almost discover!

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren
 dear,
 Our heavenly home discerning;
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning.—*Ref.*

3. Should coming days be cold and
 dark,
 We need not cease our singing;
 That perfect rest naught can molest,
 Where golden harps are ringing.—*Ref.*

4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
 Each chord on earth to sever;
 Our King says, "Come," and there's
 our home,
 Forever, O forever!

REFRAIN.—

[strand,
 For O we stand on Jordan's
 Our friends are passing over;
 And just before, the Shining Shore
 We may almost discover!

Rev. David Nelson, 1835.

255. Tune—Gospel Hymns Consolidated, No. 289. Key G.

1. The prize is set before us,
To win. His words implore us,
The eye of God is o'er us
From on high, from on high;
His loving tones are calling
While sin is dark, appalling,
'Tis Jesus gently calling,
He is nigh, He is nigh.
- CHO.—By and by we shall meet Him,
By and by we shall greet Him,
And with Jesus reign in glory,
By and by.
2. We'll follow where He leadeth,
We'll pasture where He feedeth,
We'll yield to Him who pleadeth
From on high, from on high:
Then naught from Him shall sever,
Our hope shall brighten ever,
And faith shall fail us never,
He is nigh, He is nigh.

Dr. C. R. Blackall, 1887.

256. Tune—Gospel Hymns Consolidated, No. 50. Key G.

1. Precious promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."
- REF.—
I will guide thee, I will guide thee.
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."
2. When temptations, almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly;
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

Nathaniel Niles, 1871.

257. Tune—Gospel Hymns Consolidated, No. 79. Key C.

1. Sowing the seed by the daylight
fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday
glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
O what shall the harvest be?
O what shall the harvest be?

CHO.—

- ||: Sown in the darkness or sown in the
light, :||
||: Sown in our weakness or sown in
our might, :||
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah sure will the harvest be.

2. Sowing the seed by the wayside
nigh,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns
will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
O what shall the harvest be?
O what shall the harvest be?

CHO.—

3. Sowing the seed with an aching
heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops
start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home;
O what shall the harvest be?
O what shall the harvest be?

CHO.—

Miss Emily S. Oakay, 1850.

(219)

258. Tune—Gospel Hymns Consolidated, No. 282. Key G.

1. Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of Life,
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of Life.
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty;
||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life. :||

2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all,
Wonderful words of Life;
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of Life.
All so freely given,
 wooing us to Heaven,
||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life. :||

P. P. Bliss, 1874.

259. Tune—Gospel Hymns Consolidated, No. 65. Key B♭.

1. Blessed Saviour, watch us, guard us,
As we leave our Sabbath home;
Guide and keep us from all danger,
Till again to Thee we come.
Though we very often wander
In the paths of vice and sin,
Yet we pray that Thou wouldst hear us,
Cleanse and make us pure within.
2. Make each spirit meek and lowly,
Make us leave the ways of strife,
Lead us in the path of duty,
Lead us to the "better life."
Thus we'd serve Thee, blessed Saviour,
Till we've crossed life's stormy sea.
And with each loved friend and
teacher,
All are gathered home to Thee.

No. 260.

Gloria Patri.

ANON.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World with-ont end. A - men.

No. 261.

The Lord's Prayer.

GREGORIAN.

Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be Thy | name. || Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on | earth, ..as it | is
in | heaven.

Give us this | day our | daily | bread: || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass ..a-|gainst us.

And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; for || Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory,
for - | ever. A - men.

No. 262.

Doxology.

Rev. THOMAS KEN, 1697.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1552.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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